



of Present From Mr. William Manning to Dough Deed at the Mornian Mory Salum



JAN 8 1936

# New Aerhon

OF THE

# PSALMS

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# DAVID,

Fitted to the TUNES used in CHURCHES.

BY

AND

N. BRADY, D. D. N. TATE, Efq;

Chaplain in Ordinary. Poet-Laureat

To HIS MAJESTY.

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AB ME VERY F 21 7 8 7 8 7 Walls on market in the



A New Version of the PSALMS, &c.

# PSALM I.

by ill advice to walk:
Nor stands in sinners ways, nor sits
where men prophanely talk!

2 But makes the perfect law of God his bus'ness and delight;

Devoutly reads therein by day, and meditates by night.

3 Like some fair tree, which fed by streams, with timely fruit does bend, He still shall flourish, and success

all his defigns attend.

4 Ungodly men, and their attempts, no lasting root shall find,

Untimely blasted, and dispers'd, like chast before the wind.

5 Their guilt shall strike the wicked dumb before the judge's face:

No formal hypocrite shall then among the faints have place.

6 For God approves the just man's ways, to happiness they tend:

But finners and the paths they tread, fhall both in ruin end.

PSALM

#### PSALM II.

why do the heathen ftorm?
Why in fuch rash attempts engage,
as they can never perform?

The great in counfel, and in might, their various forces bring!

Against the Lord they all unite, and his anointed king.

3 "Must we submit to their commands?...
presumptuously they say:

"No, let us break their flavish bands,
"and cast their chains away."

4 But God, who fets enthron'd on high and fees how they combine,

Does their conspiring strength defy, and mocks their vain design.

5 Thick clouds of wrath divine shall break on his rebellious foes:

And thus will he in thunder speak, to all that dare oppose:

6 " Though madly you dispute my will,

" the king that I ordain,

"Whose throne is fix'd on Sion's hill,

"shall there securely reign."

7 Attend, O earth, whilst I declare God's uncontroul'd decree:

"Thou art my fon this day my heir, have I begotten thee.

8 Ask, and receive thy full demands; thine shall the heathen be;

The utmost limits of the lands, " shall be possess'd by thee.

o "Thy

"Thy threat'ning sceptre thou shalt shake; and crush them ev'ry where;

" As massy bars of iron break, the potter's brittle ware.

10 Learn then ye princes and give ear, ye judges of the earth;

Worthip the Lord with holy fear, rejoice with awful mirth.

12 Appeafe the fon with due respect, your timely homage pay;
Lest he revenge the bold neglect, incens'd by your delay.

13 If but in part his anger rife,

who can endure the flame?

Then bleft are they whose hope relies on his most holy name.

# PSALM III.

the troublers of my peace!

And as their numbers hourly rife,
fo does their rage increase.

2 Infulting, they my foul upbraid, and him whom I adore:

The God in whom he trusts, say they shall rescue him no more.

3 But thou, O Lord, art my defence; on thee my hopes rely:
Thou art my glory and shalt yet, lift up my head on high.

4 Since when foe'er in like diffress; to God I made my pray'r,

He heard me from his holy hill; why should I now despair?

1 2 Guarded.

5 Guarded by him, I laid me down, my fweet repose to take; For I through him securely sleep, through him in safety wake.

6 No force nor fury of my foes, my courage shall confound;
Were they as many hosts as men, that have beset me round.

7 Arife, and fave me, O my God, who oft hast own'd my cause;
 And scatter'd oft these foes to me, and to thy righteous laws.

8 Salvation to the Lord belongs; he only can defend; His bleffing he extends to all

His bleffing he extends to all, that on his pow'r depend.

PSALM IV.

Lord, that art my righteous judge, to my complaint give ear,
Thou still redeem'st me from distress:
have mercy, Lord and hear.

2 How long will ye, O fons of men, to blot my fame devife?

How long your vain defigns purfue,

How long your vain defigns purfue, and spread malicious lies?

3 Confider that the righteous man is God's peculiar choice: And when to him I make my pray'r, he always hears my voice.

4 Then stand in awe of his commands, flee ev'ry thing that's ill;
Commune in private with your hearts,

and bend them to his will.

5 The

5 The place of other facrifice; let righteousness supply; And let your hope, securely fix'd,

on God alone rely.

6 While worldly minds impatient grow, more prosprous times to see; Still let the glories of thy face shine brightly, Lord, on me.

7 So shall my heart o'erflow with joy, more lasting, and more true, Than theirs, who stores of corn and wine fuccessively renew.

8 Then down in peace I'll lay my head,

and take my needful rest:

No other guard, O Lord, I crave, of thy defence possest.

# PSALM V.

ORD, hear the voice of my complaint, accept my fecret pray'r;
2 To thee alone, my king, my God,

will I for help repair.

to thee devoutly pray.

3 Thou in the morn my voice shalt hear, and with the dawning day,
To thee devoutly I'll look up,

4 For thou, the wrongs that I fustain, can'ft never, Lord, approve;
Who from thy facred dwelling-place

all evil dost remove.

5 Not long shall stubborn fools remain unpunish'd in thy view:

All fuch as act unrighteous things, thy vengeance shall prusue.

6 The

6 The fland'ring tongue, O God of truth, by thee shall be destroy'd;

Who hat'ft alike the man in blood, and in deceit employ'd.

7 But when thy boundless grace shall me to thy lov'd courts restore,

On thee I'll fix my longing eyes, and humbly there adore.

8 Conduct me by thy righteous laws; for watchful is my foe:

Therefore, O Lord, make plain the way, wherein I ought to go.

9 Their mouth vents nothing but deceit; their heart is fet on wrong;

Their throat is a devouring grave; they flatter with their tongue.

oppress'd with loads of fin:

For they against thy righteous laws have harden'd rebels been.

But let all those who trust in thee, with shouts their joy proclaim;

Let them rejoice, whom thou preferv's, and all that love thy name.

12 To righteous men the righteous Lord his bleffing will extend;
And with his favour all his faints,

as with a shield, defend.

PSALM VI.

HY dreadful anger, Lord restrain, and spare a wretch forlorn:

Correct me not in thy sierce wrath, too heavy to be borne.

2 Have

2 Have mercy, Lord; for I grow faint, unable to endure

The anguish of my aching bones, which thou alone canst cure.

3 My tortur'd flesh distracts my mind, and fills my soul with grief:

But, Lord how long wilt thou delay to grant me thy relief?

4 Thy wonted goodness, Lord, repeat and ease my troubled foul:

Lord for thy wond'rous mercies fake, vouchfafe to make me whole.

5 For after death no more can I
thy glorious acts proclaim;
No priches of the flent areas

No pris'ner of the filent grave can magnify thy name.

6 Quite tir'd with pain, with groaning faint, no hope of ease I see;

The night, that quiets common griefs, is spent in tears by me.

7 My beauty fades, my fight grows dim, my eyes with weakness close;

Old age o'ertakes me, whilst I think on my insulting foes.

8 Depart, ye wicked; in my wrongs ye shall no more rejoice;

For God, I find, accepts my tears, and liftens to my voice.

9, 10 He hears and grants my humble pray'r and they that wish my fall,

Shall blush and rage, to see that God protects me from them all.

## PSALM VII.

LORD, myGod, fince I have plac'd my trust alone in thee,

From all my perfecutors rage,
do thou deliver me.

2 To fave me from my threat'ning foe, Lord interpose thy pow'r;

Least, like a savage lion, he my helples foul devour.

3, 4 If I am guilty, or did e'er against his peace combine;
Nay, if I have not spar'd his life, who sought unjustly mine;
5 Let then to perfecuting foes, my soul become a prey;

Let them to earth tread down my life, in dust my honour lay.

6 Arife, and let thine anger, Lord, in my defence engage;
Exalt thyfelf above my foes, and their infulting rage:
Awake, awake in my behalf the judgment to difpenfe,
Which thou hast righteously ordain'd for injur'd innocence.

7 So to thy throne adoring crouds fhall still for justice fly:
 Oh! therefore for their sakes, resume, thy judgment seat on high.

8 Impartial judge of all the world, I trust my cause to thee;

According to my just deferts fo let my fentence be.

9 Let

9 Let wicked arts and wicked men, together be o'erthrown;
But guard the just, thou God to whom

the hearts of both are known.

to, it God me protects; not only me, but all of upright heart; And daily lays up wrath for those

who from his laws depart.

12 If they perfift, he whets his fword, his bow stands ready bent;

13 Even now, with fwift destruction wing'd

his pointed shafts are sent.

14 The plots are fruitless, which my foe unjustly did conceive,

15 The pit he digg'd for me has prov'd his own untimely grave.

16 On his own head his spite returns, whilst I from harm am free:
On him the violence is fall'n,

which he design'd for me.

17 Therefore will I the righteous ways of providence proclaim;

I'll fing the praise of God most high, and celebrate his name.

#### PSALM VIII.

THOU, to whom all creatures bow within this earthly frame,
Thro'all the world, how great art thou!

how glorious is thy name! In heav'n thy wond'rous acts are fung,

nor fully reckon'd there;

2 And yet thou mak'ft the infant tongue, thy boundless praise declare.

Thro'

Thro' thee the weak confound the strong and crush their haughty foes;

And fo thou quell'ft the wicked throng that thee and thine oppose.

3 When heav'n, thy beauteous work on high employs my wond'ring fight;

The moon, that nightly rules the fky, with stars of feebler light.

What's man, fay I, that, Lord, thou lov'ft to keep him in thy mind?

Or what his offspring, that thou prov'ft to them fo wond'rous kind?

5 Him next in power thou didst create to thy celestial train;

6 Ordain'd with dignity and state o'er all thy works to reign.

7 They jointly own his pow'rful fway; the beaft that prey or graze;

8 The bird that wings its airy way; the fish that cuts the seas.

o O thou to whom all creatuers bow within this earthly frame,

Thro' all the world how great art theu! how glorious is thy name!

#### PSALM IX.

O celebrate thy praise, O Lord, I will my heart prepare: To all the lift ning world thy works, thy wond'rous works declare.

2 The thought of them shall to my foul exalted pleasure bring;

Whilst to thy name, O thou most high, triumphant praise I fing.

3 Thou

Thou mad'ft my haughty foes to turn their backs in shameful flight: Struck with thy presence, down they fell;

they perish'd at thy fight.

Against insulting foes advanc'd,

thou didst my cause maintain;

My right afferting from thy throne, where truth and justice reign.

5 The infolence of heathen pride thou hast reduc'd to shame; Their wicked offspring quite destro

Their wicked offspring quite destroy'd, and blotted out their name.

6 Mistaken foes, your haughty threats

are to a period come;
Our city stands, which you defign'd
to make your common tomb.

7, 8 The Lord for ever lives, who has his righteous throne prepar'd Impartial justice to dispense,

to punish or reward.

9 God is a conftant fure defence against oppressing rage;

As troubles rise, his needful aids in our behalf engage.

to All those who have his goodness prov'd, will in his truth confide;

Whose mercy ne'er forsook the man that on his help rely'd.

It Sing praises therefore to the Lord, from Zion his abode:

Proclaim his deeds, 'till all the world, confess no other God.

#### PART II.

12 When he inquiry makes for blood, he calls the poor to mind: The injur'd humble man's complaint,

redress from him shall find.

13 Take pity on my troubles, Lord, which spiteful foes create, Thou that hast rescu'd me so oft from death's devouring gate.

14 In Zion then I'll fing thy praise, to all that love thy name; And with loud shouts of grateful joy thy faving pow'r proclaim.

15 Deep in the pit they digg'd for me

the heathen pride is laid.

Their guilty feet to their own fnare infenfibly betray'd.

16 Thus, by the just returns he makes the mighty Lord is known;

While wicked men by their own plots are fhamefully o'erthrown.

17 No fingle finner shall escape by privacy obscur'd;

Nor nation, from his just revenge. by numbers be fecur'd.

18 His fuff'ring faints, when most distress'd he ne'er forgets to aid;

Their expectations shall be crown'd, tho' for a time delay'd.

19 Arise, O Lord, affert my pow'r, and let not man o'ercome;

Descend to judgment and pronounce the guilty heathens doom.

20 Strike

20 Strike terror thro' the nations round, 'till by confenting fear,
They to each other, and themselves, but mortal men appear.

#### PSALM X.

Hypresence why withdraw'itthou Lord why hid'st thou now thy face,
When distinal times of deep distress
call for thy wonted grace?

2 The wicked, fwell'd with lawless pride, have made the poor their prey:

O let them fall by those designs which they for others lay.

3 For strait they triumph, if success their thriving crimes attend; And sordid wretches, whom God hates,

perversly they commend.

4 To own a pow'r above themselves
their hangher pride distains:

their haughty pride distains;
And therefore in their stubborn mind no thought of God remains.

5 Oppressive methods they pursue, and all their foes they slight; Because thy judgments unobserv'd

are far above their fight.

6 They fondly think their prosp'rous state,

shall unmolested be;

They think their vain defigns shall thrive from disappointment free.

7 Vain and deceitful is their speech, with curses fill'd, and lies;
By which the mischief of their heart they study to disguise.

8 Near

8 Near public roads they lie conceal'd, and all their art employ,
The innocent and poor at once to rifle, and deftroy.

9 Not lions, couching in their dens, furprize their heedless prey.
With greater cunning, or express more savage rage, than they.

10 Sometimes they act the harmless man, and modest looks they wear;
That so deceiv'd the poor may less

their sudden onset fear.

## PART II.

11 For God, they think, no notice takes of their unrighteous deeds; He never minds the fuff'ring poor,

nor their oppression heeds.

12 But thou, O Lord, at length arife ftretch forth thy mighty arm; And, by the greatness of thy pow'r, defend the poor from harm.

13 No longer let the wicked vaunt, and proudly boafting, fay,

"The Lord regards not what we do,
"he never will repay."

ne nevel will repay.

14 But fure, thou feeft, and all their deeds impartially dost try:
The orphan, therefore, and the poor, on thee for aid rely.

of all their strength bereft:
Confound, O God, their dark designs,
'till no remains are left.

16 Affert

16 Affert thy just dominion, Lord, which shall forever stand;
Thou, who the heathen did'st expel

from this thy chosen land.

17 Thou dost the humble suppliants hear, that to thy throne repair;

Thou first prepar'st their hearts to pray, and then accept'st their pray'r.

Thou, in thy righteous judgment, weigh'st the fatheries and poor; That so the tyrants of the earth may persecute no more.

PSALM XI.

I S INCE I have plac'd my trust in God, a refuge always nigh,
Why should I like a tim'rous bird,

to distant mountains sly?

2 Behold the wicked bend their bow, and ready fix their darts:
Lurking in ambush to destroy the man of upright heart.

5 When once the firm affurance fails, which public faith imparts, 'I's time for innocence to fly

from such deceitful arts.

The Lord hath both a temple here,
and righteous throne above;

Where he furveys the fons of men, and how their counfels move:

5 If God, the righteous, whom he loves, for tryal does correct;

What must the sons of violence, whom he abbors, expect?

B 2

6 Spares

6 Snares, fire and brimftone, on their heads shall in one tempest show'r;

This dreadful mixture his revenge into their cup shall pour.

7 The righteous Lord will righteous deeds with fignal favour grace;

And to the upright man disclose the brightness of his face.

# PSALM XII.

I S INCE godly men decay, O Lord, do thou my cause defend;
For scarce these wretched times afford

one just and faithful friend.

2 One neighbour now can scarce believe, what th' other doth impart;

With flatt'ring lips they all deceive, and with a double heart.

3 But lips that with deceit abound, can never prosper long; God's righteous vengeance will confound

the proud blaspheming tongue.

4 In vain those foolish boasters say,

" our tongues are fure our own;
" With doubtful words we'll ftill betray,
" and be controul'd by none."

5 For God, who hears the fuff'ring poor, and their oppression knows,

Will foon arise, and give them rest, in spite of all their foes.

6 The word of God shall still abide, and void of falshood be,

As is the filver, fev'n times try'd, from droffy mixture free.

The

7 The promise of his aiding grace shall reach its purpos'd end; His servants from this faithless race

he ever shall defend.

8 Then shall the wicked be perplex'd, to know which way to fly;

When those whom they despis'd and vex'd, shall be advanc'd on high.

man be advance on mgn.

# PSALM XIII.

OW long wilt thou forget me, Lord?
must I forever mourn?
How long wilt thou withdraw from me,

Oh, never to return

2 How long shall anxious thoughts my foul, and grief my heart oppress?

How long my enemies infult, and I have no redress?

3 O, hear! and to my longing eyes reftore thy wonted light; And fuddenly, or I shall sleep in everlasting night.

4 Restore me, least they proudly boast 'twas their own strength o'ercame:

Permit not them that vex my foul, to triumph in my shame.

5 Since I have always plac'd my trust beneath thy mercy's wing,

Thy faving health will come, and then my heart with joy shall spring;

6 Then shall my fong, with praise inspir'd to thee, my God, ascend,

Who to thy fervant in diffress, fuch bounty didft extend.

PSALM XIV.

That God is nothing but a name:
Corrupt and lewd their practice grows,
No breaft is warm'd with holy flame.
2 The Lord look'd down from heav'ns high
And all the fons of men did view, (tow'r
To fee if any own'd his pow'r;
If any truth or justice knew.

3 But all he faw, were gone afide, All were degen'rate grown and bafe: None took religion for their guide, Not one of all the finful race. 4 But can these workers of deceit Be all so dull and senseless grown, That they, like bread my people eat, And God's almighty pow'r disown?

5 How will they tremble then for fear, When his just wrath shall them o'ertake! For, to the righteous, God is near, And never will their cause forsake.
6 Ill men, in vain with scorn expose The methods which the good pursue; Since God a refuge is for those Whom his just eyes with favor view.

7 Would he his faving pow'r employ, To break his peoples fervile band; Then shouts of universation Shall loudly eccho thro' the land.

PSALMXV.

ORD, who's the happy man that may to thy bleft courts repair;
Not, stranger-like, to visit them, but to inhabit there?

2 'Tis

2 'Tis he, whose ev'ry thought, and deed, by rules of virtue moves;

Whose gen'rous tongue distains to speak

the thing his heart disproves.

3 Who never did a flander forge, his neighbour's fame to wound Nor hearken to a false report,

by malice whisper'd round.

4 Who vice in all it's pomp and pow'r, can treat with just neglect;
And piety, tho' cloath'd in rags,

religiously respect.

Who to his plighted vows and trust has ever firmly stood;

And tho' he promife to his loss, he makes his promife good.

5 Whose foul in usury disdains his treasure to employ;

Whom no rewards can ever bribe, the guiltless to destroy.

The man, who by this fleady course has happiness ensured,

When earth's foundation shakes shall stand, by Providence secur'd.

PSALM XVI.

ROTECT me from my cruel foes, and shield me, Lord, from harm; Because my trust I still repose on thy almighty arm.

2 My foul all help but thine does flight,

all gods but thee disown;

Yet can no deeds of mine requite, the goodness thou has shown. 3 But those who strictly virtuous are, and love the thing that's right, To favour always, and prefer, shall be my chief delight.

4 How shall their forrows be increas'd, who other gods adore!

Their bloody off'rings I detest, their very names abhor.

5 My lot is fall'n in that bleft land, where God is truly known;
He fills my cup with lib'ral hand;
'tis he fupports my throne.

6 In nature's most delightful scene my happy portion lies;

The place of my appointed reign all other lands outvies.

7 Therefore my foul shall bless the Lord, whose precepts give me light,

And private counsel still afford, in forrow's dismal night.

8 I strive each action to approve to his all-seeing eye;

No danger shall my hopes remove, because he still is nigh.

9 Therefore my heart all grief defies, my glory does rejoice; My fleth shall rest, in hopes to rife, wak'd by his pow'rful voice.

To Thou, Lord, when I refign my breath; my foul from hell shalt free;

Nor let thy holy one in death the least corruption see. that to thy prefence lead;
Where pleafures dwell without allay, and joys that never fade.

PSALM XVII.

O my just plea, and sad complaint, attend, O righteous Lord, And to my pray'r, as 'tis unfeign'd, a gracious ear afford.

2 As in thy sight I am approv'd,

of let my fentence be;

And with impartial eyes, O Lord, my upright dealings fee.

3 For thou hast search'd my heart by day and visited by night;

And on the strictest trial found its secret motions right.

Nor shall thy justice, Lord alone my heart's designs acquit;

For I have purpos'd, that my tongue shall not offence commit.

4 I know what wicked men would do, their fafety to maintain; But me thy just and mild commands from bloody paths restrain.

That I may ftill in fpite of wrongs,

my innocence fecure,

), guide me in thy righteous ways, and make my footsteps sure.

Since heretofore I ne'er in vain to thee my pray'r address'd:

I now my God, incline thine ear to this my just request.

7 The wonders of thy truth and love in my defence engage,

Thou whose right-hand preserves thy saints from their oppressors rage.

# PART' II.

8, 9 O! keep me in thy tend'rest care; thy sheltring wings stretch out, To guard me safe from savage soes,

that compass me about :

in their own fat they lie;

And with a proud blashbeming mou

And with a proud blaspheming mouth both God and man defie.

II Well may they boast, for they have now my paths encompas'd round; Their eyes at watch, their bodies bow'd

and couching on the ground.

12 In posture of a lion set, when greedy of his prey;. Or a young lion when he lurks within a covert way.

13 Arife, O Lord, defeat their plots, their fwelling rage controul: From wicked men, who are thy fword, deliver thou my foul:

14 From worldly men thy sharpest scourge

whose portion's here below;

Who fill'd with earthly stores aspire no other bliss to know.

15 Their race is num'rous that partake their fubstance while they live; Their heirs furvive, to whom they may

the vast remainder give.

16 But

16 But I in uprightness, thy face, shall view without controul, And, waking, shall its image find reflected in my foul.

PSÁLM XVIII.

1,2 O change of times shall ever shock my firm affection, Lord to thee;

For thou hast always been a rock,

A fortrefs and defence to me.

Thou my deliv'rer art, my God,
my trust is in thy mighty pow'r;

Thou art my shield from foes abroad,
at home my safe-guard and my tow'r.

3 To thee I will address my pray'r, (to whom all praise we justly owe) So shall I, by thy watchful care,

be guarded from my treach'rous foe.

4, 5 By floods of wicked men diftres'd, with deadly forrows compas'd round, With dire infernal pangs oppres'd, in death's unweildy fetters bound.

6 To heav'n I made my mournful pray'r, to God address my humble moan:

Who graciously inclin'd his ear, and heard me from his lofty throne.

P A R T II.

7 When God arose to take my part, the conscious earth did quake for fear; From their firm posts the hills did start, nor could his dreadful fury bear.

8 Thick clouds of smoke disperst abroad, ensigns of wrath before him came,

Devouring fire around him glow'd, that coals were kindled at its flame.

o He

9 He left the beautious realms of light, whilft heav'n bow'd down its awful head; Beneath his feet fubstantial night, was like a fable carpet spread. 10 The chariot of the king of kings,

o The chariot of the king of kings, which active troops of angels drew, On a ftrong tempeft's rapid wings, with most amazing swiftness flew.

11,12 Black watry mists and clouds conspir'd with thickest shades his face to veil;
But at his brightness soon retir'd, and fell in show'rs of fire and hail.

13 Thro'heav'ns wide arch a thund'ring peal God's angry voice did loudly roar;
While earth's sad face, with heaps of hail and slakes of fire was cover'd o'er.

which made his featter'd foes retreat;
Like darts his nimble light'nings flew,
and quickly finish'd their defeat.
The deep it's feeret stores disclos'd;
the world's foundation naked lay,
By his avenging wrath expos'd,
which stercely rag'd that dreadful day.

#### PART III.

16 The Lord did on my fide engage, from heav'n (his throne) my cause upheld, And inatch'd me from the turious rage of threat'ning waves that proudly swell'd.

17 God his resistless pow'r employ'd,

my firongest foes attempts to break; Who else with ease had foon destroy'd, the weak desence that I could make.

18 Their

18 Their fubtile rage had ne'er prevail'd, when I diftres'd and friendless lay, But still when other succours sail'd, God was my firm support and stay.

19 From dangers that enclos'd me round, he brought me forth and set me free; For some just cause his goodness found, that mov'd him to delight in me.

20 Because in me no guilt remains,
God does his gracious help extend;
My hands are free from bloody stains,
therefore the Lord is still my friend.
21, 22 For I his judgments kept in sight,
in his just paths have always trod;
I never did his statutes slight,
nor loosely wander'd from my God.

23, 24 But still my foul, fincere and pure, did ev'n from darling sins refrain;
His favors therefore yet endure, because my heart and hands are clean.

P A R T IV.

25, 26 Thou fuit's, O Lord, thy righteous to various paths of human kind, (ways They who for mercy merit praise, with thee shall wond'rous mercy find. Thou to the just shall justice shew,

the pure thy purity fhall fee; Such as perverfly chuse to go, shall meet with due returns from thee,

27, 28 That he the humble foul will fave, and crush the haughty's boasted might, In me the Lord an instance gave, whose darkness he has turn'd to light.

29 On

29 On his firm fuccour I rely'd, and did o'er num'rous foes prevail; Nor fear'd, whilft he was on my fide, the best defended walls to feale.

30 For God's defigns shall still succeed, his word will bear the utmost test; He's a strong shield to all that need, and on his sure protection rest.

31 Who then deserves to be ador'd, but God, on whom my hopes depend? Or who, except the mighty Lord; can with resistless pow'r defend?

#### PART V.

32, 33 'Tis God that girds my armour on, and all my just designs fulfils;
Through him, my feet can swiftly run, and nimbly climb the steepest hills.

34 Lessons of war from him I take, and manly weapons learn to wield:
Strong bows of steel with ease I break, forc'd by my stronger arms to yield.

35 The buckler of his faving health protects me from infulting foes: His hand fustains me still, my wealth and greatness from his bounty flows. 36 My goings he enlarg'd abroad, 'till then to narrow paths confin'd, And when in slipp'ry ways I trod, the method of my steps design'd.

37 Thro' him I num'rous hosts defeat, and flying squadrons captive take: Nor from my fierce pursuit retreat, till I a sinal conquest make.

38 Cover'd

- 3.5 Cover'd with wounds in vain they try, their vanquish'd heads again to rear; Spite of their boasted strength they lie beneath my feet and grovel there.
- 39 God, when fresh armies take the field, recruits my strength, my courage warms: He makes my strong opposers yield, subdu'd by my prevailing arms.

40 Thro' him the necks of prostrate foes my conqu'ring feet in triumph press;

Aided by him I root out those who hate and envy my success.

- 41 With loud complaints all friends they but none was able to defend; (try'd-At length to God for help they cry'd; but God would no affittance lend.
- 42 Like flying dust, which winds pursue, their broken troops I scatter'd round: 'Their slaughter'd bodies forth I threw, like loathsome dirt that clogs the ground.

  PART VI.

43 Our factious tribes, at strife 'till now, by God's appointment me obey;
The heathen to my sceptre bow, and foreign nations own my sway.

44 Remotest realms their homage send, when my successful name they hear:

Strangers for my commands attend, charm'd with respect, or aw'd by fear.

45 All to my fummons tamely yield, or foon in battle are difmay'd:

For ftronger holds they quit the field, and ftill in ftrongest holds afraid.

2 46 Let

46 Let the eternal Lord be prais'd!
the rock on whose defence I rest;
O'er highest heav'ns his name be rais'd,
who me with his salvation bless'd.

47 'Tis God that ftill supports my right, his just revenge my fors pursues;

'Tis he that with resistless might, herce nations to my yoke subdues.

48 My universal safe-guard, he, from whom my lasting honors flow;

He made me great, and set me free, from my remorseless bloody foe.

49 Therefore to celebrate his fame, my grateful voice to heav'n I'll raife; And nations, strangers to his name,

thall thus be taught to fing his praife.

50 "God to his king deliv'rance fends,
"fhews his anointed fignal grace;
"His

"His mercy evermore extends
to David, and his promis'd race."

P S A L M XIX.

HE heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord, which that alone can fill;
The firmament and stars express

their great Creator's skill.

2 The dawn of each returning day, fresh beams of knowledge brings:
And from the dark returns of night divine instruction springs.

3 Their pow'rful language to no realm or region is confin'd;

'lis nature's voice, and unfterstood alike by all mankind.

4 Their

4 Their doctrine does its facred fense thro' earth's extent display;

Whose bright contents the circling sun does round the world convey.

 No bridegroom for his nuptials dreft, has fuch a chearful face;
 No giant does like him rejoice, to run his glorious race.

6 From east to west, from west to east, his restless course he goes;

And thro' his progress chearful light, and vital warmth bestows.

# PART II.

7 God's perfect law converts the foul, reclaims from false defires; With facred wisdom his fure word

the ignorant inspires.

8 The statutes of the Lord are just, and bring sincere delight;

His pure commands in fearch of truth, affift the feeblest fight.

His perfect worship here is fix'd,
 on sure foundations laid:
 His equal laws are in the scales

of truth and justice weigh'd.

10 Of more esteem than golden mines,

or gold refin'd with fkill;
More fweet than honey, or the drops
that from the comb dutil.

and friendly warnings give;
Divine rewards attend on those,
who by thy precepts live.

12 But what frail man observes, how oft, he does from virtue fall?

O cleanse me from my secret faults, thou God that know'st them all.

13 Let no presumptuous fin, O Lord, dominion have o'er me;

That by thy grace, preferv'd, I may the great transgression slee.

14 So shall my pray'r and praises be with thy acceptance blest;

And I fecure, on thy defence, my strength and Saviour rest. P S A L M XX.

HE Lord to thy request attend, and hear thee in distress:

The name of Jacob's God defend,

and grant thy arms success.

2 To aid thee from on high repair,

and ftrength from Sion give;
3 Remember all thy off'rings there,
thy facrifice receive.

4 To compass thine own heart's desire thy counsels still direct:

Make kindly all events confpire to bring them to effect.

5 To thy falvation, Lord, for aid we chearfully repair,

With banners in thy name display'd, the Lord accept thy pray'r.

6 Our hopes are fix'd, that now the Lord our fov'reign will defend, From heav'n refiltlefs aid afford,

and to his pray'r attend.

7 Some

7 Some trust in steeds for war design'd,

on chariots some rely;

Against them all we'll call to mind the pow'r of God most high.

8 But, from their steeds and chariots thrown behold them, thro' the plain,

Disorder'd, broke, and trampled down, whilst firm our troops remain.

9 Still fave us, Lord, and still proceed our rightful cause to bless;

Hear, King of heav'n, in times of need, the pray'rs that we address.

PSALM XXI.

HE king, O Lord, with fongs of praise shall in thy strength rejoice;

With thy falvation crown'd, shall raise to heav'n his chearful voice.

2 For thou, whate'er his lips request, not only dost impart,

But hast with thy acceptance blest the wishes of his heart.

3 Thy goodness and thy tender care have all his hopes out gone;

A crown of gold thou mad'ft him wear

and fett'dft it firmly on.

4 He pray'd for life; and thou, O Lord, did'it his short span extend, And graciously to him afford

a life that ne'er shall end.

5 Thy fure defence, through nations round, has spread his glorious name;

And his fuccessful actions crown'd with majesty and fame.

6 Eternal

6 Eternal bleffings thou bestow'st, and mak'st his joys increase; Whilst thou to him, unclouded show'st the brightness of thy face.

PART II.

7 Because the king on God alone for timely aid relies; His mercy still supports his throne,

and all his wants fupplies.

3 But righteous Lord, thy stubborn focs

fhall feel thy heavy hand;

Thy vengeful arm shall find out those that hate thy mild command.

When thou against them dost engage, thy just, but dreadful doom
Shall, like a glowing oven's rage, their hopes and them consume.
Nor shall thy furious anger cease, or with their ruin end;
But root out all their guilty race,

and to their feed extend.

their hearts on malice bent;
But thou with watchful care did'st still
the ill effects prevent.

12 In vain by shameful slight they'll try to 'scape thy dreadful might; While thy swift darts shall faster sly,

and gall them in their flight.

13 Thus, Lord, thy wond'rous strength difand thus exalt thy fame; [close, Whitt we glad fongs of praise compose to thy almighty-name.

PSALM

PSALM XXH.

Y God, my God why leav'st thou me, when I with anguish faint;

I why so far from me remov'd,

D! why fo far from me remov'd, and from my loud complaint?

2 All day, but all the day unheard, to thee do I complain;

With cries implore relief all night, but cry all night in vain.

3 Yet thou art still the righteous judge of innocence oppress'd;

And therefore Israel's praises are of right to thee address'd.

4, 5 On thee our ancestors rely'd, and thy deliv'rance found;

With pious confidence they pray'd, and with fuccess were crown'd.

6 But I am treated like a worm, like none of human birth:

Not only by the great revil'd, but made the rabble's mirth.

7 With laughter all the gazing crowd my agonies furvey;

They shoot the lip, they shake the head, and thus, deriding fay:

8 " In God he trusted, boasting oft, " that he was heav'n's delight;

"Let God come down to fave him now,
"and own his favourite."

# PART II.

9 Thou mad'ft my teeming mother's womb a living offspring bear;

When but a fuckling at the breaft,

I was thy early care.

10 Thou

10 Thou, guardian-like didft shield from my helpless infant days; (wrongs And fince haft been my God and guide, through life's bewilder'd ways.

11 Withdraw not then fo far from me, when trouble is fo nigh:

O! fend me help, thy help, on which

I only can rely.

12 High-pamper'd bulls, a frowning herd, from Bafan's forrest met,

With strength proportion'd to their rage, have me around befet.

13 They gape on me, and ev'ry mouth a yawning grave appears; The defert lion's favage roar less dreadful is than theirs.

PART III. 14 My blood, like waters spill'd, my joints are rack'd, and out of frame;" My heart diffolves within my breaft,

like wax before the flame.

15 My strength like potter's earth is parch'd, my tongue cleaves to my jaws; And to the filent shades of death my fainting foul withdraws.

16 Like blood-hounds, to surround me, they in pack'd affemblies meet;

They pierc'd my inoffensive hands, they pierc'd my harmless feet.

17 My body's rack'd, till all my bones distinctly may be told: Yet fuch a spectacle of woe,

as pastime they behold.

8 As spoil, my garments they divide, lots for my vesture cast:

9 Therefore approach, OLord, my strength

and to my fuccour haft.

o From their sharp sword protect thou me, of all but life bereft;

Nor let my darling in the pow'r of cruel dogs be left.

thy present succour send;
thy present succour send;
As once, from goring unicorns,
thou didst my life defend.

22 Then to my brethren I'll declare the triumphs of thy name; In prefence of affembled faints, thy glory thus proclaim:

23 "Ye worshippers of Jacob's God, "all you of Israel's line,

"O praise the Lord, and to your praise fincere obedience join.

24 "He ne'er disdain'd on low distress,

" to cast a gracious eye;

"Nor turn'd from poverty his face, but hears its humble cry."

#### PART IV.

25 Thus in thy facred courts will I my chearful thanks express; In presence of thy faints perform the vows of my distress.

26 The meek companions of my grief shall find my table spread;

And all that feek the Lord, shall be with joys immortal fed.

D

27 Then

27 Then shall the glad converted world to God their homage pay;
And scatter'd nations of the earth one sov'reign Lord obey.
28 'I'is his supreme prerogative o'er subject kings to reign:
27 is just that he should make the world.

Tis just that he should rule the world, who does the world sustain.

29-The rich who are with plenty fed his bounty must confess:
The fons of want, by him reliev'd, their gen'rous patron bless.

With humble worthip to his throne they all for aid refort;

That power which first their beings gave, can only them support.

30, 31 Then shall a chosen spotless race, devoted to his name,

To their admiring heirs, his truth and glorious acts proclaim.

PSALM XXIII.

HE Lord himself, the mighty Lord
vouchsafes to be my guide;

The shepherd, by whose constant care

my wants are all supply'd.

2 In tender grafs he makes me feed, and gently there repose;

Then leads me to cool shades, and where refreshing water slows.

3 He does my wand'ring foul reclaim, and, to his endless praise, Instruct with humble zeal to walk in his most righteous ways.

I pass the gloomy vale of death, from fear and danger free; for there his aiding rod and staff defend and comfort me.

In presence of my spiteful foes, he does my table spread; He crowns my cup with chearful wine, with oil anoints my head. Since God doth thus his wond'rous love

through all my life extend; That life to him I will devote,

and in his temple spend

PSALM XXIV. HIS fpacious earth is all the Lord's; the Lord's her fulness is,

The world, and they that dwell therein, by fov'reign right are his.

2 He fram'd and fix'd it on the feas; and his almighty hand,

Upon inconstant floods has made the stable fabrick stand.

3 But for himself this Lord of all one chosen seat design'd: O! who shall to that facred hill defir'd admittance find?

4 The man whose hands and heart are pure, whose thoughts from pride are free;

Who honest poverty prefers to gainful perjury.

5 This, this is he, on whom the Lord, shall show'r his bleffings down; Whom God his Saviour shall vouchfafe with righteousness to crown.

6 Such

6 Such is the race of faints, by whom the facred courts are trod;
And fuch the profelytes, that feek the face of Jacob's God.

7 Erect your heads, eternal gates, unfold, to entertain

The King of glory: fee! he comes with his celestial train.

8 Who is this King of glory? Who? the Lord for strength renown'd;

In battle mighty; o'er his foes, eternal victor crown'd.

9 Erect your heads, ye gates; unfold, in state to entertain

The King of glory: fee! he comes with all his shining train.

the Lord of hosts renown'd;

Of glory he alone is King.
who is with glory crown'd.

P S A L M XXV.

O God, in whom I trust,

I lift my heart and voice;

O let me not be put to shame nor let my foes rejoice. 3 Those who on thee rely, let no disgrace attend:

Be that the shameful lot of such as wilfully offend.

4, 5 To me thy truth impart, and lead me in thy way:

For thou art he that brings me help; on thee I wait all day.

6 Thy

6 Thy mercies, and thy love, O Lord, recall to mind;
And graciously continue still as thou wert ever, kind.

7 Let all my youthful crimes be blotted out by thee;
And for thy wond'rous goodness' sake, in mercy think on me.
8 His mercy, and his truth, the righteous Lord displays,
In bringing wand'ring sinners home, and teaching them his ways.

9 He those in justice guides, who his direction feek;
And in his facred paths shall lead the humble and the meek.
10 Through all the ways of God both truth and mercy thine,
To such as with religious hearts to his blest will incline.

PART II.

11 Since mercy is the grace that most exalts thy same;
Forgive my heinous sin, O Lord, and so advance thy name.
12 Whoe'er with humble sear to God his duty pays,
Shall find the Lord a faithful guide, in all his righteous ways.

13 His quiet foul with peace fhall be forever bleft,

And by his num'rous race the land, fucceffively posses'd.

14 Fer

14 For God to all his faints his fecret will imparts, And does his gracious cov'nant write in their obedient hearts.

15 To him I lift my eyes, and wait his timely aid,
Who breaks the strong and treach'rous snare which for my feet was laid.
16 O! turn and all my griefs, in mercy, Lord, redress;
For I am compass'd round with woes, and plung'd in deep diffress.

17 The forrows of my heart to mighty fums increase;
O! from this dark and diffinal state my troubled foul release!
18 Do thou, with tender eyes, my fad affilition see;
Acquit me, Lord, and from my guilt intirely set me free.

19 Consider, Lord, my foes, how vast their numbers grow!
What lawless force and rage they use, what boundless hate they show!
20 Protect, and set my soul, from their sierce malice free;
Nor let me be asham'd who place my stedfast trust in thee.

21 Let all my righteous acts to full perfection rife; Because my firm and constant hope on thee alone relies.

22 To

22 To Ifrael's chosen race continue ever kind; and in the midst of all their wants, let them thy succour find.

P S A L M XXVI.

UDGE me, O Lord; for I the paths
of righteourners have trod:
t cannot fail, who all my trust

repose on thee, my God.

2, 3Search, prove my heart, whose innocence will shine, the more 'tis try'd;
For I have kept thy grace in view, and made thy truth my guide.

4 I never for companions took the idle or prophane; No hypocrite, with all his arts, could e'er my friendship gain.

5 I hate the bufy, plotting crew, who make diffracted times; And fhun their wicked company

as I avoid their crimes.

6 I'll wash my hands in innocence and bring a heart so pure, That, when thy altar I approach, my welcome shall be sure.

7, 8 My thanks I'll publish there, and tell how thy renown excels:

That feat affords me most delight, in which thy honour dwells.

Pass not on me the sinners doom, who murder make their trade;
Who other's rights, by secret bribes, or open force, invade.

11 But

11 But I will walk in paths of truth, and innocence purfue: Protect me therefore, and to me thy mercies, Lord, renew.

12 In spite of all assaulting foes. I still maintain my ground; And shall survive amongst thy faints,

thy praises to resound.

PSALM XXVII. THOM should I fear, since God to me is faving health and light? Since strongly he my life supports, what can my foul affright?

2 With fierce intent my flesh to tear, when foes befet me round, They stumbled, and their lofty crests

were made to strike the ground.

? Thro' him my heart undaunted dares with num'rous hosts to cope;" Thro' him in doubtful streights of war

for good fuccefs I hope.

4 Henceforth within his house to dwell I earnestly desire;

His wond'rous beauty there to view, and his bleft will inquire.

For there may I with comfort rest, in times of deep diftress; And fafe as on a rock abide

in that secure recess:

6 Whilft God o'er all my haughty foes my lofty head shall raise;

And I my joyful off'rings bring, and fing glad fongs of praise.

PART

PART II.

7 Continue, Lord, to hear my voice, whene'er to thee I cry; In mercy all my prayers receive,

nor my request deny.

8 When us to feek thy glorious face thou kindly dost advise;

"Thy glorious face I'll always feek,"

my grateful heart replies.

9 Then hide not thou thy face, O Lord, nor me in wrath reject :

My God and Saviour, leave not him

thou didst so oft protect.

10 Tho' all my friends and nearest kin, their helpless charge forsake; Yet thou, whose love excels them all,

wilt care and pity take.

II Instruct me in thy paths, O Lord, my ways directly guide;

Lest envious men who watch my steps, should see me tread aside.

12 Lord, disappoint my cruel foes;

defeat their ill desire, Whose lying lips, and bloody hands, against my peace conspire.

13 I trusted that my future life should with thy love be crown'd, Or else my fainting foul had funk, with forrow compass'd round.

14 God's time with patient faith expect,

and he'll inspire thy breast

With inward firength; do thou thy part; and leave to him the rest.

PSALM

P & A L M XXVIII.

LORD, my rock, to thee I cry,

in fighs confume my breath,
O! answer; or I shall become

like those that sleep in death.

2 Regard my supplications, Lord,

the cries that I repeat,

With weeping eyes, and lifted hands, before thy mercy-feat.

3 Let me escape the finners doom, who make a trade of ill;

And ever speak the person fair, whose blood they mean to spill.

4 According to their crimes extent let justice have its course:

Relentless be to them, as they have fin'd without remorfe.

5 Since they the works of God despise, nor will his grace adore; His wrath shall utterly destroy.

His wrath shall utterly destroy, and build them up no more.

6 But I; with due acknowledgment, his praises will refound,

From whom the cries of my diffress a gracious answer found.

7 My heart its confidence repos'd in God my strength and shield;

In him I trusted and return'd triumphant from the field:

As he has made my joys complete, 'tis just that I should raise

The chearful tribute of my thanks, and thus refound his praise:

8 " His

8 " His aiding pow'r fupports the troops

" that my just cause maintain:

"Twas he advanc'd me to the throne,
"'tis he fecures my reign."

 9 Preferve thy chosen, and proceed thine heritage to bless,
 With plenty prosper them, in peace;

With plenty prosper them, in peace in battle, with success.

P S A L M XXIX.

1 YE princes that in might excel,
Your grateful facrifice prepare;
God's glorious actions loudly tell,
His wond'rous pow'r to all declare.
2 To his great name fresh altars raise;
Devoutly due respect afford;
Him in his holy temple praise,
Where he's with solemn state ador'd.

3 'Fis he that with amazing noise
The watry clouds in funder breaks;
The ocean trembles at his voice,
When he from heav'n in thunder speaks.
4, 5 How full of pow'r his voice appears!
With what majestic terror crown'd!
Which from the roots tall cedars tears,
And strews their scatter'd branches round.

6 They, and the hills on which they grow Are fometimes hurried far away; And leap like hinds that bounding go, Or unicorns in youthful play.
7, 8 When God in thunder loudly speaks, And scatter'd flames of lightning sends, The forest nods, the desart quakes, And stubborn Kadesh lowly bends.

8 He makes the hinds to cast their young, And lays the beasts dark coverts bare; While those that to his courts belong, Securely sing his praises there. 10, 11 God rules the angry sloods on high: His boundless sway shall never cease: This people he'll with strength supply, And bless his own with constant peace.

PSALM XXX.

I I'LL celebrate thy praifes, Lord, who did'st thy pow'r employ, To raise my drooping head, and check my foes insulting joy.

2, 3 In my distress I cry'd to thee,

who kindly did'ft relieve,

And from the grave's expecting jaws my hopeless life retrieve.

4 Thus to his courts, ye faints of his, with fongs of praise repair;

With me commemorate his truth, and providential care.

5 His wrath has but a moments reign; his favor no decay:

Your night of grief is recompens'd with joys returning day.

6 But I, in prosp'rous days, presum'd; no sudden change I fear'd:

Whilst in my fun-shine of success no low ring cloud appear'd.

7 But soon I found thy favor, Lord, my empire's only trust;

For when thou hidd'ft thy face, I faw my honour laid in dust.

8 Then

3 Then, as I vainly had prefum'd, my error I confess'd;

And thus with fupplicating voice thy mercy's throne address'd:

o" What profit is there in my blood, congeal'd by death's cold night?

" Can filent ashes speak thy praise, " thy wond rous truth recite?

10 " Hear me, O Lord, in mercy hear; "thy wonted aid extend:

" Do thou fend help, on whom alone

" I can for help depend."

It 'Tis done! thou hast my mournful scene to fongs and dancing turn'd? Invested me in robes of state, who late in fack-cloth mourn'd.

12 Exalted thus, I'll gladly fing thy praise in grateful verse; And, as thy favours endless are, thy endless praise rehearse.

P'S A L M XXXI.

EFEND me, Lord, from shame; for still I trust in thee: As just and righteous is thy name, from danger set me free. 2 Bow down thy gracious ear, and speedy succour fend:

Do thou my stedfast rock appear, to shelter and defend.

3 Since thou when foes oppress, my rock and fortress art To guide me forth from this diffress, thy wonted help impart.

4 Release

4 Release me from the snare which they have closely laid; Since I, O God my strength, repair to thee alone for aid.

5 To thee, the God of truth, my life, and all that's mine.
(For thou preferv'if me from my youth,)
I willingly refign,
6 All vain defigns I hate,
of those that trust in lies:
And still my foul in ev'ry state,

to God for succour flies.

PARTII.
7 Those mercies thou hast shown,
I'll chearfully express;
For thou hast seen my streights and known
my soul in deep distress.
8 When Keliah's treach'rous race
did all my strength inclose,
Thou gav'it my feet a larger space,
to shun my watchful foes.

o Thy mercy, Lord, display, and hear my just complaint;

For both my soul and sless decay, with grief and hunger faint.

To Sad thoughts my life oppress; my years are spent in groans;

My sins have made my strength decrease, and ev'n consum'd my bones.

11 My foes my fuff'rings mock'd; my neighbours did upbraid; Idy friends, at fight of me, were shock'd, and fled, as men difmay'd. 12 Forfook by all am I,
 as dead, and out of mind;
 And like a fhatter'd veffel lie,
 whose parts can ne'er be join'd.

and feem my pow'r to dread:
Whilst they together counsel take,
my guiltless blood to shed.
14 But still my stedsfast trust,
I on thy help repose:
That thou my God art good and just,
my soul with comfort knows.

PARTIII.

15 Whate'er events betide,
thy wisdom times them all:
Then, Lord, thy fervant safely hide
from those that seek his fall.
16 The brightness of thy face,
to me, O Lord, disclose;
And as thy mercies still increase,
preserve me from my foes.

17 Me from dishonour save,

who still have call'd on thee;
Let that, and silence in the grave,
the sinner's portion be.
18 Do thou their tongues restrain;
whose breath in lies is spent;
Who salse reports with proud disdain,
against the righteous vent.

19 How great thy mercies are to fuch as fear thy name;
Which thou, for those that trust thy care, dost to the world proclaim!

20 Thou keep'st them in thy sight, from proud oppressors free: From tongues that do in strife delight, they are preserv'd by thee.

21 With glory and renown
God's name be ever blefs'd;
Whose love in Keilah's well-fenc'd town
was wond'rously express'd!
22 I said, in hasty slight,
"I'm banish'd from thine eyes;
"Yet still thou keptst me in thy sight,
"and heard my earnest cries."

23 O! all ye faints, the Lord with eager love purfue;
Who to the just will help afford, and give the proud their due.
24 Ye that on God rely, couragiously proceed;
For he will yet your hearts supply with strength, in time of need.

P S A L M XXXII.

E'sbleft, whose fins have pardon gain'd,
No more in judgment to appear;
Whose guilt remission has obtain'd,
And whose repentance is sincere.
While I conceal'd the freting fore,
My bones consum'd without relief;
All day did I with anguish roar;
But no complaints asswag'd my grief;

4 Heavy on me thy hand remain'd, By day and night alike distress'd; Till quite of vital moisture drain'd, Like land with summer's drought oppress'd.

5 No

5 No fooner I my wound disclos'd,
The guilt tortur'd me within,
But thy forgiveness interpos'd,
And mercy's healing balm pour'd in.

6 True penitents shall thus succeed,
Who seek thee while thou may'st be found,
And, from the common deluge freed,
Shall see temorseless tinners drown'd.
7 Thy favour, Lord in all distress,
My tow'r of refuge I must own:
Thou shalt my haughty foes suppress,
And me with songs of triumph crown.

8 In my instruction then conside, You that would truth's safe path descry; Your progress I'll securely guide, And keep you in my watchful eye. 9 Submit yourselves to wisdom's rule, Like men that reason have attain'd; Not like th' ungovern'd horse and mule, Whose sury must be curb'd and rein'd.

to Sorrows, on forrows multiply'd,
The harden'd finner shall confound:
But them who in his truth confide,
Blessings of mercy shall surround.

II His faints, that have perform'd his laws,
Their life in triumphs shall employ:
Let them (as they alone have cause)
In grateful raptures shout for joy.

P S A L M XXXIII.

E Γ all the just to God with joy their chearful voices raise;

For well the righteous it becomes to fing glad songs of praise.

Ĕ 2

2, 3 Let harps and pfalteries, and lutes, in joyful concert meet;

And new-made fongs of foud applause the harmony complete.

4, 5 For faithful is the word of God:

'his works with truth abound:

He inflict loves and all the conth

He justice loves; and all the earth is with his goodness crown'd.

6 By his almighty word, at first, heav'ns glorious arch was rear'd;

And all the beauteous hosts of light, at his command appear'd.

7 The swelling floods together roll'd, he makes in heaps to lie;

And lays, as in a ftore-house safe, the watry treasures by.

8, 9 Let earth and all that dwell therein, before him trembling stand:

For, when he spake the word, 'twas made 'twas fix'd at his command.

to He, when the heathen closely plot, their counsels undermines:

His wisdom ineffectual makes the people's rash designs.

ti Whate'er the mighty Lord decrees, fhall stand forever sure;
The feetled approach of his heart

The fettled purpose of his heart to ages shall endure.

PART II.

12 How happy then are they, to whom the Lord for God is known!
Whom he, from all the world befides, has chosen for his own.

13, 14, 15 He

13, 14, 15 He all the nations of the earth, from heav'n, his throne, furvey'd:
He faw their works, and view'd their tho'ts,

by him their hearts were made.

16, 17 No king is fafe by num'rous hosts; their strength the strong deceives; No manag'd horse, by force or speed,

his warlike rider faves.

18, 19 Tis God, who those that trust in him, beholds with gracious eyes:

He frees their foul from death; their want, in time of dearth, supplies.

20, 21 Our foul on God with patience waits our help and shield is he!

Then, Lord, let still our hearts rejoice, because we trust in thee.

22 The riches of thy mercy, Lord, do thou to us extend;

Since we, for all we want or wish, on thee alone depend.

PSAL'M XXXIV.

HRO' all the changing scenes of life, in trouble and in joy,

The praises of my God shall still my heart and tongue employ.

2 Of his deliv'rance I will boast, 'till all that are d'irest,

From my example comfort take, and charm their griefs to rest.

3 O! magnify the Lord with me, with me exalt his name:

4 When in distress to him I call'd, he to my rescue came.

5 Their

5 Their drooping hearts were foon refresh'd who look'd to him for aid:

Defir'd fuccess in ev'ry face a chearful air display'd:

6 "Behold (fay they) behold the man, "whom Providence reliev'd;

" So:dang'rously with woes befet, " fo wondrously retriev'd!"

7 The hofts of God encamp around the dwellings of the just;
Deliv'rance he affords to all

who on his fuccour trust.

8 O! make but trial of his love, experience will decide

How bleft they are, and only they, who in his truth confide.

9 Fear him, ye faints, and you will then have nothing else to fear:

Make you his fervice your delight; he'll make your wants his care.

to While hungry lions lack their prey, the Lord will food provide For such as put their trust in him,

and fee their needs fupply'd.

PART II.

11 Approach, ye piously dispos'd, and my instruction hear; I'il teach you the true discipline

of his religious fear.

12 Let him, who length of life defires, and prosp'rous days would fee,

13 From fland'ring language keep his tongue his lips from falshood free.

14 The

14 The crooked paths of vice decline, and virtue's ways purfue;
Establish peace where 'tis begun;
and where 'tis lost, renew.

15 The Lord from heav'n beholds the just, with fovourable eyes;

And when distress'd, his gracious ear is open to their cries:

16 But turns his wrathful look on those, whom mercy can't reclaim,

To cut them off, and from the earth blot out their hated name.

17 Deliv rance to his faints he gives, when his relief they crave:

18 He's nigh to heal the broken heart, and contrite spirit save.

19 The wicked oft, but still in vain, against the just conspire;

20 For, under their afflictions weight, he keeps their bones intire.

21 The wicked, from their wicked arts, their ruin shall derive;

Whilst righteous men, whom they detest, shall them and theirs survive.

22 For God preserves the souls of those, who on his truth depend:
To them, and their posterity,

his bleffings shall descend.

do thou my battles fight.

P S A L M XXXV.

Gainst all those that strive with me,
O Lord, affert my right:
With such as war unjustly wage,

2 Thy

2 Thy buckler take and bind thy shield upon thy warlike arm:
Stand up, my God, in my defence;
and keep me safe from harm.

and keep me late from narm.

3 Ering forth thy spear, and stop their course that haste my blood to spill:
Say to my soul, "I am thy health,
"and will preserve thee still."

4 Let them with shame be cover'd o'er, who my destruction fought:

And such as did my harm devise, be to confusion brought.

5 Then shall they sly, dispers'd like chaff before the driving wind;

God's vengeful ministers of wrath shall follow clote behind.

6 And, when thro' dark and flipp'ry ways, they ftrive his rage to flun,
His vengeful ministers of wrath

hall guard them, as they run.

7 Since, unprovok'd by any wrong, they hid their treach'rous fnare; And for my harmless foul a pit,

did without cause prepare;
3 Surpriz'd by mischiefs unforeseen, by their own arts betray'd,

Their feet shall fall into the net, which they for me have laid.

9 Whilft my glad foul shall God's great name for this deliv'rance bless;

And, by his faving health fecur'd, its grateful joy express.

10 My

10 My very bones shall say, "O Lord, "who can compare with thee?

"Who fett'st the poor and helpless man
"from strong oppressors free."

PART II.

11 False witnesses, with forg'd complaints, against my truth combin'd;

And to my charge such things they laid,

as I had ne'er design'd.

12 The good which I to them had done, with evil they repaid;

And did by malice undeferv'd, my harmless life invade.

13 But as for me, when they were fick,
I ftill in fackcloth mourn'd;
I pray'd and fasted, and my pray'r to my own breast return'd.

14 Had they my friends or brethren been,

I could have done no more;

Nor with more decent figns of grief a mother's loss deplore.

15 How diff'rent did their carriage prove, in times of my diffress!

When they, in crouds together met, did favage joy express.

The rabble too, in num'rous throngs, by their example, came;

And ceas'd not, with reviling words, to wound my spotless fame.

16 Scoffers that noble tables haunt, and earn their bread with lies,

Did gnash their teeth, and sland'rous jests maliciously devise.

17 But,

17 But, Lord, how long wilt thou look on? on my behalf appear;

And fave my guiltless soul, which they like ravining beasts would tear.

PART III.

18 So I, before the lift'ning world, fhall grateful thanks express;

And where the great affembly meets, thy name with praifes blefs.

19 Lord, suffer not my causeless foes, who me unjustly hate,

With open joy, or fecret figns, to mock my fad estate.

20 For they, with hearts averse to peace, industriously devise,

Against the men of quiet minds, to forge malicious lies.

21 Nor with these private arts content, aloud they vent their spite;

And fay, "at last we found him out; "he did it in our fight."

22. But thou who dost both them and me with righteous eyes survey,

Affert my innocence, O Lord, and keep not far away.

23 Stir up thyself; in my behalf to judgment, Lord, awake:

Thy righteous fervant's cause, O God, to thy decision take.

Lord, as my heart has upright been, let me thy justice find;Nor let my cruel foes obtain

the triumph they defign'd.

25 0 1

25 O! let them not amongst themselves, in boafting language, fay,

" At length our wishes are complete; " at last he's made our prey."

26 Let fuch as in my harm rejoic'd, for shame their faces hide; And foul dishonor wait on those, that proudly me defy'd:

27 Whilst they with chearful voices shout, who my just cause befriend;

And blefs the Lord, who loves to make fuccess his faints attend.

28 So shall my tongue thy judgments sing, inspir'd with grateful joy;

And chearful hymns, in praise of thee, shall all my days employ.

PSALM XXXVI.

Y crafty foe, with flatt'ring art, His wicked purpose would disguise, But reason whispers to my heart, No fear of God's before his eyes. 2 He fooths himself, retir'd from fight; Secure he thinks his treach'rous game: Till his dark plots, expos'd to light, Their false contriver brand with shame.

3 In deeds he is my foe confess'd, Whilst with his tongue he speaks me fair; True wisdom's banish'd from his breast; And vice has fole dominion there. 4 His wakeful malice fpends the night In forging his accurs'd defigns; His obstinate, ungen'rous spite No execrable means declines.

5 But, Lord, thy mercy, my fure hope, The highest orb of heav'n transcends; Thy facred truth's unmeasur'd scope Beyond the spreading skies extends.
6 Thy instice like the hills remains; Unfathom'd depths thy judgments are; Thy Providence the world sustains; The whole creation is thy care.

7 Since of thy goodness all partake, With what assurance should the just Thy shelt'ring wings their refuge make, And saints to thy protection trust!
8 Such guests shall to thy courts be led, To banquet on thy love's repast:
And drink as from a fountain's head, Of joys that shall forever last.

9 With thee the springs of life remain;
Thy presence is eternal day:
10 O! let thy saints thy favor gain,
To upright hearts thy truth display.
11 Whilst pride's insulting foot would spurn,
And wicked hands my life surprize;
12 Their mischiefs on themselves return;
Down, down they're fall'n, no more to rise.

#### PSALM XXXVII.

Yet let not their fuccessful state
Thy anger, or thy envy, raise;
For they, cut down, like tender grass,
Or like young flow'rs, away shall pass,
Whose blooming beauty soon decays.

3 Depend

3 Depend on God, and him obey;
So thou within the land shalt stay,
Secure from danger and from want:
4 Make his commands thy chief delight,
And he, thy duty to requite,
Shall all thy earnest wishes grant.

5 In all thy ways trust thou the Lord, And he will needful help afford, To perfect ev'ry just design; 6 He'll make, like light, serene and clear, Thy clouded innocence appear,

7 With quiet mind on God depend, And patiently for him attend, Nor let thy anger fondly rife,

And as a mid-day fun to shine.

Tho' wicked men with wealth abound,
And with fuccess the plots are crown'd,
Which they maliciously devise.

8 From anger cease, and wrath forsake; Let no ungovern'd passion make

Thy wav'ring heart espouse their crime:
9 For God shall sinful men destroy;
Whilst only they the land enjoy,
Who trust in him and wait his time.

10 How foon shall wicked men decay! Their place shall vanish quite away,

Nor by the strictest search be found; It Whilst humble souls possess the earth, Rejoicing still with godly mirth,

With peace and plenty always crown'd.

PART II.

12 While finful crouds, with false design, Against the righteous few combine,

And

And gnash their teeth, and threat ning stand;
13 God shall their empty plots deride,
And laugh at their defeated pride:
He sees their ruin near at hand.

14 They draw the fword, and bend the bow, The poor and needy to o'erthrow,

And men of upright lives to flay:
15 But their firong bows shall soon be broke;
Their sharpen'd waapon's mortal stroke
Thro' their own hearts shall force its way.

16 A little, with God's favor bleft,
That's by one rightcous man posses'd,
The wealth of many bad excels:
17 For God supports the just man's cause;
But, as for those that break his laws,
Their unsuccessful pow'r he quells

18 His conftant care the upright guides, And over all their life presides; Their portion shall forever last: 19 They, when distress o'erwhelms the earth, Shall be unmov'd, and ev'n in dearth the happy fruits of plenty taste.

20 Not so the wicked men, and those Who proudly dare God's will oppose:
Destruction is their hapless share:
Like fat of lambs their hopes and they,
Shall in an instant melt away,
And vanish into smoke and air.

### PART III.

21 While finners, brought to fad decay, Still borrow on and never pay,

The just have will and pow'r to give;

22 For fuch as God vouchsafes to bless, shall peaceably the earth possess, And those he curses shall not live.

23 The good man's way is God's delight, He orders all the steps aright,

Of him that moves by his command: 24 Tho' he may fometimes be diffrest, Yet shall he ne'er be quite opprest, For God upholds him with his hand.

25 From my first youth, 'till age prevail'd,

I never saw the righteous fail'd

Or want o'ertake his num'rous race; 26 Because compassion fill'd his heart, And he did chearfully impart, God made his offsprings wealth increase.

27 With caution shun each wicked deed, In virtue's ways with zeal proceed,

And fo prolong your happy days: 28 For God who judgment loves, does ftill Preserve his faints secure from ill, While foon the wicked race decays.

29, 30, 31 The upright shall possess the land

His portion shall for ages stand;

His mouth with wifdom is fupply'd, His tongue by rules of judgment moves, His heart the law of God approves; Therefore his footsteps never slide.

## PART IV.

32 In wait the watchful sinner lies, In vain the righteous to furprize, In vain, his ruin does decree:

33 God will not him defenceless leave To his revenge expos'd, but save, And when he's sentenc'd, set him free.

34 Wait still on God; keep his command,

And thou, exalted in the land,

Thy bleft pofferfion ne'er shall quit;
The wicked foon destroy'd shall be,
And at his difinal tragedy
Thou shalt a safe spectator sit.

35 The wicked I in pow'r have seen,
And like a bay tree, fresh and green,
- That spreads its pleasant branches round:
36 But he was gone as swift as thought:
And tho' in ev'ry place I sought,
No sign or track of him I found.

37 Observe the perfect man with care,
And mark all such as upright are;
Their roughest days in peace shall end:
38 While on the latter end of those,
Who dare God's facred will oppose,
A common ruin shall attend.

30 God to the just will aid afford:
Their only safeguard is the Lord;
Their strength, in time of need, is he:
40 Because on him they still depend,
The Lord will timely succour send,

And from the wicked fet them free.

P S A L M XXXVIII.

HY chaft'ning wrath, O Lord, reftrain, tho' I deferve it all;

Nor let at once on me the ftorm of thy difpleafure fall.

2 In

2 In ev'ry wretched part of me thy arrows deep remain; Thy heavy hand's afflicting weight I can no more fustain.

3 My flesh is one continued wound, thy wrath so fiercely glows; Betwixt my punishment and guilt,

my bones have no repose.

4 My fins which to a deluge fwell, my finking head o'erflow;

And, for my feeble strength to bear, too vast a burden grow.

5 Stench and corruption fill my wounds, my folly's just return:

6 With trouble I am warp'd and bow'd,

and all day long I mourn.

7 A loath'd disease afflicts my loins, infecting ev'ry part;

8 With fickness worn, I groan and roar, thro' anguish of my heart.
PARTIM.

9 But, Lord, before thy fearching eyes all my defires appear;

And, fure, my groans have been too loud, not to have reach'd thine ear.

IOMy heart's oppress'd, my ftrength decay'd, my eyes depriv'd of light:

11 Friends, lovers, kinsmen gaze aloof on such a dismal sight.

12 Mean while, the foes that feek my life, their fnares to take me fet;

Vent flanders, and contrive all day to forge fome new deceit.

13 But

13 But I, as if both deaf and dumb, nor heard, nor once reply'd;

14 Quite deaf and dumb, like one whose with confcious guilt is ty'd. (tongue

15 For, Lord, to thee I do appeal, my innocence to clear;

Affur'd that thou, the righteous God, my injur'd cause wilt hear.

16 "Hear me," faid I, "left my proud foes
" a spiteful joy display;

" Infulting, if they see my foot " but once to go aftray."

17 And with continued grief oppress'd, to fink I now begin,

18 To thee, O Lord, I will confess, to thee bewail my fin.

19 But whilst I languish, my proud foes their strength and vigour boast;

And they who hate me without cause, are grown a dreadful host.

20 Ev'n they whom I oblig'd return my kindness with despite; And are my enemies because

I choose the path that's right. 21 Forfake not me, O Lord my God,

nor far from me depart; 22 Make hafte to my relief, O thou who my falvation art.

P S A L M XXXIX. ESOLV'D to watch o'er all my ways, I kept my tongue in awe; I curb'd my hafty words, when I the prosp'rous wicked saw.

2 Like

2 Like one that's dumb, I filent flood, and did my tongue refrain From good difcourfe; but that restraint

increas'd my inward pain.

3 My heart did glow, which working tho'ts did hot and reftless make;

And warm reflections fann'd the fire, and thus at length I spake:

Lord let me know my term of days, how foon my life will end:

The num'rous train of ills disclose, which this frail state attend.

5 My life, thou know'ft is but a fpan; a cypher fums my years;

And ev'ry man, in best estate, but vanity appears.

6 Man, like a shadow, vainly walks, with fruitless cares oppress'd:
He heaps up wealth, but cannot tell

He heaps up wealth, but cannot tell by whom 'twill be posses'd.

7 Why then should I on worthless toys, with anxious care, attend?
On thee alone my stedfast hope

shall ever, Lord depend.

8, 9 Forgive my fins; nor let me fcorn'd by foolish finners be;

For I was dumb, and murmur'd not, because 'twas done by thee.

10 The dreadful burden of thy wrath in mercy foon remove;

Lest my frail tlesh too weak to bear the heavy load should prove.

II For

11 For when thou chast'nest man for sin, thou mak'st his beauty fade (So vain a thing is he!) like cloth by fretting moths decay'd.

12 Lord, hear my cry, accept my tears, and liften to my pray'r,
Who fojourn like a stranger here,
as all my fathers were.
13 O! spare me yet a little time;

my wasted strength restore,
Before I vanish quite from hence,
and shall be seen no more.

P S A L M XL.

Waited meekly for the Lord,
Till he vouchfaf'd a kind reply:
Who did his gracious ear afford,
And heard from heav'n my humble cry.
He took me from the difmal pit,
When founder'd deep in miry clay;
On folid ground he plac'd my feet,
And fuffer'd not my fteps to stray.

3 The wonders he for me has wrought, Shall ill my mouth with fongs of praise; And others, to his worship brought, To hopes of like deliv'rance raise.
4 For bleffings shall that man reward, Who on th' aimighty Lord relies; Who treats the proud with disregard, And hates the hypocrites disguise.

5 Who can the wond'rous works recount, Which thou, O God, for us haft wrought? The treasures of thy love surmount The pow'r of numbers, speech, and thought.

6 Pye

6 I've learnt that thou hast not desir'd Off'rings and sacrifice alone; Nor blood of guiltless beasts requir'd, For man's transgression to atone.

7 I therefore come—come to fulfil The oracle thy books impart: 8 'Tis my delight to do thy will; Thy law is written in my heart.

PART II.

o In full affemblies I have told
Thy truth and righteoufness at large:
Nor did, thou know'ft, my lips with-hold
From uttering what thou gav'ft in charge:
10 Nor kept within my breast confin'd
Thy faithfulness, and faving grace;
But preach'd thy love for all design'd,
That all might that and truth embrace.

To others, Lord, extend to me: Thy loving kindness my reward, Thy truth my safe protection be, 12 For I with troubles am distress'd, Toó vast and numberless to bear: Nor less with loads of guilt oppress'd, That plunge and fink ne to despair.

As foon, alas! I may recount
The hairs on this afflicted head;
My vanquish'd courage they surmount,
And fill my drooping foul with dread.

PART III.

For never was more preffing need:
In my deliv'rance, Lord, appear,
And add to that deliv'rance speed.

14 Confusion

14 Confusion on their heads return, Who to destroy my soul combine; Let them, deseated, blush and mourn, Ensnar'd in their own vile design.

With shame their malice be repaid,
Who mock'd my confidence in thee,
And sport of my affliction made.
16 While those, who humbly seek thy face,
To joyful triumphs shall be rais'd;
And all, who prife thy saving grace,
With me resound, the Lord be prais'd.

Thus, wretched tho' I am, and poor, Of me th' almighty Lord takes care: Thou, God, who only can'ft reftore, To my relief with speed repair.

PSALMXLI.

APPY the man whose tender care relieves the poor distress'd!
When he's by troubles compass'd round, the Lord shall give him rest.

2 The Lord his life with bleffings crown'd, in fafety shall prolong;

And disappoint the will of those, that feek to do him wrong.

3 If he in languishing estate, oppress'd with sickness lie;
The Lord will easy make his bed, and inward strength supply.

4 Secure of this, to thee, my God, I thus my pray'r address'd;

"Lord, for thy mercy, heal my foul, tho' I have much transgress'd."

5 My

5 My cruel foes, with fland'rous words attempt to wound my fame:

"When shall he die (say they) and men

" forget his very name?"

6 Suppose they formal visits make, tis all but empty show:

They gather mischief in their hearts, and vent it where they go.

7, 8 With private whispers, such as these, to hurt me they devise:

" A fore disease afflicts him now: " he's fall'n no more to rise."

9 My own familiar bosom-friend, on whom I most rely'd,

Has me, whose daily guest he was with open scorn defy'd.

10 But thou my fad and wreched state, in mercy, Lord regard;

And raise me up, that all their crimes may meet their just reward.

By this I know, thy gracious ear is open when I call;

Because thou suffer'st not my foes to triumph in my fall.

12 Thy tender care fecures my life from danger and difgrace;

And thou vouchfaf'st to set me still before thy glorious face.

13 Let therefore Israel's Lord and God from age to age be blest;

And all the people's glad applause with loud Amen's express'd.

### PSALM XIII.

S pants the heart for cooling streams when heated in the chase; So longs my foul, O God, for thee, and thy refreshing grace.

2 For thee, my God, the living God, my thirsty soul doth pine:

O! when shall I behold thy face, thou majesty divine?

3 Tears are my constant food, while thus infulting foes upbraid;

" Deluded wrech! where's now thy God? " and where his promis'd aid?

A I figh whene'er my musing thoughts those happy days present,

When I with troops of pious friends thy temple did frequent:

When I advanc'd with fongs of praife, my folemn vows to pay;

And led the joyful facred throng, that kept the festal day.

5 Why restless, why cast down my soul? trust God; and he'll employ

His aid for thee, and change these fighs to thankful hymns of joy.

6 My foul's cast down, O God; but thinks on thee and Sion, still;

From Jordan's bank, from Hermon's heights, and Missar's humbler hill.

7 One trouble calls another on; and, bur sting o'er my head,

Fall footing down, till round my foul, a roaring fea is forcad.

8 But

# PS A'L M xlii, xliii.

But when thy presence, Lord of life, has once dispell'd the storm,
To thee I'll midnight anthems sing,
and all my vows perform.
God of my strength, how long shall is

like one forgotten, mourn, Forlorn, forfaken, and expos'd to my oppressors form?

My Heart is pierc'd as with a fword, whil'st thus my foes upbraid;

"Vain boaster, where is now thy God;

"and where his promis'd aid?

Why reftlefs, why cast down my foul?

hope still; and thou shalt sing.

The praise of him who is the God,
thy health's eternal spring.

PSALM XLIII.

Do thou affert my injur'd right:
O! fet me free, my God, from those
That in deceit and wrong delight.
Since thou art still my only stay,
Why leav'st thou me in deep distress?
Why go I mourning all the day,
Whilst me insulting foes oppress?

3 Let me with light and truth be bleft,
Be these my guides, and lead the way,
Till on thy holy hill I rest,
And in thy facred temple pray.
4 Then will I there fresh altars raise
To God who is my only joy;
And well tun'd harps with songs of praise
Shall all my grateful hours employ.
5 Why

5 Why then cast down, my foul? and why So much oppreis'd with anxious care? On God, thy God, for aid rely; Who will thy ruin'd flate repair.

PSALM XLIV.

LORD our fathers oft have told, in our attentive ears, Thy wonders in their days perform'd,

and elder times than theirs:

2 How thou, to plant them here, didft drive the heathen from this land, Dispeopled by repeated strokes

of thy avenging hand.

3 For not their courage, nor their fword, to them possession gave;

Nor strength, that, from unequal force, their fainting troops could fave;

But thy right hand, and pow'rful arm, whose succour they implor'd;

Thy prefence with the chofen race, who thy great name ador'd.

4 As thee their God our father's own'd, thou art our fov'reign King;

O! therefore, as thou didft to them,

to us deliv'rance bring.

5 Thro' thy victorious name, our arms the proudest foe shall quell;

And crush them with repeated strokes, as oft as they rebel.

6 I'll neither trust my bow nor sword, when I in fight engage:

7 But thee, who hast our foes subdu'd, and sham'd their spiteful rage.

S To

3 To thee the triumph we ascribe, from whom the conquest came: In God we will rejoice all day,

and ever bless his name.

PART II.

9 But thou hast cast us off; and now most shamefully we yield; For thou no more vouchfaf'st to lead

our armies to the field.

10 Since when, to ev'ry upftart foe we turn our backs in fight; And with our spoil their malice feast, who bear us ancient spite.

11 To flaughter doom'd, we fall like sheep into their butch'ring hands;

Or (what's more wretched yet) furvive, dispers'd thro' heathen lands.

12 Thy people thou haft fold for flaves; and fet their price so low,

That not thy treasure, by the fale, but their difgrace may grow:

13, 14 Reproach'd by all the nations round, the heathen's bye-word grown; Whose scorn of us is both in speech, and mocking gestures, shown.

15 Confusion strikes me blind; my face in conscious shame I hide;

16While we are scoff'd, and God blasphem'd by their licentious pride.

PART III.

17 On us this heap of woes is fall'n; all this we have endur'd; Yet have not, Lord, renounc'd thy name,

or faith to thee abjur'd :

18 But in thy righteous paths have kept our hearts and steps with care;

19 Tho' thou haft broken all our strength,

and we almost despair.

20 Could we, forgeting thy great name, on other gods rely,

21 And not the fearcher of all hearts the treach'rous crime descry?

22 Thou feeft what fuff'rings for thy fake we ev'ry day fustain;

All flaughter'd, or referv'd like sheep appointed to be ilain.

23 Awake, arife; let feeming fleep no longer thee detain; Nor let us, Lord, who fue to thee,

forever sue in vain.

24 O! wherefore hideft thou thy face from our afflicted state,

25 Whose souls and bodies fink to earth with griefs oppressive weight?

Arife, O Lord, and timely hafte to our deliv'rance make:
Redeem us, Lord, if not for ours, yet for thy mercy's fake.

P S A L M XLV.

MILE I the King's loud praise rehearse indited by my heart,
My tongue is like the pen of him that writes with ready art.

2 How matchless is thy form, O King! thy mouth with grace o'erflows:

Because fresh bleshings God on thee eternally bestows.

3 Gird

3 Gird on thy fword, most mighty Prince; and clad in rich array,

With glorious ornaments of pow'r, majestic pomp display.

4 Ride on in state, and still protect the meek, the just, the true;

Whilst thy right-hand with swift revenge does all thy foes pursue.

5 How tharp thy weapons are to them that dare thy pow'r oppose!

Down, down they fall, while thro' their heart the pointed arrow goes.

6 But thy firm throne, O God, is fix'd forever to endure;

Thy fcepter'd fway fhall always last, by righteous laws fecure.

7 Because thy heart, by justice led, did upright ways approve,

And hated still the crooked paths where wand'ring finners rove;

Therefore, did God, thy God, on thee the oil of gladness shed;

And has, above thy fellows round, advanc'd thy lofty head.

8 With caffia, aloes, and myrrh, thy royal robes abound:

Which, from the stately wardrobe brought, fpread grateful odours round.

9 Among the honourable train did princely virgins wait;

The Queen was plac'd at thy right-hand in golden robes of state.

### PART II.

10 But thou, O royal bride, give car, and to my words attend:
Forget thy native country now, and ev'ry former friend.

11 So shall thy beauty charm the King, nor shall his love decay:

For he is now become thy Lord; to him due rev'rence pay.

12 The Tyrian matrons, rich and proud, fhall humble prefents make,

And all the wealthy nations fue, thy favour to partake.

13 The King's fair daughter's beauteous foul all inward graces fill;

Her raiment is of purest gold, adorn'd with costly skill.

14 She in her nuptial garments drefs'd, with needles richly wrought,
Attended by her virgin train,

the triumph moves along;
'Till, with wide gates, the royal court receives the pompous throng.

shall to the King be brought.

16 Thou, in thy royal Father's room, must princely fons expect;

Whom thou to diff'rent realms may'ft fend to govern and protect:

17 Whilst this my fong to future times transmits thy glorious name;
And makes the world with one consent thy lasting praise proclaim. PSALM

### PSALM XLVI.

OD is our refuge in distress;

A present help, when dangers press;
In him, undaunted, we'll confide:

2, 3 Tho' earth were from her centre tos'd And mountains in the ocean lost,

Torn piece-meal by the roaring tide.

4 A gentler stream with gladness still The city of our Lord shall fill,

The royal feat of God most high;
5 God dwells in Zion, whose fair tow'rs
Shall mock th' assaults of earthly pow'rs,
While his almighty aid is nigh.

6 In tumults when the heathen rag'd, And kingdoms war against us wag'd,

He thunder'd, and dispers'd their pow'rs.
7 The Lord of hosts conducts our arms,
Our tow'r of refuge in alarms,
Our father's guardian God, and ours.

8 Come fee the wonders he has wrought, On earth what defolation brought;

o How he has calm'd the jarring world: He broke the warlike spear and bow; With them their thund'ring chariots too Into devouring flames were hurl'd.

to Submit to God's almighty fway; For him the heathen shall obey,

And earth her fov'reign Lord confess; 11 The God of hosts conducts our arms, Our tow'r of refuge in alarms,

As to our fathers in diffress.

# PSALM XLVII.

All ye people, clap your hands,
And with triumphant voices fing:
No force the mighty pow'r withftands,
Of God, the univerfal King.
3, 4 He shall opposing nations quell,
And with success our battles fight;
Shall fix the place where we must dwell,
The pride of Jacob, his delight.

5,.6 God is gone up, our Lord and King, With shouts of joy, and trumpets found: To him repeated praises sing, And let the chearful song go round.
7, 8 Your utmost skill in praise be shown, For him who all the world commands; Who sits upon his righteous throne, And spreads his sway o'er heathen lands.

9 Our chiefs, and tribes, that far from hence T' adore the God of Abr'am came; Found him their constant sure defence, How great and glorious is his name!

P S A L-M XLVIII.

THE Lord, the only God, is great, and greatly to be prais'd

In Sion, on whose happy mount his facred throne is rais'd.

2 Her tow'rs the joy of all the earth, with beautious prospect rife;
On her north-fide th' almighty King's imperial city lies.

3 God in her palaces is known: his presence is her guard:

4 Confed'rate kings withdrew their fiege, and of fuccess despair'd. 5 They 5 They view'd her walls, admir'd and fled, with grief and terror struck;

6 Like women whom the fudden pangs of travail had o'ertook.

7 No wretched crew of mariners appear like them forlorn, When fleets from Tarshish' wealthy coasts

by eastern winds are torn.

8 In Sion we have feen perform'd a work that was foretold;

In pledge that God, for times to come, his city will uphold.

9 Not in our fortreffes and walls did we, O God, confide; But on the temple fix'd our hopes, in which thou didft refide.

thy praise thro' earth extends;
Thy pow'rful arm as justice guides.

Thy pow'rful arm as justice guides, chastises, or defends.

her daughters all be taught,
In fongs his judgments to extol,
who this deliv'rance wrought.

12 Compass her walls with solemn pomp; your eyes quite round her cast; Count all her tow'rs, and see if there you find one stone displac'd.

13 Her forts and palaces furvey;
observe their order well;
That, with affurance, to your heirs,
the wonder you may tell.

14 This

14 This God is ours, and will be ours, whilst we in him confide;

Who, as he has preferv'd us now, till death will be our guide.

P S A L M XLIX.

E'l' all the list'ning world attend,
and my instructions hear:
Let high and low, and rich and poor,

with joint consent give ear:

3 My mouth, with facred wisdom fill'd, shall good advice impart;
The found result of prudent thoughts,

digested in my heart.

4 To parables of weighty fense I will my ear incline;

While to my tuneful harp I fing, dark words of deep defign.

5 Why should my courage fail in times of danger and of doubt;

When finners, that would me supplant, have compassed me about?

6 Those men, that all their hope and trust in heaps of treasure place:

And boafting, triumph, when they see their ill-got wealth increase;

7 -Are yet unable from the grave their dearest friend to free;

Nor can, by force of costly bribes, reverse God's firm decree.

8, o Their vain endeavors they must quit, the price is held too high:

No sums can purchase such a grant, that man shall never die.

ro Not

10 Not wisdom can the wife exempt, nor fools their folly fave; But both must perish, and, in death, their wealth to others leave.

11 For tho' they think their stately feats shall ne'er to ruin fall; But their remembrance last in lands, which by their names they call;

12 Yet shall their fame be soon forgot, how great foe'er their state:

With beafts their memory, and they, shall share one common fate.

PART II.

13 How great their folly is, who thus abfurd conclusions make! And yet their children, unreclaim'd,

repeat the gross mistake.

14 They all, like sheep to slaughter led, the prey of death are made; Their beauty while the just rejoice, within the grave shall fade.

15 But God will yet redeem my foul; and from the greedy grave His greater pow'r shall set me free,

and to himfelf receive.

16 Then fear not thou, when worldly men in envy'd wealth abound;

Nor tho' their prosp'rous house increase, with state and honour crown'd.

17 For when they're fummon'd hence by they leave all this behind; (death, No shadow of their former pomp

within the grave they find:

18 And

18 And yet they tho't their state was blest caught in the flatt'rer's snare; Who praises those that slight all else, and of themselves take care.

19 In their forefathers steps they tread; and when, like them, they die,
Their wretched ancestors, and they, in endless darkness lie.
20 For man, how great soe'er his state; unless he's truly wise,
As like a sensual beast he lives, so, like a beast, he dies.

#### PSALM L.

HE Lord hath spoke, the mighty God Hath sent his summons all abroad. From dawning light, till day declines: The list ning earth his voice hath heard, And he from Sion hath appear'd, Where beauty in persection shines.

3, 4 Our God shall come, and keep no more Misconstru'd silence, as before;
But wasting slames before him send:
Around shall tempests sercely rage,
While he does heav'n and earth engage
his just tribunal to attend.

5, 6 Assemble all my faints to me (Thus runs the great divine decree,) That in my lasting cov'nant live! And off'rings bring with constant care: (The heav'ns his justice shall declare; For God himself shall sentence give.) Attend, my people; Ifrael hear; Thy ftrong accuser I'll appear; Thy God, thy only God, am I:
3 'Tis not of off rings I complain, Which, daily in my temple slain, My facred altar did supply.

o Will this alone atonement make?
No bullock from thy stall I'll take,
Nor he-goat from thy fold accept;
To The forest beasts, that range alone,
The cattle too, are all my own,
That on a thousand hills are kept.

It I know the fowls, that build their nefts
In craggy rocks; and favage beafts,
That loofely haunt the open fields:
12 If feiz'd with hunger I could be,
I need not feek relief from thee,
Since the world's mine, and all it yields.

73 Think'st thou that I have any need
On slaughter'd bulls and goats to feed,
To eat their flesh and drink their blood?
14 The facrifices I require,
Are hearts which love and zeal inspire,
And vows with strictest care made good.

15 In time of trouble call on me, And I will fet thee fafe and free; And thou returns of praise shall make. 16 But to the wicked thus faith God: How dar'st thou teach my laws abroad, Or in thy mouth my cov'nant take? 17 For stubborn thou, confirm'd in sin, Hast proof against instruction been,

And of my word didit lightly speak.
18 When thou a subtile thief didst see,
Thou gladly didst with him agree,
And with adult rers didst partake.

19 Vile flander is thy chief delight:
Thy tongue, by envy mov'd, and spite,
Deceitful tales dost hourly spread.
20 Thou dost with hateful scanda's wound
Thy brother, and with lyes consound
The offspring of thy mother's bed.

21 These things didst thou, whom still I strove
To gain with silence, and with love;
Till thou didst wickedly surmise,
That I was such a one as thou:
But I'll reprove and shame thee now,
And set thy sins before thing eyes.

22 Mark this, ye wicked fools left I
Let all my bolts of vengeance fly,
While none shall dare your cause to own:
23 Who praises me, due honour gives;
And to the man who justly lives,
My strong salvation shall be shown.

P S A L M LI.

I AVE merey, Lord on me, as thou wert ever kind:

Let me oppress'd with loads of guilt, thy wonted mercy find.

2, 3 Wash off my foul Offence, and cleanse me from my sin:

For I consess my crime, and see how great my guilt has been.

4 Against

4 Against thee, Lord alone,
and only in thy fight,
Have I transgress'd; and tho' condemn'd,
must own thy judgments right.
5 In guilt each part was form'd
of all this sinful frame;
In guilt I was conceiv'd, and born
the heir of sin and shame.

6 Yet thou, whose searching eye does inward truth require,
In secret didst with wisdom's laws my tender soul inspire.
7 With hysop purge me, Lord; and so I clean shall be:
I shall with snow in whiteness vie, when purise'd by thee.

8 Make me to hear with joy thy kind forgiving voice;
That fo the bones which thou hast broke may with fresh strength rejoice.
9, 10 Blot out my crying fins, nor me in anger view;
Create in me a heart that's clean, an upright mind renew.

#### PART II.

Nor cast me from thy sight;
Nor let thy holy Spirit take
its everlasting slight.
12 The joy thy favour gives,
let me again obtain;
And thy free Spirit's firm support
my fainting soul sustain.

H. 2

13 So I thy righteous ways to finners will impart; Whilft my advice shall wicked men, to thy just laws convert. 14 My guilt of blood remove.

my Saviour and my God;

And my glad tongue shall loudly tell thy righteous acts abroad.

15 Do thou unlock my lips, with forrow clos'd, and fhame: So shall my mouth thy wond'rous praise to all the world proclaim. 16 Could facrifice atone, whole flocks and herds should die; But on fuch off'rings thou disdainst to cast a gracious eye.

17 A broken Spirit is by God most highly priz'd; By him a broken contrite heart shall never be despis'd. 18 Let Sion favour find, of thy good will affur'd; And thy own city flourish long, by lofty walls fecur'd.

19 The just shall then attend, and pleasing tribute pay; And facrifice of choicest kind, upon thy altar lay. PSALM LII.

N vain O man of lawless might, thou boast'st thyself in ill; Since God, the God in whom I trust, vouchfafes his favour fill.

2 Thy wicked tongue does fland'rous tales maliciously devise?

And, sharper than a razor set, it wounds with treach rous lies.

3, 4 Thy tho'ts are more on ill, than good, on lies, than truth employ'd; Thy tongue delights in words by which

the guiltless are destroy'd.

5 God shall forever blast thy hopes, and fnatch thee foon away; Nor in thy dwelling-place permit, nor in the world, to stay.

6 The just, with pious fear shall see

the downfall of thy pride: And at thy fudden ruin laugh,

and thus thy fall deride: 7 "See there the man that haughty was, "who proudly God defy'd,

" Who trusted in his wealth, and still " on wicked arts rely'd."

8 But I am like those olive plants that shade God's temple round;

And hope with his indulgent grace to be forever crown'd.

9 So shall my foul with praise, O God, extol thy wond'rous love;

An ! on thy name with patience wait; for this thy faints approve.

PSALM LIII.

HE wicked fools must fure suprose that God is but a name:

This gross mistake their practice shows, fince virtue all disclaim.

2 The

2 The Lord look'd down from heav'ns high the fons of men to view, (tow'n To fee if any own'd his pow'r,

or truth or justice knew.

3 But all he faw were backward gone, degen'rate grown and base;
None for religion car'd, not one of all the finful race.

But are those workers of deceit fo dull and senseless grown;

That they like bread my people eat, and God's just pow'r disown?

Their causeless fears shall strangely grow; and they despised of God,

Shall foon be foil'd: his hand shall throw, their shatter'd bones abroad.

6 Would he his faving pow'r employ, to break our fervile band,

Loud shouts of universal joy should eccho through the land.

PSALM LIV.

ORD, fave me, for thy glorious name; and in thy ftrength appear,
To judge my cause; accept my pray'r,

and to my words give ear.

3. Mere ftrangers, whom I never wrong'd,

to ruin me design'd;

And cruel men, that fear no God, against my soul combin'd.

4, 5 But God takes part with all my friends ; and he's the furest guard:

The God of truth shall give my foes their falshood's just reward;

6 While

While I my grateful off'rings bring, and facrifice with joy;

And in his praise my time to come delightfully employ.

7 From dreadful danger and diffress the Lord hath fet me free:
Thro' him shall I, of all my soes,

the just destruction see.

PSALM LV.

IVE ear, thou judge of all the earth, and liften when I pray;
Nor from thy humble suppliant turn

thy glorious face away.

2 Attend to this my fad complaint, and hear my grievous moans;

Whilft I my mournful-case declare with artless fighs and groans.

3 Hark how the foe infults aloud!
how fierce oppreflors rage! (hate,
Whose sland'rous tongues with wrathful
against my fame engage.

4, 5 My heart is rack'd with pain, my foul

with deadly frights diffress'd; With fear and trembling compass'd round,

with horror quite oppress'd.

6 How often wish'd I then, that I the dove's swift wings could get; That I might take my speedy slight, and seek a safe retreat!

7, 8 Then would I wander far from hence;

and in wild defarts stray,

Till all this furious ftorm was spent, this tempest past away.

PART

# PART II.

9 Destroy, O Lord, their ill designs, their counsels soon divide;
For through the city my griev'd eyes have strife and rapine spy'd.

10 By day and night on ev'ry wall they walk their constant round;

they walk their conftant round;

And in the midft of all her strength,
are grief and mischief found.

ut Whoe'er thro' ev'ry part shall roam, with fresh disorders meet;

Deceit and guile their constant posts maintain in ev'ry street.

12 For 'twas not any open foe, that false reflections made;

For then I could with ease have borne the bitter things he said:

"Twas none who hatred had profes'd, that did against me rife: For then I had withdrawn my self.

from his malicious eyes.

13, 14 But 'twas ev'n thou, my guide, my whom tend'rest love did join: (friend, Whose sweet advice I valu'd most, whose pray'rs were mix'd with mine.

15 Sure vengeance equal to their crime, fuch traitors, must surprise;
And sudden death require those ills they wickedly devise.

16, 17 But I will call on God, who still

fhall in my aid appear:
At morn and noon, and night I'll pray,

and he my voice shall hear.

#### PART III.

18 God has releas'd my foul from those, that did with me contend;

And made a num'rous host of friends my righteous cause defend.

19 For he, who was my help of old, fhall now his suppliant hear;

And punish those, whose prosprous state makes them no God to fear.

20 Whom can I trust, if faithless men persidiously devise

To ruin me, their peaceful friend, and break the strongest ties?

21 Tho' foft and melting are their words, their hearts with war abound:

Their speeches are more smooth than oil, and yet like swords they wound.

22 Do thou, my foul, on God depend, and he shall thee sustain:

He aids the just, whom to supplant the wicked strive in vain.

23 My foes, that trade in lies and blood, shall all untimely die;

Whilft I for health, and length of days, on thee my God rely.

P S A L M LVI.

1 O thou, O God, in mercy help:
for man my life purfues:
To crush me with repeated wrongs,

he daily strife renews.

2 Continually my spiteful foes to ruin me combine:

Thou feeft, who fitt'st enthron'd on high, what mighty numbers join.

3 But

3 But the formetimes furprized by fear, (on danger's first alarm);

Yet still for fuccour I depend on thy almighty arm.

4 God's faithful promife I shall praise, on which I now rely:

In God I trust, and trusting him, the arm of flesh defy.

5 They wrest my words and make 'em speak a sense they never meant:

Their thoughts are all, with restless spite,

on my destruction bent.

6 In close affemblies they combine, and wicked projects lay:

They watch my frens, and lie in wai

They watch my steps, and lie in wait to make my soul their prey.

7 Shall fuch injustice still escape?
O righteous God, arise;
Let thy just wrath (too long provok'd)

this impious race chastise.

8 Thou numb'rest all my wand'ring steps,

fince first compel'd to slee:
My very tears are treasur'd up,
and register'd by thee.

 When therefore I invoke thy aid, my foes shall be o'erthrown;
 For I am well assur'd, that God my righteous cause will own.

10, 11 I'll trust God's word, and so despise the force that man can raise;

12 To thee, O God, my vows are due: to thee I'll render praise.

13 Thou

13 Thou hast retriev'd my soul from death, and thou wilt still secure
The life thou hast so oft preserv'd, and make my footsteps sure:
That thus, protected by thy pow'r,
I may this light enjoy:
And in the service of my God,
my lengthen'd days employ.

#### P. S A L M LVII.

HY mercy, Lord, to me, extend,
On thy protection I depend;
And to thy wing for shelter haste,
Till this outrageous storm is past.
2 To thy tribunal, Lord, I sly,
Thou sov'reign Judge and God most high,
Who wonders hast for me begun,
And wilt not leave thy work undone.

3 From heav'n protect me by thy arm, And shame all those that seek my harm; To my relief thy mercy send, And truth on which my hopes depend.
4 For I with savage men converse, Like hungry lions wild and sierce, With men whose teeth are spears, their words Invenom'd darts, and two edg'd swords.

5 Be thou, O God exalted high;
And, as thy glory fills the fky,
So let it be on earth display'd;
Till thou art here, as there, obey'd.
6 To take me, they their net prepar'd,
And had almost my foul ensoar'd;
But fell themselves, by just decree,
Into the pit they made for me.

7 0

7 O God, my heart is fix'd, 'tis bent, It's thankful tribute to prefent; And, with my heart my voice I'll raise To thee, my God, in songs of praise. 8 Awake, my glory, harp, and lute, No longer let your strings be mute; And I, my tuneful part to take, Will with the early dawn awake.

Thy praifes, Lord, I will refound
To all the list'ning nations round;
To Thy mercy highest heav'n transcends,
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.
It Be thou, O God, exalted high;
And, as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth display'd;
Till thou art here, as there, obey'd;

PSALM LVIII.

PEAK, O ye judges of the earth, if just your sentence be;
Or must not innocence appeal to heav'n, from your decree?

2 Your wicked hearts and judgments are alike by malice fway'd;

Your griping hands by weighty bribes, to violence betray'd.

3 To virtue, strangers from the womb, their infant steps went wrong:
They prattled slander and in lies employ'd their lisping tongue.

4 No ferpent of parch'd Afric's breed, does ranker poison bear;

The drowfy adder will as foon unlock his fullen ear.

5 Unmov'd

5 Unmov'd by good advice, and deaf as adders they remain;

From whom the skilful charmer's voice

can no attention gain.

6 Defeat, O God, their threat'ning rage, and timely break their pow'r:
Difarm these growing lion's jaws, e'er practis'd to devour.

7 Let now their infolence at height, like ebbing tides be fpent;

Their shiver'd darts deceive their aim, when they their bow have bent:

8 Like fnails let them dissolve to slime ; like hasty births become,

Unworthy to behold the fun, and dead within the womb.

9 E'er thorns can make the fesh pots boil, tempestuous wrath shall come

From God, and fnatch them hence alive

to their eternal doom.

10 The righteous shall rejoice to see their crimes such vengeance meet;

And faints in perfecute s blood shall dip their harmless feet.

II Transgreffors then with grief fhall see just men rewards obtain;

And own a God whose justice will the guilty earth arraign.

P S A L M LIX.
ELIVER me, O Lord my God,,
from all my fpiteful foes:

In my defence oppose thy pow'r to theirs who me oppose.

2 Preserve

2 Preferve me from a wicked race, who make a trade of ill;
Protect me from remorfeles men who seek my blood to spill.

3 They lie in wait, and mighty pow'rs against my life combine,

Implacable; yet, Lord, thou know'st, for no offence of mine.

4 In haste they run about, and watch my guiltless life to take:

Look down, O Lord, on my diffress, and to my help awake.

5 Thou, Lord of hosts, and Hrael's God, their heathen rage suppress;

Relentless vengeance take on those, who stubbornly transgress.

6 At evening to befet my house, like growling dogs they meet;

While others through the city range, and ranfack'd ev'ry street.

7 Their throats invenom'd flander breath, their tongues are sharpen'd swords:

"Who hears (fay they;) or, hearing, dares reprove our lawless words?"

& But from thy throne thou shalt, O Lord, their baffled plots deride;

And foon to foorn and shame expose their boasted heathen pride.

o On thee I wait; 'tis on thy firength for fuccour I depend: 'Tis thou, O God, art my defence, who only can defend.

10 Thy

from danger fet me free, Shall crown my wishes, and subdue my haughty foes to me.

restrain thy vengeful blow;
Least we, ingratefully, too soon
forget their overthrow.
Disperse them through the nations round,

by thy avenging power:

Do thou bring down their haughty pride, O Lord, our shield and tow'r.

12 Now in the height of a'l their hopes, their arrogance chaftife; Whose tongues have sin'd without restraint,

and curfes join'd with lies.

13 Nor shalt thou, whilst their race endure, thine anger, Lord, suppress;
That distant lands, by their just doom, may Israel's God confess.

14 At evining let them still persist like growling dogs, to meet; Still wander all the city round, and traverse every street. 15 Then, as for malice now they do,

for hunger let them fray:

And yell their vain complaints aloud, defeated of their prey:

16 Whilft early I thy mercy fing, thy wond'rous pow'r confess: For thou hast been my sure defence, my refuge in distress. O God, my strength, Pll sing:
Thou art my God, the rock from whence
my health and fafety spring.

P S A L M LX.
God, who hast our troops dispers'd,
Forsaking those who left thee first;
As we thy just displeasure mourn,
To us in mercy, Lord, return.
Our strength, that firm as earth did stand,
Is rent by thy avenging hand:
U! heal the breaches thou hast made:
We shake, we fall, without thy aid.

3 Our folly's fad effects we feel;
For, drunk with discord's cup, we reel,
4 But now, for them who thee rever'd,
Thou hast thy truth's bright banner rear'd.
5 Let thy right-hand thy faints protect:
Lord, hear the pray'rs that we direct.
6 The holy God has spoke; and I,
O'erjoy'd on his firm word rely.

To thee in portions I'll divide
Fair Sichem's foil, Samaria's pride:
To Sichem, Succoth next I'll join,
And measure out her vale by line.
7 Manasseh, Gilead, both subscribe
To my commands, with Ephraim's tribe,
Ephraim by arms supports my cause,
And Judah by religious laws.

8 Moab, my flave and drudge shall be, Nor Edom from my yoke get free; Proud Palastine's imperious state Shall humbly on our triumph wait.

9 But

9 But who shall quell these mighty pow'rs And clear my way to Edom's tow'rs? Or through her guarded frontiers tread The path that does to conquest lead? 10 Ev'n thou, O God who hast dispers'd Our troops (for we for fook the first), Those, whom thou didst in wrath forsake, Aton'd, thou wilt victorious make,

It Do thou our fainting cause sustain; For human fuccours are but vain. 12 Fresh strength and courage God bestows: 'Tis he treads down our proudest foes. PSALM'LXI.

ORD, hear my cry, regard my pray'r which I oppress'd with grief;

2 From earth's remotest parts address to thee for kind relief.

O! lodge me fafe beyond the reach of perfecuting pow'r,

3 Thou, who so oft from spiteful foes haft been my shelt'ring tow'r.

4 So shall I in thy facred courts secure from danger lie;

Beneath the covert of thy wings, all future storms defy.

5 In fign my vows are heard, once more,

I o'er thy chosen reign:

6 O! bless with long and prosp'rous life, the king thou didft ordain.

7 Confirm his throne, and make his reign accepted in thy fight;

And let thy truth and mercy both

· in his defence unite.

8 So shall I ever sing thy praise, thy name for ever bless; Devote my prosprous days to pay the vows of my distress.

P S A L M LXII.

Y Soul for help on God relies;
From him alone my fafety flows:
My rock, my health, that ftrength fupplies,
To bear the flock of all my foes.
How long will ye contrive my fall,
Which will but haften on your own!
You'll totter like a bending wall,
Or fence of uncemented ftone.

4 To make my envy'd honors lefs,
They strive with lies, their chief delight;
For they, tho' with their mouth they blefs,
In private curse with inward spight.
5, 6 But thou, my foul, on God rely;
On him alone thy trust repose:
My rock and health with strength supply,
To bear the shock of all my foes.

7 God does his faving health dispense, And flowing blessings daily send: He is my fortress and defence; On him my soul shall still depend. 8 In him, ye people, always trust; Before his throne pour out your hearts; For God, the merciful and just, His timely aid to us imparts.

9 The vulgar fickle are and frail;
The great dissemble and betray;
And laid in truth's impartial scale,
The lightest things will both outweigh.

10 Then

Then trust not in oppressive ways; By spoil and rapine grow not vain; Nor let your hearts, if wealth encrease, Be set too much upon your gain.

It For God has oft his will express'd, And I this truth have fully known; To be of boundless pow'r posses'd, Belongs, of right, to God alone.

12 Though mercy is his darling grace, In which he chiefly takes delight; Yet will he all the human race According to their works requite.

P S A L M LXIII.

GOD, my gracious God to thee,
My morning pray'rs shall offer'd be;
For thee my thirsty soul does pant;
My fainting slesh implores thy grace,
Within this dry and barren place,
Where I refreshing waters want.

2 O! to my longing eyes once more
That view of glorious pow'r restore,
Which thy majestic house displays:
3 Because to me thy wond'rous love
Than life itself does dearer prove,
My lips shall always speak thy praise.

4 My life, while I that life enjoy,
In bleffing God I will employ;
With lifted hands adore his name:
5 My foul's content shall be as great.
As theirs, who choicest dainties eat,
While I with joy his praise proclaim.

6 When down I lie, sweet sleep to find, Thou, Lord, art present to my mind;
And when I wake in dead of night,

7 Because thou still dost succour bring, Beneath the snadow of thy wing I rest with safety and delight.

8 My foul, when foes would me devour, Cleaves fast to thee, whose matchless pow'r In her support is daily shown:

9 But those the righteous Lord shall slay, That my destruction wish; and they,

That feek my life shall loose their own.

Their flesh a prey to foxes lie;
But God shall fill the king with joy:
Who swears by thee shall still rejoice;
Whilst the falle tongue, and lying voice,
Thou, Lord, shall silence and destroy.

# PSALM LXIV.

ORD, hear the voice of my complaint, to my request give ear;
Preserve my life from cruel foes,

and free my foul from fear.

2 O! hide me with thy tender care in fome fecure retreat,

From finners that against me rise;
and all their plots defeat.

3 See how, intent to work my harm, they whet their tongues like fwords;
And bend their bows to shoot their darts,

fharp lies and bitter words.

4 Lurking in private, at the just,

And suddenly at him they shoot, quite void of fear and shame.

5 To

5 To carry on their ill designs they mutually agree;

They speak of laying private snares, and think that none shall see.

6 With utmost diligence and care their wicked plots they lay:

The deep defigns of all their hearts are only to betray.

7 But God, to anger justly mov'd, his dreadful bow shall bend, And on his flying arrow's point shall swift destruction send.

8 Those slanders which their mouths did vent upon themselves shall fall;

Their crimes disclos'd shall make them be despis'd and shunn'd by all.

The world shall then God's pow'r confess, and nations trembling stand;

Convinc'd, that 'tis the mighty work

of his avenging hand:

in him shall gladly trust;

And all the list ning earth shall hear

loud triumphs of the just.

PSALM LXV.

OR thee, O God, our constant praise In Sion waits, thy chosen seat:
Our promis'd altars there we'll raise,
And all our zealous vows complete.
2 O Thou, who to my humble pray'r
Didst always bend thy list'ning ear,
To thee shall all mankind repair,
And at thy gracious three appear.

3 Our

3 Our fins (tho' numberless) in vain
'To stop thy flowing mercy try;
Whilst thou o'erlook'st the guilty stain,
And washest out the crimson dye.
4 Blest is the man, who near thee plac'd,
Within thy sacred dwelling lives;
Whilst we, at humbler distance taste
'The vast delight thy temple gives.

5 By wond'rous acts, O God most just, Have we thy gracious answer found: In thee remotest nations trust, And those whom stormy waves surround. 6, 7 God, by his strength, sets fast the hills, And does his matchless pow'r engage; With which the seas loud waves he stills, And angry crouds tumultuous rage.

PART II.

8 Thou, Lord, dost barb'rous lands dismay, When they thy dreadful tokens view: With joy they see the night and day Each other track, by turns, pursue. From out thy unexhausted store. Thy rain relieves the thirsty ground; Makes lands that barren were before, With corn and useful fruits abound.

10 On rifing ridges down it pours,
And every furrow'd valley fills:
Thou mak'it them foft with gentle flow'rs
In which a bleft increase distills
11 Thy goodness does the circling year,
With fresh returns of plenty crown;
And where thy glorious paths appear,
Thy fruitful clouds drop fatness down.

12 They drop on barren forests, chang'd By them to pastures fresh and green: The hills about, in order rang'd, In beauteous robes of joy are seen.
13 Large slocks with sleecy wool adorn The chearful downs; the vallies bring A plenteous crop of full ear'd corn, And seem, for joy, to shout and sing.

## PSALM LXVI.

ET all the lands with shouts of joy, to God their voices raise;
Sing psalms in honour to his name, and spread his glorious praise.

3 And let them fay, how dreadful, Lord, in all thy works art thou!

To thy great pow'r thy ftubborn foes fhall all be forc'd to bow.

4 Thro' all the earth the nations round fhall thee their God confess;
And with glad hymns their awful dread of thy great name express.

5 O! come, behold the works of God; and then with me you'll own, That he to all the fons of men

That he to all the fons of men has wond'rous judgments shown.

6 He made the fea become dry land, through which our fathers walk'd; Whilft to each other of his might with joy his people talk'd.

7 He by his pow'r forever rules; his eyes the world furvey:

Let no presumptuous man rebel against his for reign sway.

PART

## PART II.

8, 9 O! all ye nations blefs our God, and loudly fpeak his praise; Who keeps our foul alive, and still

confirms our stedfast ways.

10 For thou hast try'd us, Lord, as fire does try the precious ore:

It Thou bro't'ft us into streights, where we oppressing burdens bore.

12 Infulting foes did us their flaves, thro' fire and water chafe;

But yet, at last thou brought it us forth into a wealthy place.

13 Burnt-off'rings to thy house I'll bring, and there my vows I'll pay:

14 Which I with folemn zeal did make in trouble's difinal day.

15 Then shall the richest incense sinoke, the fattest rams shall fall, The choicest goats from out the fold,

and bullock from the stall.

16 O! come, all ye that fear the Lord; attend with heedful care,

Whilft I, what God for me has done, with grateful joy declare.

17, 18 As I, before, his aid implor'd, fo now I praise his name;

Who, if my heart had harbour'd fin, would all my pray'rs difclaim.

19 But God to me, whene'er I cry'd, his gracious ear did bend;

Ard to the voice of my request, with constant love attend.

20 Then

20 Then blefs'd for ever be my God, who never when I pray,
With-holds his mercy from my foul,
nor turns his face away.

P S A L M LXVII.

O bless thy chosen race,
in mercy, Lord, incline;
And cause the brightness of thy face
on all thy faints to shine;
That so thy wond'rous way
may through the world be known;
While distant lands their tribute pay,
And thy salvation own.

3 Let diff'ring nations join
to celebrate thy fame;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
to praise thy glorious name.
4 O let them shout and sing,
dissolv'd in pious mirth;
For thou the righteous Judge and King,
shalt govern all the earth.

5 Let diff'ring nations join to celebrate thy fame;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine to praise thy glorious name.
6 Then shall the teeming ground a large increase disclose;
And we with plenty shall be crown'd, which God, our God, bestows.

7 Then God upon our land fhall conftant bleffings fhow'r; And all the world in awe fhall ftand of his refiftlefs pow'r.

PSALM

P S A L M LXVIII.

TET God, the God of battle, rife,
And featter his prefumptious foes:
Let thameful rout their hoft furprife,
Who fpitefully his pow'r oppose.
2. As smoke in tempests rage is lost,
Or wax into the furnace cast;
So let their facrilegious host
Before his wrathful presence waste.

3 But let the servants of his will
His favours gentle beams enjoy;
Their upright hearts let gladness fill,
And chearful songs their tongues employ.
4 To him your voice in anthems raise;
Jehovah's awful name he bears:
In him rejoice; extol his praise,
Who rides upon high-rolling spheres.

5 Him, from his empire of the skies, To this low world compassion draws, The orphan's claim to patronize, And judge the injur'd widow's cause. 6 'Tis God, who from a foreign soil Restores poor exiles to their home; Makes captives free; and fruitless toil, Their proud oppressors righteous doom.

7 'Twas fo of old, when thou did'st lead In person, Lord, our armies forth; Strange terrors through the desert spread, Convulsions shook th' astonish'd earth. 8 The breaking clouds did rain distil, And heav'ns high arches shook with fear, How then should Sinai's humble hill Of Israel's God the presence bear!

o Thy hand, at famish'd earth's complaint, Reliev'd her from celestial stores; And, when thy heritage was faint, Asswag'd the drought with plenteous show'rs 10 Where savages had rang'd before, At ease thou mad'st our tribes reside; And in the desert for the poor, Thy gen'rous bounty did provide.

#### PART II.

And in that pow'rful word o'ercame';
Whilst virgin-troops, with songs of mirth,
In state our conquest did proclaim.
12 Vast armies, by such gen'rals led,
As yet had ne'er receiv'd a foil,
Forsook their camp with sudden dread,
And to our women left the spoil.

13 Though Egypt's drudges you have been Your army's wings shall shine as bright As doves in golden sun-shine seen, Or silver'd o'er with paler light.

14 'Twas so, when God's almighty hand O'er scatter'd kings the conquest won; Our troops, drawn up on Jordan's strand, High Salmon's glitt'ring snow outshone.

15 From thence to Jordan's farther coast, And Bashan's hill we did advance:
No more her height shall Bashan boast,
But that she's God's inheritance.
16 But wherefore (tho' the honour's great)
Should this, O mountain, swell your pride?
For Sion is his chosen seat,
Where he for ever will reside.

Are heav'nly hosts, that wait his will;
Are heav'nly hosts, that wait his will;
His presence now fills Sion's tow'rs,
As once it honour'd Sinai's hill.

As Ascending high in triumph thou
Captivity hast captive led;
And on thy people didst bestow
The spoil of armies once their dread.

Ev'n rebels shall partake thy grace, And humble proselytes repair To worship at thy dwelling place, And all the world pay homage there. 19 For benefits each day bestow'd, Be daily his great name ador'd; 20 Who is our Saviour, and our God, Of life and death the sov'reign Lord.

21 But justice for his harden'd foes
Proportion'd vengeance hath decreed,
To wound the hoary head of those,
Who in prefumptuous crimes proceed.
22 The Lord has thus in thunder spoke;
" As I subdu'd proud Bashan's king,
" Once more I'll break my people's yoke,

"And from the deep my fervants bring:

23 "Their feet shall with a crimson flood "Of slaughter'd foes be cover'd o'er; "Nor earth receive such impious blood, "But leave for dogs th' unhallow'd gore." PART III.

24 When, marching to thy blest abode, The wond'ring multitude survey'd The pompous state of thee, our God, In robes of majesty array'd;

25 Sweet-

25 Sweet-finging Levites led the van:
Loud inftruments brought up the rear;
Between both troops a virgin train
With voice and timbrel charm'd the ear.
26 This was the burden of their fong:
"In full affemblies blefs the Lord:
"All who to Ifrael's tribes belong,
"The God of Ifrael's praife record."

27 Nor little Benjamin alone
From neighb'ring bounds did there attend,
Nor only Judah's nearer throne
Her counfellors in ftate did fend;
But Zebulon's remoter feat,
And Napthali's more diffant coaft,
(The grand procession to complete)
Sent up their tribes a princely hoft.

28 Thus God to strength and union brought Our tribes, at strife till that blest hour: This work, which thou, OGod hast wrought Confirm with fresh recruits of pow'r.
29 To visit Salem, Lord, descend, And Sion thy terrestial throne; Where kings with presents shall attend, And thee with offer'd crowns atone.

30 Break down the spearmans ranks, who Like pamper'd herds of savage might: (threat Their filver armour'd chiefs defeat, Who in destructive war delight.
31 Egypt shall then to God stretch forth Her hands, and Afric homage bring:
32 The scatter'd kingdoms of the earth Their common sov'reign's praises sing:

33 Who, mounted on the loftiest sphere Of ancient heav'n sublimely rides; From whence his dreadful voice we hear, Like that of warring winds and tides.
34 Ascribe ye pow'r to God most high Of humble Israel he takes care; Whose strength, from out the dusky sky, Darts shining terrors through the air.

35 How dreadful are the facred courts, Where God has fix'd his earthly throne! His strength his feeble faints supports! To God give praise, to him alone.

PSALM. LXIX.

AVE me, OGod, from waves that roll,
And press to overwhelm my soul.
With painful steps in mire I tread,
And deluges o'erflow my head.
With restless cries my spirits faint;
My voice is hoarse with long complaint;
My sight decays with tedious pain,
Whilst for my God I wait in vain.

4 My hairs, tho' num'rous, are but few, Compar'd with foes that me pursue With groundless hate, grown now of might To execute their lawless spite; They force me, guiltless, to resign, As rapine, what by right was mine.
5 Thou, Lord, my foolishness dost see, Nor are my fins conceal'd from thee.

6 Lord God of hosts, take timely care, Lest, for my sake thy faints despair: 7 Since I have suffer'd for thy name Reproach, and hide my face in shame;

8 A

8 A stranger to my country grown, Nor to my nearest kindred known; A foreigner, expos'd to scorn By brethren of my mother born.

o For zeal to thy lov'd house and name, Consumes me like devouring slame; Concern'd at their affronts to thee, More than at slanders cast on me. 10 My very tears and abstinence, They construe in a spiteful sense. 11 When cloath'dwith sackcloth for their sake They me their common proverb make.

Their judges make my wrongs their jest. Those wrongs they ought to have redress d. How should I then expect to be From libels of lewd drunkards free?

13 But, Lord, to thee I will repair For help, with humble, timely pray'r: Relieve me from thy mercy's store: Display thy truth's preserving pow'r.

14 From threat'ning dangers me relieve, And from the mire my feet retrieve; From fpiteful foes in lafety keep, And fnatch me from the raging deep.
15 Controul the deluge, e'er it fpread, And roll it's waves above my head; Nor deep defiruction's yawning pit To close her jaws on me permit.

16 Lord, hear the humble pray'r I make, For thy transcending goodness' fake; Relieve thy supplicant once more From thy abounding mercy's store.

17 Nor

17 Nor from thy fervant hide thy face: Make haste, for desprate is my case: 18 Thy timely succour interpose, And shield me from remorseless foes.

- 19 Thou know'st what infamy and scorn I from my enemies have borne;
  Nor can their close-diffembled spite,
  Or darkest plots escape thy sight.
  20 Reproach and grief have broke my heart;
  I look'd for some to take my part,
  To pity or relieve my pain;
  But look'd alas! for both in vain.
- Instead of food, they give me gall:
  And when with thirst my spirits sink,
  They give me vinegar to drink.
  Their table therefore to their health
  Shall prove a snare, a trap their wealth;
  Perpetual darkness seize their eyes;
  And sudden blast their hopes surprize.
- 24 On them thou shalt thy fury pour,
  Till thy fierce wrath their race devour;
  25 And make their house a dismal cell,
  Where none will e'er vouchfase to dwell.
  26 For new afflictions they procur'd
  For him who had thy stripes endur'd;
  And made the wounds thy scourge had torn,
  To bleed afresh with sharper scorn.
- 27 Sin shall to fin their steps betray, Till they to truth have lost the way. From life thou shalt exclude their soul, Nor, with the just their names inroll.

29 But

29 But me, howe'er distress'd and poor, Thy strong salvation shall restore: 30 Shy pow'r with songs I'll then proclaim, And celebrate with thanks thy name.

31 Our God shall this more highly prize,
Than herds and flocks in facrifice:
32 Which humble faints with joy shall see,
And hope for like redress with me.
33 For God regards the poor's complaint;
Sets pris'ners free from close restraint.
24 Let heav'n, earth, sea, their voices raise,
And all the world resound his praise.

35. For God will Sion's walls erect;
Fair Judah's cities he'll protect;
Till all her fcatter'd fons repair
To undiffurb'd possession there.
36 This blefsing they sha'l, at their death,
To their religious heirs bequeath;
And they to endless ages more,
Of such as his bless name adore.

PSALM LXX.

LORD, to my relief draw near;
For never was more preffing need:
For my deliv'rance, Lord, appear
And add to that deliv'rance speed.

2 Confusion on their heads return;
Who to destroy me do combine:
Let them, deseated, blush and mourn,
Ensnar'd in their own vile design.

3 Their doom let desolation be;
With shame their malice be repaid,
Who mock'd my considence in thee,
And sport of my affliction made;

4 While

4 While those who humbly seek thy face, To joyful triumphs shall be rais'd; And all, who prize thy faving grace, With me shall sing, the Lord be prais'd. Thus wretched though I am, and poor, The mighty Lord of me takes care: Thou, God, who only can'st restore, To my relief with speed repair.

### PSALM LXXI.

1 N thee I put my stedfast trust; 2 defend me, Lord, from shame: Incline thine ear, and save my soul; for righteous is thy name.

3 Be thou my ftrong abiding-place,

to which I may refort:

'Tis thy decree that keeps me fafe; Thou art my rock and fort.

4, 5 From cruel and ungodly men protect and fet me free;

For from my earliest youth till now, my hope has been in thee,

6 Thy conftant care did fafely gaurd my tender infant days;

Thou took'st me from my mother's womb, to sing thy constant praise.

7, 8 While fome on me with wonder gaze thy hand supports me still:

Thy honor therefore, and thy praife, my mouth shall always fill.

9 Reject not then thy fervant, Lord, when I with age decay:

Forfake me not, when worn with years, my vigor fades away.

10 My

with crafty malice speak;

Against my soul they lay their snares,
and murual counsel take.

11 " His God, fay they, forfakes him now

" on whom he did rely:

"Purfue and take him, whilft no hope of timely aid is nigh."

12 But thou, my God, withdraw not far, for speedy help I call;

13 To shame and ruin bring my foes,

that feek to work my fall.

14 But as for me, my stedfast hope shall on thy pow'r depend;
And I in grateful songs of praise,

my time to come will spend.

# PART II

15 Thy righteous acts, and faving health my mouth shall still declare; Unable yet to count them all, tho' fum'd with utmost care.

16 While God vouchfafes me his support, I'll in his strength go on;

All other righteoufness disclaim, and mention his alone.

17Thou Lord, hast taught me from my youth to praise thy glorious name:

And ever fince thy wond'rous works have been my constant theme.

18 Then now for fake me not, when I am grey and feeble grown;
Till I to thefe, and future times;
thy frrength and pow'r have shone.

19 How

19 How high thy justice soars, O God; how great and wond'rous are The mighty works which thou hast done!

who may with thee compare!

20 Me, whom thy hand has forely pres'd, thy grade shall yet relieve: And from the lowest depth of woe

with tender care retrieve.

21 Through thee, my time to come shall be with pow'r and greatness crown'd; And me, who dismal years have pass'd,

thy comforts shall surround:

22 Therefore with pfaltery and harp, thy truth, O Lord, I'll praife; To thee, the God of Jacob's race,

my voice in anthems raise.

23 Then joy shall fill my mouth, and songs employ my chearful voice;

My grateful foul, by thee redeem'd, fhall in thy strength rejoice.

24 My tongue thy just and righteous acts shall all the day proclaim;

Because thou didst confound my foes, and brought'st them all to shame.

### PSALM LXXII.

ORD, let thy just decrees the king in all his ways direct;
And let his son, throughout his reign, thy righteous laws respect.

2 So shall he still thy people judge with pure and upright mind,

Whilst all the helpless poor shall him their just protector find.

3 Then

3 Then hills and mountains shall bring forth the happy fruits of peace;

Which all the land shall own to be the work of righteousness:

4 Whilst he the poor and needy race shall rule with gentle sway,

And from their humble neck shall take oppressive yokes away.

5 In ev'ry heart, thy awful fear shall then be rooted fast,

As long as fun and moon endure, or time itself shall last.

6 He shall descend like rain, that chears the meadows second birth;

Or like warm show'rs whose gentle drops refresh the thirsty earth.

7 In his bleft days the just and good shall be with favour crown'd;
The happy land shall ev'ry-where with endless peace abound.

8 His uncontroul'd dominion shall from sea to sea extend;

Begin at proud Euphartes' streams, at nature's limits end.

 To him the favage nations round fhall bow their fervile heads:
 His vanquish'd foes shall lick the dust, where he his conquest spreads:

where he his conquest spreads:
10 The kings of Tarshish, and the isles,
shall costly presents bring;

From fpicy Sheba gifts shall come, and wealthy Saba's king. 11 To him shall every king on earth his humble homage pay;

And diff'ring nations gladly join to own his righteous fway.

12 For he shall let the needy free, when they for succour cry; Shall fave the helpleis, and the poor,

and all their wants supply.

# PART II.

13 His providence for needy fouls, shall due supplies prepare; And over their defenceless lives thall watch with tender care.

14 He shall preserve and keep their souls from fraud and rapine free;

And in his fight their guiltless blood of mighty price shall be.

15 Therefore shall God his life and reign to many years extend; Whilst eastern princes tribute pay,

and golden presents send. For him shall constant pray'rs be made

through all his prosp'rous days: His just dominion shall afford a lasting theme of praise.

16 Of useful grain, through all the land, great plenty shall appear;

A handful fown on mountain tops a mighty crop shall bear:

Its fruit, like cedars shook by winds, a rattling noise shall yield:

The city too shall thrive, and vie, for plenty, with the field.

17 The mem'ry of his glorious name through endless years shall run; His spotless fame shall shine as bright and lasting as the sun.

In him the nations of the world shall be completely bless'd,

And his unbounded happiness by ev'ry tongue\_confess'd.

18 Then blefs'd be God, the mighty Lord, the God whom Ifrael fears;
Who only wond'rous in his works,

beyond compare, appears.

19 Let earth be with his glory fill'd; for ever bless his name;

Whilst to his praise the list'ning world their glad affent proclaim.

### PSALM LXXIII.

T length by certain proofs, 'tis plain. That God will to his faints be kind; That all whose hearts are pure and clean, Shall his protecting favor find.

2, 3 Till this sustaining truth I knew, My stagg'ring feet had almost fail'd: I griev'd, the sinner's wealth to view, And envy'd when the fools prevail'd.

4, 5 They to the grave in peace descend, And, whilst they live, are hale and strong; No plague or trouble them offend, Which oft to other men belong. 6, 7 With pride, as with a chain, they're held, And rapine seems their robe of state; Their eyes stand out, with fatness swell'd; They grow, beyond their wishes great.

L. 2. 8, 9 With

8, 9 With hearts corrupt, and lofty talk, Oppressive methods they defend; Their tongue thro' all the earth does walk, Their blasphemies to heav'n ascend.

10 And yet admiring crouds are found, Who servile visits duely make; Because with plenty they abound, Of which their slatt'ring slaves partake.

Their fond opinion these pursue,
Till they with them profanely cry,
"How should the Lord our actions view?
"Can he perceive, who dwells so high?"
12 Behold the wicked! these are they
Who openly their sins profess;
And yet their wealth's increas'd each day,
And all their actions meet success.

"Then have I cleans'd my heart (faid I)
And wash'd my hands from guilt, in vain,
If all the day oppress'd I lie,
And every morning suffer pain."
Thus did I once to speak intend:
But if such things I rashly say,
Thy children, Lord, I must offend,
And basely should their cause betray.

### PART II.

16, 17 To fathom this, my thoughts I bent But found the case too hard for me; 'I'll to the house of God I went: Then I their end did plainly sec. 18 How high soc'er advanc'd, they all On slipp'ry places loosely stand; Thence into ruin headlong fall, Cast down by thy avenging hand.

19, 20 How

19,20 How dreadful and how quick their fate! Despis'd by thee, when they're destroy'd As waking men with scorn do treat The fancies that their dreams employ'd.
21, 22 Thus was my heart with grief opprest My reins were rack'd with restless pains; So stupid was I, like a beast, Who no reslecting thought retains.

23 24 Yet still thy presence me supply'd, And thy right-hand assistance gave; Thou sirst shalt with thy counsel guide, And then to glory me receive.

25 Whom then in heav'n but thee alone Have I, whose favour I require? Throughout the spacious earth there's none, That I besides thee can desire.

26 My trembling flesh, and aching heart, May often fail to succour me; But God shall inward strength impart: And my eternal portion be.
27 For they that far from thee remove, Shall into sudden ruin fall: If after other Gods they rove, Thy vengeance shall destroy them all.

28 But as for me, 'tis good and just,
That I should still to God repair;
In him I always put my trust,
And will his wond'rous works declare.
PSALM LXXIV.

HY hast thou cast us off, O God?

wilt thou no more return?

O! why against thy chosen flock
does thy sierce anger burn?

2 Think

2 Think on thy ancient purchase, Lord, the land that is thy own,

By thee redeem'd; and Sion's mount, where once thy glory shone:

3 Oh, come and view our ruin'd state! how long our troubles last! See how the foe with wicked rage

has laid thy temple waste!

4 Thy foes blaspheme thy name; where late thy zealous servants pray'd,

The heathen there, with haughty pomp, their banners have display'd,

5, 6 Those curious carvings, which did once advance the artist fame,

With ax and hammer they destroy, like works of vulgar frame,

7 Thy holy temple they have burnt; and what escap'd the flame,

Has been profan'd, and quite defac'd, though facred to thy name.

8 Thy worship wholly to destroy maliciously they aim'd;

And all the facred places burn'd, where we thy praife proclaim'd.

9 Yet of thy presence thou vouchses to no tender signs to send:

We have no prophet now, that knows when this lad frate shall end.

P ART, II.

10 But, Lord, how long wilt thou permit
th' infulting foe to boaft?

Shall all the honour of thy name for evermore be lost?

11 Why

II Why hold'it thou back thy strong rightand on thy patient breast, When vengeance calls to stretch it forth, fo calmly lett'ft it rest?

12 Thou heretofore with kingly pow'r, in our defence hast fought; For us, throughout the wond'ring world, hast great salvation wrought.

13 'Twas thou, O God, who didst the sea,

by thy own strength divide:

Thou brak'ft the wat'ry monsters head, the waves o'erwhelm'd their pride.

14 The greatest, fiercest of them all that feem'd the deep to fway, Was by thy pow'r destroy'd, and made to favage beafts a prev.

15 Thou clav'ft the folid rock, and mad'ft

the waters largely flow: .

Again, thou mad'ft, thro' parting streams, thy wand'ring people go.

16 Thine is the chearful day, and thine the black return of night;

Thou hast prepar'd the glorious sun, and ev'ry feebler light.

17 By thee the borders of the earth in perfect order stand :

The fummer's warmth, and winter's cold, attend on thy command.

PART III. 18 Remember, Lord, how scornful foes have daily urg'd our shame;

And how the foolish people have blasphem'd thy holy name.

19 0.

19 O, free thy mourning turtle-dove, by finful crouds befet; Nor the affembly of thy poor for evermore forget.

20 Thy ancient cov'nant, Lord, regard, and make thy promise good;
For now each corner of the land is fill'd with men of blood.

21 O let not the oppress'd return, with forrow cloath'd, and shame; But let the helpless and the poor forever praise thy name.

22 Arise, O God, in our behalf; thy cause and ours maintain: Remember how insulting sools each day thy name prosane!

23 Make thou the boaftings of thy foes forever, Lord, to cease;
Whose incolores if pashedized

Whose insolence, if unchastiz'd, will more and more increase.

P S A L M LXXV.

to thee with thanks repair;
For, that thy name to us is nigh,

thy wond'rous works declare.
2 In Ifrael when my throne is fix'd, with me fhall justice reign.

3 The land with discord shakes; but I the finking frame sustain.

4 Deluded wretches I advis'd their errors to redrefs!

And warn'd bold finners, that they should their swelling pride suppress.

5 Bear

5 Bear not yourselves so high, as if no pow'r could your's restrain: Submit your stubborn necks, and learn to speak with less disdain:

6 For that promotion, which to gain, your vain ambition ftrives,
From neither eaft, nor west, nor yet from southern climes arrives.

7 For God the great disposer is, and sov'reign Judge alone,

Who casts the proud to earth, and lifts the humble to a throne.

8 His hand holds forth a dreadful cup; with purple wine 'tis crown'd; The deadly mixture, which his wrath

deals out to nations round.

Of this his faints fometimes may taste; but wicked men shall squeeze

Their bitter dregs, and be condemn'd to drink the very lees.

9 His prophet I, to all the world this meffage will relate:

The justice then of Jacob's God my fong shall celebrate.

10 The wicked's pride I will reduce, their cruelty disarm;

Exalt the just, and feat him high, above the reach of harm.

#### PSALM LXXVI.

N Judah the Almighty's known,
(Almighty, there, by wonders fhown:)
His name in Jacob does excel:
2. His

L'aun, to their trembling fithjecht, they 2 His fanctuary in Salem stands: The majesty that heaven commands, In Significandescends to dwelling Off

He brake the bow and arrows there, The shield, the temper'd sword and spear There flain the mighty army lay:

4 Whence Sion's fame thro' earth is spread, Of greater glory, greater dread,

Than hills where robbers lodge their prey,

5 Their valiant chiefs, who came for spoil; Themselves met there a shameful foil: Securely down to fleep they lay; But wak'd no more; their frontest band

Ne'er lifted one refifting hand

'Gainst his that did their legions slay.

6 When Jacob's God began to frown, Both horse and charioteers o'erthrown,

Together flept in endless night. 7 When thou, whom earth and heav'n revere Dost once with wrathful look appears

What mortal pow'r can stand thy fight?

8 Pronounc'd from heaven, earth heard its

Grew hush'd with fear when thou didit come, o The meek with justice to restore.

to The wrath of manshall yield thee praise; Its last attempts but serve to raile week or w

The triumphs of almighty pow'r.

It Vow to the Lord; ye nations, bring Vow'd prefents to th' eternal king: Thus to his name due rev'rence pay,

12 Who

12 Who proudest potentates can quell, To earthly kings more terrible, Than, to their trembling subjects, they.

### PSALM LXXVII.

did graciously repair;
In trouble's dismal day I sought
my God with humble pray'r.
All night my fest'ring wound did run;

no med'cine gave relief:

My foul no comfort would admit, my foul indulg'd her grief.

3 I thought on God, and favours pass'd; but that increas'd my pain:

I found my spirit more oppress'd, the more I did complain.

4 Thro'ev'ry watch of tedious night thou keep'st my eyes awake;

My grief is swell'd to that excess, I sigh, but cannot speak.

I call'd to mind the days of old, with fignal mercy crown'd; Those famous years of ancient times, for miracles renown'd.

6 By night I recollect my fongs, on former triumphs made;

Then fearch, consult, and alk my heart, where's now that wond'rous aid?

7 Has God forever cast us off? withdrawn his favour quite?

8 Are both his mercy and his truth retir'd to endless night?

o Can

o Can his long-practis'd love forget its wonted aids to bring? Has he in wrath thut up and feal'd his mercy's healing fpring?

10 I faid, my weakness hints these fears; but I'll my fears difband;

I'll yet remember the Most High, and years of his right-hand.

It I'll call to mind his works of old, the wonders of his might;

12 On them my heart shall meditate, my tongue shall them recite.

13 Safe lodg'd from human fearch on high, O God, thy countels are !

Who is so great a God as ours? who can with him compare?

14 Long fince a God of wonders thee thy refeu'd people found;

15 Long fince hast thou thy chosen seed with firong deliy'rance crown'd.

16 When thee O God, the waters faw, the frighted billows shrunk:

The troubled depths themselves, for fear beneath their channels funk.

17 The clouds pour'd down, while rending did with their noise conspire;

Thy arrows all abroad were fent. wing'd with avenging fire.

18 Heav nwith thy thunder's voice was tern whilft all the lower world or blue

With lightning blaz'd, earth shook and seem'd from her foundations hugi'd.

19 Thro' rolling streams thou find'st thy
thy paths in waters lie; (way,
Thy wond'rous passage, where no sight

thy footsteps can defer ...

20 Thou ledd'ft thy people tike a flock; fafe thro' the defert land,
By Moses, their meck skilful guide,

and Aaron's facred hand.

P S A L M LXXVIII:

EAR, O my people to my law,

devout attention lend;

Let the instruction of my mouth deep in your hearts descend.

2 My tongue, by inspiration taught, shall parables unfold,

Dark oracles, but understood, and own'd for truths of old;

3 Which we from facred registers of ancient times have known, And our forefathers pious care to us has handed down.

4 We will not hide them from our fons of our offspring shall be taught

The praises of the Lord, whose strength has works of wonder wrought.

5 For Jacob he this law ordain'd, this league with Ifr'el made; With charge, to be from age to age, from race to race convey'd.

6 That generations yet to come, should to their unborn heirs

Religiously transmit the same, and they again to theirs.

7 To teach them that in God alone their hope fecurely stands;

That they should ne'er his works forget, but keep his just commands.

8 Left, like their fathers, they might prove a stiff rebellious race,

False-hearted, fickle to their God, unstedfast in his grace.

9 Such were revolting Ephraim's fons, who tho' to warfare bred, And skilful archers arm'd with bows,

from field ignobly fled.

10, 11 They falfify'd their league with God,

his orders disobey'd,

Forgot his works and miracles before their eyes display'd.

12 Nor wonders, which their fathers faw, did they in mind retain;

Prodigious things in Egypt done, and Zoan's fertile plain.

13 He cut the feas to let them pass, reftrain'd the pressing flood;

While pil'd on heaps, on either fide, the folid water stood.

14 A wond'rous pillar led them on, compos'd of shade and light;

A shell'ring cloud it prov'd by day, a leading fire by night.

15 When drought oppress'd them, where no the wilderness supply'd. (stream

He cleft the rock, whose flinty breast dissolv'd into a tide:

16 Streams from the folid rock he brought which down in rivers fell, 1994 but

That traviling with their camp each day renew'd the miracle, ill day files 17 Yet there they fund against him more, provoking the Most High: In the same desert where he did

their fainting fouls supply we for

18 They first incens a him in their hearts, that did his pow'r diltruft, And long'd for meat, not urg'd by want 3-

but to indulge their luft.

19 Then utter'd their blafpheming doubts,

" Can God, say they, prepare A table in the wilderness,

was era fet out with various fare?".

20 "He smote the flinty rock ('tis true) " and gushing streams ensu'd;

66 But can he corn and flesh provide

for fuch a multitude?"

21 The Lord with indignation heard : from heav n avenging flame of the On Jacob fell, confuming wrath

22 Because their unbelieving hearts in God would not confide,

on Now full his care, who had from heav'n mseritheir wants fo oft Supply'd:

2 7 Pho he had made his clouds discharge provisions down in show'rs

adgil hazar all jo Wason A

And when earth fail'd, reliev'd their needs

emean from his celestial stores.

24 Tho' tasteful manna was rain'd down their hunger to relieve;

Tho' from the stores of heav'n they did fustaining corn receive.

25 Thus man with angels facred food, ingrateful man was fed;

Not sparingly, for still they found a plenteous table spread.

26 From heav'n he made an east wind blow, then did the fouth command

27 To rain down flesh like dust, and fowls like fea's unnumber'd fand.

28 Within their trenches he let fall the luscious easy prey,

And all around their spreading camp the feather'd booty lay.

29 They fed, were fill'd, he gave them leave their appetites to feast;

30, 31 Yet still their wonted lust crav'd on, nor with their hunger ceas'd:

But whilft, in their luxurious mouths, they did their dainties chew,

The wrath of God finote down their chiefs, and Ifrael's choten flew.

#### PARTIL

32 Yet feill they finn'd, nor would afford his miracles belief;

33 Therefore thro' fruitless travels he confum'd their lives in grief.

34 When some were flain, the rest return'd. to God with early cry;

25 Own'd him the rock of their defence, their Saviour, God Most High.

36 But

36 But this was feign'd submission all, their heart their tongue belv'd;

37 Their heart was still perverse, nor would

firm in his league abide.

38 Yet, full of mercy he forgave, nor did with death chaftise! But turn'd his kindled wrath afide, or would not let it rife.

39 For he remember'd they were flesh, that could not long remain;

A murm'ring wind that's quickly past, and ne'er returns again.

40 How oft did they provoke him there, How oft his patience grieve, In that same defert where he did their fainting fouls relieve !

41 They tempted him by turning back, and wickedly repin'd; When Israel's God refus'd to be by their defires confin'd.

A2 Nor call'd to mind the hand and day. that their redemption brought;

43 His figns in Egypt, wond'rous works in Zoan's valley wrought,

44 He turn'd the rivers into blood, that man and beaft forebore; And rather chose to die of thirst, than drink the putrid gore.

45 He fent devouring swarms of files, hoarse frogs annoy'd their soil,

46 Locusts and caterpillars reap'd the harvest of their toil.

PSALM Ixxviii.

III TAAF 47 Fosigvines with battling hail were Brok

with frost the Hige tree dies; distant off 48 Lightning and haitmite flocks and heros

one general facrifice 1 22 1 unodduff mid

4) He punidihis anger took and tel 158 72 no time for it to cease of along the restriction And with their plagues bed angels lent

their torments to increase:

to ravage uncorrection his wrath days to ravage uncontrout'd;
The murrain on their hullings leiz'd maken

in ev'ry field and fold?

51 The deadly pelt from beaft to mus, aid from field to city came;

the them fielts, their eldest hopes, and through all the tents of Hans.

or To oile captivity his act 52 But his own tribe, like folded freely aid he brought from their distress algoed at H 52 And them conducted like a flock, bluow ron be Destructive wisterness, we surroughed to

53 He led them on, and in their way minu no cause of fear they found; or as w grand over

But march'd fecurely through those deeps, in which their foes were drown'd. of in fight the fire first fell

54 Nor ceas'd his care till then he brought ball fafe to his promis'd land, and aware ball

And to his holy mount, the prize o savishmed of his victorious manduor rang area and To

Shouts out aloud, the Leading to the did by lot divide a late broads and a hole to be a late by lot divide a late broad a late by lot divide a late by late And in their foes abandon'd tents, your aid bar made Ist'el's tribes reside.

RARTE

PART III.

56 Yet still they tempted, still provok'd the wrath of God Most High;
Nor would to practise his commands

their stubborn bearts apply:

57 But in their father's faithless steps
perversely chose to go:

They turn'd afide, like arrows fhot from some deceitful bow.

58 For him to fury they provok'd with alters fet on high;
And with their graven images inflam'd his jealoufy.

59 When God heard this, on Isr'el's tribes his wrath and hatred fell;

60 He quitted Shiloh, and the tents where once he chose to dwell.

61 To vile captivity his ark, his glory to disdain,

62 His people to the sword he gave, nor would his wrath restrain.

63 Destructive war their ablest youth untimely did confound;
No virgin was to th' altar led, with nuptial garlands crown'd.

64 In fight the facrificer fell, the priest a victim bled; And widows who their death should mourn, themselves of grief were dead.

65 Then as a giant rouz'd from fleep, whom wine had throughly warm'd, Shouts out aloud; the Lord awak'd, and his proud foe alarm'd.

66 He

66He smote their host, that from the field a scatter'd remnant came,

With wounds imprinted on their backs of everlasting shame.

67 With conquests crown'd he oseph's tents and Ephraim's tribe forfook;

68 But Judah chofé, and Sion's mount for his lov'd dwelling took."

69 His temple he erected there, with spires exalted high:

While deep and fix'd as that of earth the strong foundations lie.

70 His faithful fervant David too, he for his choice did own,

And from the sheepfolds him advanc'd to fit on Judah's throne.

71 From tending on the teeming ewes, he brought him forth to feed, His own inheritance the tribes of Isr'el's chosen feed.

72 Exalted thus the monarch prov'd a faithful shepherd still;

He fed them with an upright heart, and guided them with skill.

## PSALM LXXIX.

EHOLD, O God, how heathen hofts have thy possession seiz'd! Thy facred house they have defil'd,

thy holy city raz'd.

2 The mangled bodies of thy faints, abroad unburied lay;

Their flesh expos'd to savage beasts. and rav'nous birds of prey.

3 Quite

3 Quite thro' Jerus'lem was their blood like common water shed;

And none were left alive to pay last duties to the dead.

3 The neighbring lands our small remains with loud reproaches wound;

And we a laughing stock are made to all the nations round.

5 How long wilt thou be angry, Lord, must we for ever mourn ! Shall thy devouring jealous rage,

like fire forever burn?

6 On foreign lands that know not thee, thy heavy vengeance show'r;

Those finful kingdoms let it crush, that have not own'd thy pow'r.

7 For their devouring jaws have prev'd on Jacob's chosen race;

And to a barren defert turn'd their fruitful dwelling-place.

8 O think not on our former fins. but speedily prevent

The utter ruin of thy faints, almost with forrow spent!

o Thou God of our falvation, help, and free our fouls from blame; So shall our pardon and defence. exalt thy glorious name.

10 Let infidels, that scotling say, " where is the God they boult?" In vengeance for thy flaughter'd faints, perceive thee to their coft.

Lord, hear the fighing pris'ners moans, thy faving pow'r extend; Preferve the wretches doom'd to die,

from that untimely end,

our fuff rings be repaid:
Make their confusion seven times more
than what on us they laid.

13 So we thy people and thy flock,
fhall ever praife thy name;
And with glad hearts our grateful thanks
from age to age proclaim.

### PSALM LXXX

Isr'el's shepherd, Joseph's guide,
Our pray'rs to thee vouchsafe to hear;
Thou that dost on the cherubs ride,
Again in solemn state appear.
Behold how Benjamin expects,
With Ephraim and Manasseh join'd,
In our deliv'rance, the affects
Of thy resistless strength to find.

3 Do thou convert us, Lord, do thou The luftre of thy face display; And all the ills we fuffer now, Like scatter'd clouds shall pass away. 4 O thou, whom heav'nly hosts obey, How long shall thy sierce anger burn? How long thy suff'ring people pray, And to their pray'rs have no return?

5 When hungry, we are forc'd to drench Our scanty food in floods of woe; When dry, our raging thirst we quench ` With streams of tears that largely flow.

6 For

As for a common prey, contest:

Our foes with spiteful joy abound, find and And at our lost condition jett.

7 Do thou convert us, Lord, do thou of the luftre of thy racerdifplaying rave last Andtallished ills we defice now below but but Like featter'd clouds shall pair aways most

### PARAIIN & 9

Thou brought It a vine from Egypt's land; And casting out the heather race; Didst plant it with thine own right hand, And sirmly fix'd it in their place.

9 Before it thou prepar dst the way, And mad'st it take a lasting root, Which, bless'd with thy indulgent ray, O'er all the land did widely shoot.

Its goodly boughs did cedars feem:
Its goodly boughs did cedars feem:
Its branches to the fea were foread,
And reach'd to proud Euphrates fiream,
In Why then haft thou its hedge o'erthrown,
Which thou haft made fo firm and fiream,
Whilst all its grapes, defenceles grown.
Are pluck'd by those that pass along.

13 See how the briftling forest boar.
With dreadful fury lays it waste:
Hark! how the savage monsters roar;
And to their helpless prey make haste.

## PART III.

14 To thee, O God of hosts, we pray Thy wonted goodness, Lord, renew;

From

From heav'n thy throne this vine furvey, And her fad state with pity view. 15 Behold the vineyard, made by thee, Which thy right hand did guard so long; And keep that branch from danger free, Which for thyself thou mad'st so strong.

16 To wasting slames 'tis made a prey,
And all its spreading boughs cut down;
At thy rebuke they foon decay,
And perish at thy dreadful frown.
17 Crown thou the king with good success,
By thy right hand secur'd from wrong:
The son of man in mercy bless,
Whom for thyself thou mad'st so strong.

18 So shall we still continue free,
From whatsoe'er deserves thy blame;
And if once more reviv'd by thee,
Will always praise thy holy name.
19 Do thou convert us, Lord, do thou
The lustre of thy face display,
And all the ills we suffer now,
Like scatter'd clouds shall pass away.

#### PSALM LXXXI.

with loud applauses sing:

And jointly make a chearful noise
to Jacob's awful king.

Compose a hymn of praise, and touch
your instruments of joy;

Let psatteries and pleasant harps,
your grateful skill employ.

3 Let trumpets at the great new moon their joyful voices raile,

To celebrate th' appointed time, the folemn day of praise.

4 For this a statute was of old, which Jacob's God decreed,

To be with pious care observed by Isr'el's chosen feed.

5 This, he for a memorial fix'd, when freed from Egypt's land; Strange nations barb'rous speech we heard, but could not understand.

6 Your burthen'd shoulders I reliev'd, (thus seem'd our God to say)

Your fervile hands by me were freed from lab'ring in the clay.

7 Your ancestors, with wrongs oppress'd, to me for aid did call:

With pity I their fuff'rings faw, and fet them free from all.

They fought for me, and from the cloud in thunder I reply'd:

At Meribah's contentious stream their faith and duty try'd.

PART II.

8 While I my folemn will declare, my chosen people hear:

If thou, O lir'el, to my words wilt lend thy lift'ning ear;

9 Then shall no God besides myself within thy coasts be found:

Nor shalt thou worship any God of all the nations round.

To The Lord thy God am I, who thee brought forth from Egypt's land : Tis I, that all thy just defires fupply with lib'ral hand.

II But they, my chosen race refus'd to hearken to my voice; Nor would rebellious Isr'el's fons.

make me their happy choice.

12 So I provok'd, refign'd them up, to ev'ry lust a prey;

And in their own perverse defigns permitted them to ftray.

13 O that my people wifely would my just commandments heed! And Ifr'el in my rightcous ways with pious care proceed.

14 Then should my heavy judgments fall on all that them oppose;

And my avenging hand be turn'd against their num'rous foes.

15 Their enemies and mine should all before my footstool bend: But as for them, their happy state should never know an end.

16 All parts with plenty should abound & with finest wheat their field: The barren rocks, to please their taste, should richest honey yield.

PSALM LXXXII. OD in the great affembly stands, where his impartial eve In state surveys the earthly Gods, and does their judgments try.

2, 3 How

2, 3 How dare ye then unjustly judge, or be to finners kind?

Defend the Orphans, and the Poor, let fuch your justice find.

A Protect the humble helpless man, reduc'd to deep distress,

And let not him become a prey to such as would oppress.

5 They neither know, nor will they learn;

but blindly rove rnd ftray:

Justice and truth, the world's support, thro' all the land decay.

6 Well then might God in anger fay, "I've call'd you by my name:

"I've faid y' are God's, the fons and heirgs of my immortal fame;

"But ne'ertheless your unjust deeds

" to strict account I'll call:

"You all shall die like common men, "like other tyrants fall."

8 Arife, and thy just judgments, Lord, throughout the earth display; And all the nations of the world shall own thy righteous sway.

P. S. A. L. M. LXXXIII.

OLD not thy peace, O Lord our God, no longer filent be;
Nor with confenting quiet looks
our ruin calmly fee!

2 For lo! the tumults of thy foes o'er all the land are spread;

And they, which hate thy faints and thee, lift up their threat ning head.

3 Agains

3. Against thy zealous people, Lord, they craftily combine:

And to destroy thy chosen faints . have laid their close designs.

4 "Come let us cut them off, fay they, "their nation quite deface;

That no remembrance may remain of Isr'el's hated rrce."

5 Thus they against thy people's peace, consult with one consent:

And diffiring nations jointly leagu'd their common malice vent.

6 The Ishm'elites that dwell in tents, with warlike Edom join'd;

And Moab's fons our ruin vow, with Hagar's race combin'd.

Proud Ammon's offspring, Gebal too with Amelek confipire:

The Lords of Palestine, and all the wealthy sons of Tyre.

8 All these the strong Assyrian king their sirm Ally have got;

Who with a pow'rful army aids th' incestuous race of Lot.

## PART II.

But let fuch vengeance come to them, as once to Median came;

To Jabin and proud Sifera, at Kishon's fatal stream.

10 When thy right hand their num'rous near Endor did confound, [hefts

And left their carcuffes for dung to feed the hungry ground.

II Let

of Zeb and Oreb share:

As Zeba and Zalmunnah, fo let all their princes fare.

12 Who, with the fame defign infpir'd, thus vainly boafting spake,

"In firm possession for ourselves let us God's houses take.

13 To ruin let them haste, like wheels which downward swiftly move:
Like chaff before the winds, let all their scatter'd forces prove.

14,15 As flames confume drywood or heath that on parch'd mountains grows, So let thy fierce pursuing wrath

with terror strike thy foes.

16,17 Lord, shroud their faces with difgrace, that they may own thy name:

Or them confound, whose harden'd hearts thy gentler means disclaim.

18 So shall the wond'ring world confess that thou who claim'st alone Jehovah's name, o'er all the earth hast rais'd thy lofty throne.

# PSALM LXXXIV.

God of hosts, the mighty Lord, how lovely is the place,
Where thou, enthron'd in glory, shewst the brightness of thy face!

2 My longing foul faints with defire, to view thy bleft abode:

My panting heart and flesh cry out for thee the living God.

3 The

3 The birds, more happy far than I, around thy temple throng; Securely there they build, and there fecurely hatch their young.

4 O Lord of hofts, my king and God, how highly bleft are they, Who in thy temple always dwell,

and there thy praise display!

5 Thrice happy they whose choice has thee their sure protection made,
Who long to tread the facred ways that to thy dwelling lead!

6 Who pass thro' Baca's thirsty vale,

yet no refreshment want :

Their pools are fill'd with rain, which thou at their request dost grant.

7Thus they proceed from frength of frength, and fill approach more near;
Till all on Sion's holy mount

Till all on Sion's holy moun before their God appear.

8 O Lord, the mighty God of hofts, my just requests regard;

Thou God of Jacob, let my pray'r be still with favour heard.

9 Behold, O God, for thou alone can'st timely aid dispense:
On thy anointed servant look, be thou his strong defence.
10 For in thy courts one single day, 'tis better to attend,
Than Lord in any place besides

Than, Lord, in any place besides a thousand days to spend.

Much rather in God's house will I the meanest Office take, Than in the wealthy tents of sin

my pompous dwelling make.

II For God who is our fun and shield, will grace and glory give; And no good thing will he withold from them that justly live.

12 Thou God, whom heav'nly hofts obey, how highly bleft is he,

Whose hope and trust securely plac'd, is still repos'd on thee!

PSALM LXXXV.

ORD, thou hast granted to thy land, the favours we implor'd, And faithful Jacob's captive race

most graciously restor'd.

2, 3 Thy people's fins thou hast absolv'd, and all their guilt defac'd:

Thou haft not let thy wrath flame on, nor thy fierce anger laft.

4 O God our Saviour, all our hearts to thy obedience turn; That, kindled by our former fins,

Thy wrath no more may burn. 5, 6 For why should'st thou be angry still,

and wrath fo long retain?

Revive us, Lord, and let thy faints thy wonted comfort gain.

7 Thy gracious favour, Lord, display, which we have long implor'd; And for thy wond'rous mercy's fake, thy wonted aid afford.

8 God's

8 God's answer patiently I'll wait; for he with glad success, (If they no more to folly turn) his mourning faints will bless.

9 To all that fear his holy name, his fure fatvation's near;
And in its former happy state our nation shall appear.

10 For mercy now with truth is join'd; and righteou nefs with peace,

Like kind companions absent long, with friendly arms embrace.

11,12 Truth from the earth shall spring, whilst shall streams of justice pour, [heav'n And God from whom all goodness flows, shall endless plenty show'r.

13 Before him righteoufness shall march, and his just paths prepare;

Whilst we his holy steps pursue with constant zeal and care.

P S A L M LXXXVI.

O my complaint, O Lord my God, thy gracious ear incline:
Hear me diffress'd, and destitute

of all relief but thine;

2 Do thou, O God preserve my soul, that does thy name adore:

Thy fervant keep, and him, whose trust relies on thee, restore.

3 To me, who daily thee invoke, thy mercy, Lord, extend;

4 Refresh thy fervant's soul, whose hopes on thee alone depend.

5 Thou

Thou, Lord, art good, not only good, but prompt to pardon too,
 Of plentious mercy to all those, who for thy mercy sue.

6 To my repeated humble pray'r, O Lord, attentive be:

7 When troubled, I on thee will call,

for thou wilt answer me.

8 Among the God's there's none like thee, O Lord, alone divine!

To thee as much inferior they, as are their works to thine.

9 Therefore their great creator, thee, the nations shall adore;

Their long misguided pray'rs and praise to thy blest name restore.

10 All shall confess thee great, and great the wonders thou hast done!

Confess thee God, thee God supreme, confess thee God alone.

PART II.

II Teach me thy way, O Lord, and I from truth shall ne'er depart;
In rev'rence to thy sacred name devoutly fix my heart.

12 Thee will I praise, O Lord my God, praise thee with heart fincere:

And to the everlasting name eternal trophies rear.

13 Thy boundless mercy shewn to me, transcends my pow'r to tell; For thou hast oft redeem'd my soul from lowest depths of hell, 14 O God the fons of pride and ftrife have my destruction fought, Regardless of thy pow'r, that oft has my deliv'rance wrought:

15 But thou thy conftant goodness didt to my affistance bring;

Of patience, mercy, and of truth,

thou everlasting spring!

16 O bounteousLord, the grace & scrength;
to me thy servant show;

Thy kind protection, Lord, on me, thine handmaid's fon bestow.

17 Some fignal give, which my proud fee may fee with shame and rage,

When thou, O Lord, for my relief and comfort dost engage.

P S A L M LXXXVII.

OD's temple crowns the holy mount;
the Lord there condescends to dwell;

2 His Sion's Gates in his account Our Isr'el's fairest tents excel.

3 Fame glorious things of thee shall fing, O city of th' almighty king!

4 I'll mention Rahab with due praise, In Babylon's applauses join, The fame of Ethiopia raise,

With that of Tyre and Palestine; And grant that some, amongst them born,

Their age and country did adorn.

5 But still of Sion I'll aver,
That many fuch from her proceed;
Th' almighay shall establish her.
6 His gen'ral list shall shew, when read,

That

That fuch a person there was born, And such did such an age adorn.

7 He'll Sion find with numbers fill'd Of fuch as merit high renown; For hand and voice musicians skill'd.

And (her transcending same to crown)
Of such she shall successions bring
Like waters from a living spring.

PSALM LXXXVIII.

O thee my God and faviour, I
By day and night address my cry;
Vouchlase my mournful voice to hear,
To my distress incline thine ear:
For seas of trouble me invade.
My foul draws nigh to deaths cold shade,
Like one whose strength and hopes are sled;
They number me among the dead.

5 Like those, who shrouded in the grave, From thee no more remembrance have; 6 Cast off from thy sustaining care, Down to the confines of despair. 7 Thy wrath has hard upon me lain, Afflicting me with wrestless pain: Me all thy mountain waves have prest. Too weak, alas! to bear the least.

8 Remov'd from friends I figh alone,
In a loath'd dungeon laid, where none
A vifit will vouchfafe to me,
Confin'd, past hopes of liberty.

9 My eyes from weeping never cease,
They waste, but still my griefs increase;
Yet daily, Lord, to thee I've pray'd,
With out-stretch'd hands invok'd thy aid.

O 10 Wile

The dead, whom thou forfook'st alive?
The dead, whom thou forfook'st alive?
From death restore thy praise to sing,
Whom'thou from prison would'st not bring?
II Shall the mute grave thy love confets?
A mould'ring tomb thy faithfulness?
In truth and power renown obtain,
Where darkness and oblivion reign?

13 To thee, O Lord, I cry, forlorn;
My pray'r prevents the early morn.
14 Why haft thou, Lord, my foul forfook,
Nor once vouchfaf'd a gracious look?
15 Prevailing forrows bear me down,
Which from my youth with me have grown;
Thy terrors past distract my mind,
And fears of blacker days behind.

16 Thy wrath hath burst upon my head, Thy terrors fill my foul with dread; 17 Environ'd as with waves combin'd, And for a gen'ral deluge join'd.
18 My lovers, friends, familiars, all Remoy'd from fight, and out of call; To dark oblivion all retir'd, Dead; or at least to me expir'd.

P S A L M LXXXIX.

HY mercies, Lord, shall be my fong,
My fong on them shall ever dwell:
To ages yet unborn, my tongue
Thy never-failing truth shall tell.
2 I have affirm'd and still maintain,
Thy mercy shall for ever last;
Thy truth that does the heav'ns sustain,
Like them shall stand for ever fast.

3 Thus fpak'ft thou by thy prophets voice,

With David I a league have made;

"To him, my fervant, and my choice,
"By folemp oath this grant convey'd:

"By folemn oath this grant convey'd;
"While earth and feas, and skies endure,

"Thy feed shall in my fight remain; To them thy throne Lwill ensure,

"They shall to endless ages reign."

5 For such stupendous truth and love, Both heav'n and earth just praises owe, By choirs of angels sung above, And by affembled saints below. 6 What seraph of celestial birth To vie with Isr'el's God shall dare? Or who among the Gods of earth, With our almighty Lord compare?

7 With rev'rence and religious dread, His faints should to his temple press; His fear thro' all their hearts should spread, Who his almighty name confess. 8 Lord God of armies, who can boast Of strength or pow'r, like thine renoun'd? Of such a num'rous faithful host, As that which does thy throne surround.

o Thou dost the lawless sea controul, And change the prospect of the deep; Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll, Thou mak'st the rolling billows sleep. 10 Thou brak'st in pieces Rahab's pride, And did'st oppressing pow'r disarm: Thy scatter'd soes have dearly try'd The souce of thy resistless arm. Of earth and heav'n; thee, Lord alone
The world and all that it contains,
Their maken and preserver own.
12 The poles on which the globe does reft,
where form'd by thy creating voice;
'Tabor and Hermon, east and west,
In thy sustaining pow'r rejoice.

Yet, Lord, thou dost with justice reign; 14 Posses'd of absolute command,
Thou truth and mercy dost maintain.
15 Happy, thrice happy they, who hear
Thy sacred trumpet's joyful sound;
Who may at sessions appear,
With thy most glorious presence crown'd.

16 Thy faints shall always be o'erjoy'd, Who on thy facred name rely; And in thy righteousness employ'd, Above their foes be rais'd on high, 17 For in thy strength they shall advance, Whose conquests from thy favour spring. 18 The Lord of host is our defence, And Isr'el's God our Isr'el's king.

19 Thus spak'st thou by thy prophet's voice,
"A mighty champion I will send.
"From Judah's tribe have I made choice
Of one who shall the rest defend.
20 "My servant David I have sound,
"With holy oil anointed him;
21 "Him shall the hand support that crown'd,
"And guard that gave the diadem,

22 "No prince from him shall tribute force, " No fons of strife shall him annoy; 23 "His spiteful foes I will disperse," " "And them before his face deftroy. 24 " My truth and grace shall him fustain; His armies in well order'd ranks, 25 "Shall conquer from the Tyrian main! "To Tigris and Euphrates banks.

26" Me for his father he shall take, " His God and rock of fafety call; 27 " Him I my first-born fon will make, "And earthly kings his subjects all. 28 "To him my mercy I'll secure, " My cov'nant make forever fast. 29 "His feed forever thall endure, "His throne, till Heav'n diffolvesshalllast,

### PART II.

30 "But if his heirs my law forfake; And from my facred precepts stray; 31 "If they my righteous statutes break, "Nor strictly my commands obey; 32 " Their fins I'll visit with a rod, "And for their folly make them imart; 33 " Yet will not ceafe to be their God, "Nor from my truth, like them, depart.

34 " My cov'nant I will ne'er revoke, But in remembrance fast retain;

"The thing that once my lips have spoke

"Shall in eternal force remain,

35 "Once have I fworn but once for all, "And made my holiness the tie,

"That I my grant will ne'er recall,

" Nor to my servant David lie.

36 "Who!"

36 "Whose throne and race the constant sun." Shall, like his course, established see:
37 "Or this my oath, thou conscious moon,
"In heav'n my frithful witness be?"
38 "Such was thy gracious promise, Lord,
But thou has now our tribes for sook,
"Thy own anointed hast abhor'd,"
And turn'd on him thy wrathful look.

30 Thou feemest to have render'd void. The cov'nant with thy servant made, Thou hast his dignity destroy'd, And in the dust his honor laid.
40 Of strong holds thou hast him berest, And brought his bulwarks to decay; 41 His frontier coasts desenceless lest, A public scorn, and common prey.

42 His ruin does glad triumphs yield To foes advanc'd by thee to might;
43 Thou hast his conqu'ring sword unsteel'd, His valour turn'd to shameful flight.
44 His glory is to darkness fled, His throne is levell'd with the ground:
45 His youth to wreched bondage led, Withshame o'erwhelm'd and forrow drown'd.

Wilt thou for ever, Lord, retire?
Wilt thou for ever, Lord, retire?
Shall thy confuming anger burn?
Till that and we at once expire?
A7 Confider, Lord, how fhort a space.
Thou dost for mortal life ordain;
No method to prolong the race,
But loading it with grief and pain.

48 What

48 What man is he that can controu! Death's strict unalterable doom? Or rescue from the grave his soul, The grave that must mankind entomb? 49 Lord, where's thy love, thy boundless The oath to which thy truth did seal, [grace Consign'd to David and his race, 'The grant which time should ne'er repeal?

50 See how thy fervants treated are
With infamy, reproach and spite;
Which in my silent breast I bear;
From nations of licentious might.
51 How they, reproaching thy great name,
have made thy servant's hope their jest:
52 Yet thy just praises we'll proclaim,
And ever sing, the Lord be blest.

Amen, Amen,

PSALM XC.

LORD, the faviour and defence of us thy chosen race,

From age to age thou still has been our fure abiding place.

2Before thou brought'st the mountains forth, or th' earth or world didst frame,

Thou always wert the mighty God, and ever art the same:

3 Thou turness man, O Lord, to dust, of which he first was made;
And when thou fneak's the word return

And when thou speak'st the word, return, 'tis instantly obey'd.

3 For in thy fight a thousand years are like a day that's past,

Or like a watch in dead of night, whose hours unrighed waste.

5. Thom

Thou sweep'st us off as with a flood, we vanish hence like dreams:

At first we grow like grass that feels the fun's reviving beams:

6 But howfoever fresh and fair, its morning beauty shows;

Tis all cut down and wither'd quite, before the evening close.

7, 8 We by thine anger are confum'd, and by thy wrath difmay'd;
Our public crimes and fecret fins before thy fight are laid.

9. Beneath thy anger's fad effects our drooping days we fpend;

like tales that quickly end.

10 Our term of time is seventy years, an age that few survive:

But if, with more than common strength,

to eighty we arrive;

Yet then our boasted strength decays, to forrow turn'd and pain:
So soon the slender thread is cut, and we no more remain.

## PART II.

It But who thy anger's dread effects does, as he ought, revere?

And yet thy wrath does fall or rife, as more or lefs we fear.

12 So teach us, Lord, th' uncertain sum

of out fhort days to mind,

That to true wisdom all our hearts

may ever be inclin'd.

and fpeedily relent!

As we of our misdeeds, do thou of our just doom repent.

14 To fatisfy and chear our fouls, thy early mercy fend;

That we may all our days to come, in joy and comfort fpend.

15 Let happy times with large amends dry up our former tears,

Or equal at the least the term of our afflicted years.

16 To all thy fervants, Lord, let this thy wond'rous work be known,

And to our offspring yet unborn, thy glorious pow'r be shown.

17 Let thy bright rays upon us shine, give thou our work success;
The glorious work we have in hand do thou youchsafe to bless.

PSHLM XCL.

TE that has God his guardian made,
Shall, under the almighty's shade,
Secure and undisturb'd abide.

Thus to my foul, of him I'll say
He is my forcress and my stay,

3 His tender love and watchful care Shall free thee from the fowler's fnare, And from the noisome pestilence:

My God in whom I will confide.

And cover the his wings shall spread,
And cover thy unguarded head;
His truth shall be thy strong delence.

5 No terrors that suprize by night, Shall thy undaunted courage fright,

Nor deadly shafts that fly by day;
6 Nor plague, of unknown rife, that kills.
In darkness, nor infectious ills
That in the hottest season slay.

7 A thousand at thy side shall die, At thy right hand ten thousand lie, While thy firm health untouch'd remains.

8 Thou only shalt look on and see The wicked's sad catastrophe,

And count the finners mournful gains.

Because (with well-plac'd confidence)
Thou mak'ft the Lord thy sure defence,
And on the highest dost rely;
To Therefore no ill shall thee befall,
Nor to thy healthful dwelling shall
Any infectious plague drawnigh.

To keep thee fafe in all thy ways,
Shall give his angels strict commands;
12 Andthey, least thoushould strancetomeet.
With some rough stone to wound thy feet,
Shall bear thee safely in their hands.

13 Dragons and afps that thirst for blood, And lions roaring for their food, Beneath his conquiring feet shall lie.

Therefore (fays God) I'll fet him free,
And fix his glorious throne on high.

15 He'll call; I'll answer when he calls, And rescue him when ill befalls;

Increase his honor and his wealth: 16 And when, with undisturb'd content, His long and happy life is fpent,

His end I'll crown with faving health.

PSALM XCII.

OW good and pleasant must it be to thank the Lord most high; And with repeated hymns of praise,

his name to magnify.

2 With ev'ry morning's early dawn, his goodness to relate;

And of his constant truth each night the glad effects repeat.

1 To ten string'd instruments we'll sing, with tuneful pfalteries join'd,

And to the harp, with folema founds, for facred use defign'd.

4 For thro' thy wond'rous works, O Lord, thou mak'st my heart rejoice;

The thoughts of them shall make me glad, and shout with chearful voice.

5, 6 How wond'rous are thy works, O Lord! how deep are thy decrees!

Whose winding tracts, in secret laid, no stupid sinner sees.

7 He little thinks, when wicked men, like grass look fresh and gay;

How foon their short-liv'd splendor must for ever pass away.

8, 9 But thou, my God, art still most high; and all thy lofty foes,

Who thought they might fecurely fin, shall be o'erwhelm'd with woes.

10 Whilft

no Whilst thou exalt'st my fov'reign pow'r, and mak'st it largely spread;
And with refreshing oil anoin'st

my confecrated head.

II I foon shall see my stubborn foes to utter ruin brought;

And hear the dismal end of those, who have against me fought.

1.2 But righteous men, like fruitful pelms, shall make a glorious show;

As cedars that on Lebanon in stately order grow.

13, 14 These, planted in the house of God, within his courts shall thrive:
Their vigour and their lustre both

fhall in old age revive:
15. Thus will the Lord his justice shew;

and God, my firong defence, Shall due rewards to all the world impartially difpense.

PSALM XCIII.

Ith glory glad, with firength array'd The Lord, that o'er all nations reigns, The world's foundations ftrongly laid, And the vaft fabrick ftill fustains.

2 How furely stablish'd is thy throne! Which shall no change or period see; For thou, O Lord, and thou alone Art God-from all eternity.

3, 4 The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice, And toss the troubled waves on high;
But God above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.

Thy promise, Lord, is ever fure, And they, that in thy house would dwell, That happy station to secure, Must still in holiness excel.

PSALM XCIV. GOD, to whom revenge belongs, thy vengeance now disclose; Arife, thou judge of all the earth, and crush thy haughty foes,

3, 4 How long O Lord, shall sinful men their folemn triumphs make?

How long their wicked actions boaft, and infolently speak?

5, 6 Not only they thy faints oppress, but unprovok'd they spill The widow's and the stranger's blood, and helpless orphans kill.

7 " And yet the Lord shall ne'er perceive, (prophanely thus they fpeak)

"Nor any notice of our deeds " the God of Jacob take."

8 At length, ye stupid fools, your wants endeavour to discern:

In folly will you still proceed, and wifdom never learn?

0, 10 Can he be deaf who form'd the ear. or blind who fram'd the eye?

Shall earth's great judge not punish those, who his known will defy?

11 He fathoms all the thoughts of men, to him their hearts lie bear; His eye furveys them all, and fees how vain their counsels are.

PART

### PART II.

12 Blest is the man whom thou, O Lord, in kindness dost chastise,

And by thy facred rules to walk do'ft lovingly advife.

13 This man shall rest and safety find in seasons of distress;

Whilft God prepares a pit for those, that stubbornly transgress.

13 For God will never from his faints his favour wholly take:

His own possoffion and his lot, he will not quite forsake.

15 The world shall then confess thee just in all that thou hast done:

And those that chuse thy upright ways, shall in those paths go on.

16 Who will appear in my behalf, (when wicked men invade)

Or who, when finners would oppress, my righteous cause shall plead?

17, 18, 19 Long fince had I in filence flept, but that the Lord was near,

To ftay me when I flipt; when fad, my troubled heart to chear.

20 Wilt thou, who art a God most just, their sinful throne sustain,

Who make the law a fair pretence their wicked ends to gain?

21 Against the lives of righteous men they form their close design;

And blood of innocents to spill, in solemn league combine.

22 But

22 But my defence is firmly plac'd in God the Lord most high:
He is my rock, to which I may for refuge always fly.

23 The Lord shall cause their ill designs on their own heads to fall:
He in their fins shall cut them off, our God shall slay them all.

## PSALM XCV.

Come, loud anthems let us fing, Loud thanks to our almighty king, For we our voices high should raise, When our salvation's rock we praise. Into his presence let us haste, To thank him for his favours past; To him address in joyful songs, The praise that to his name belongs.

3 For God the Lord, enthron'd in state, Is, with unrival'd glory, great:
A king superior far to all,
Whom by his title God we call.
4 The depths of earth are in his hand,
Her secret wealth at his command;
The strength of hills, that threat the skies,
Subjected to his empire lies.

5 The rolling ocean's vast abyss
By the same sovereign right is his:
"Tis mov'd by his almighty hand,
That form'd and fix'd the solid land.
6 Olet us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there:
Down on our knees devoutly all
Before the Lord our maker fall.

7 For he's our God, our shepherd he, His slock and pasture sheep are we. If then you'll (like his slock) draw near, To-day if you his voice will hear; 8 Let not your harden'd hearts renew Your father's crimes and judgments too; Nor here provoke my wrath, as they In defart plains of Meribah!

o When thro' the wilderness they mov'd, And me with fresh temptations prov'd: They still through unbelief, rebell'd, While they my wond'rous works beheld. 10,11 They forty years my patience griev'd, 'Tho' daily I their wants reliev'd. Then—'tis a stithless race I said, Whose heart from me has always stray'd;

They ne'er will tread my righteous path: Therefore to them in fettled wrath, Since they despis'd my rest I sware, That they should never enter there.

PSALM XCVI.

ING to the Lord a new-made fong;
Let earth in one affembled throng,
Her common patron's praise resound.
Sing to the Lord, and bless his name,
From day to day his praise proclaim,
Who us has with falvation crown'd.

3 To heathen lands his fame rehearse, His wonders to the universe.

4 He's great and greatly to be prais'd; In majesty and glory rais'd Above all other deities.

For pageantry and idols all

Arc

Are they whom Gods the heathen call;
He only rules who made the skies.
6 With majesty and honor crown'd,
Beauty and strength his throne surround;

7 Be therefore both to him reftor'd By you, who have false Gods ador'd

Afcribe due honor to his name; 8 Peace-off'rings on his altar lay, Before his throne your homage pay,

Which he, and he alone can claim.

To worship at his facred court,

o To worship at his facred court, Let all the trembling world resort.

10 Proclaim aloud, Jehovah reigns, Whose power the universe sustains,

And banish'd justice will restore.

11 Let therefore heav'n new joys confess,
And heav'nly mirth let earth express;

Its loud applause the ocean roar, Its mute inhabitants rejoice, And for this triumph find a Voice.

The chearful groves their tribute bring;

The tuneful choir of birds awake, 13 The Lord's approach to celebrate, Who now fets out with awful state,

His circuit through the earth to take. From heav'n to judge the world he's come

With justice to reward and doom.

P S A L M XCVII.

I EHOVΛΗ reigns, let all the earth
In his just government rejoice;
Let all the isles with facred mirth,
In his applause unite their voice.

P 2. 2 Darkness

- 2 Darkness and clouds of awful shade His dazling glory shroud in state; Justice and truth his guards are made, And six'd by his pavilion wait.
- 3 Devouring fire before his face
  His foes around with vengeance struck;
  4 His lightnings fet the world on blaze;
  Earth saw it and with terror shook.
  5 The proudest hills his presence felt,
  Their height norstrength could help afford,
  The proudest hills like wax did melt
  In presence of th' almighty Lord.
- 6 The heav'ns his righteousness to show, With storms of fire our foes pursu'd; And all the trembling world below, Have his destending glory view'd.
  7 Confounded be their impious host, Who make the Gods to whom they pray: All who of pageant idols boast; To him, ye Gods, your worship pay.
- 3 Glad Sion of thy triumph heard, And Judah's daughters were o'erjov'd; Because thy righteous judgments, Lord, Have pagan pride and pow'r destroy'd. 9 For thou, O God, art seated high, Above earth's potentates enthron'd: Thou, Lord, unrival'd in the sky, Supreme by all the Gods art own'd.
- Abhor what's ill, and truth efteem:
  He'll keep his fervants fouls entire,
  And them from wicked hands redeem.

A future harvest for the just;
And gladness for the heart upright,
To recompence its pious trust.

Rejoice, ye righteous, in the Lord;
Memorials of his holiness,
Deep in your faithful breasts record,
And with your thankful tongues confess.

P S A L M XCVIII.

Ing to the Lord a new-made fong, who wond'rous things has done:
With his right hand and holy arm,

the conquest he has won.

2 The Lord has through th' aftonish'd world display'd his faving might,

And made his righteous acts appear, in all the heathen's fight:

3 Of Isr'el's house his love and truth have ever mindful been; Wide earth's remotest parts the pow'r

of Isr'el's God have seen.

4 Let therefore earth's inhabitants their chearful voices raife,

And all with universal joy, resound their maker's praise.

5 With harps and hymns foft melody, into the confort bring,

6 The trumpet and shrill corner's found

before th' almighty king.

7 Let the loud ocean roar her joy, with all the feas contain;
The earth and her inhabitants join confort with the main.

8 With

8 With joy let riv'lets swell to streams, to spreading torrents they;

And ecchoing vales, from hill to hill, redoubled shouts convey;

9 To welcome down the world's great judge, who does with justice come, And with impartial equity,

and with impartial equity, both to reward and doom.

P S A L M XCIX.

I EHOVAH reigns, let therefore all the guilty nations quake;
On cherub's wings he fits enthron'd;
let earth's foundations shake.

2 On Sion's hill he keeps his court, his palace makes her tow'rs: Yet thence his fov'reignty extends

Yet thence his fov'reignty extend fupreme o'er earthly pow'rs.

3 Let therefore all with praise address his great and dreadful name,
And with his unresisted might his holiness proclaim.

4 For truth and justice in his reign, of strength and pow'r take place:

His judgments are with righteousness dispens'd to Jacob's race.

5 Therefore exalt the Lord our God, before his footstool fall;

And with his unrefifted might. his holiness extol.

6 Moses and Aaron thus of old, amongst his priests ador'd;

Amongst his prophets Samuel thus his facred name implor'd:

Distressa,

Diffres'd, upon the Lord they call'd, who ne'er their fuit deny'd; But, as with rev'rence they implor'd,

He graciously reply'd.

7 For with their camp, to guide their march the cloudy pillar mov'd:
They kept his laws, and to his will

obedient servants prov'd.

8 He answer'd them, forgiving oft his people for their fake;And those, who rashly them oppos'd, did fad examples make.

With worship at his facred courts exalt our God and Lord;

For he, who only holy is, alone should be ador'd.

## PSALM C.

To God their chearful voices raife; Glad homage pay with awful mirth, And fing before him fongs of praide.

Convinc'd that he is God alone, From whom both we and all proceed; We, whom he chuses for his own,

The flock which he vouchsafes to feed.

4 O enter then his temple gate, Thence to his courts devoutly prefs, And still your grateful hymns repeat, And still his name with praises bless. 5 For he's the Lord supremely good, His mercy is for ever sure; His truth, which all times firmly stood, To endless ages shall endure.

PSALM

PSALM CI.

F mercy's never-failing fpring, And stedfast judgment I will sing; And fince they both to thee belong, To thee, O Lord, address my song. 2 When, Lord, thou shalt with me reside, Wife discipline my reign shall guide; With blameless life myself I'll make A pattern for my court to take.

3 No ill defign will I purfue. Nor those my fav'rites make that do. 4 Who to reproof has no regard, Him will I totally discard. 5 The private flanderer shall be In public justice doom'd by me: From haughty looks I'll turn aside, And mortify the heart of pride.

6 But honesty, call'd from her cell, In splendor at my court shall dwell: Who virtue's practice make their care, Shall have the first preferments there. 7 No politicks shall recommend His countries foe to be my friend: None e'er shall to my favor rise By flatt'ring and malicious lies.

8 All those who wicked courses take, An early facrifice I'll make; Cut off, destroy, 'till none remain God's holy city to prophane.

PSALM CII. WHEN I pour out my foul in pray'r, do thou, O Lord, attend; To thy eternal throne of grace 2 0 let my fad cry afcend.

2 O hide not thou thy glorious face in times of deep diffress: Incline thine ear, and when I call, my forrow foon redress.

3 Each cloudy portion of my life like fcatter'd fmoke expires;

My shrivel'd bones are like a hearth, that's parch'd with constant fires.

4 My heart like grass that feels the blast of some infectious wind,

Does languish so with grief, that scarce my needful food I mind.

5 By reason of my sad estate
I spend my breath in groans;
My slesh is worn away, my skin
scarce hides my starting bones.

6 I'm like a pelican become, that does in defarts mourn:

Or like an owl that fits all day on barran trees forlorn.

7 In watchings or in restless dreams the night by me is spent,

As by those folitary birds, that lonesome roofs frequent.

8 All day by railing foes I'm made the subject of their scorn;

Who all posses'd with furious rage, have my destruction sworn.

9 When grov'ling on the ground I lie, oppress'd with grief and fears,

My bread it strew'd with ashes o'er, my drink is mix'd with tears.

10 Becaufe

10 Because on me with double weight thy heavy wrath doth lie: For thou to make my fall more great; didst lift me up on high.

are like an ev'ning fhade:
My beauty does, like wither'd grafs,
with waning lustre fade.

But thy eternal state, O Lord,

no length of time shall waste:
The mem'ry of thy wond'rous works,
from age to age shall last.

13 Thou shalt arise, and Sion view with an unclouded face:
For now her time, is come, thy own appointed day of grace.

it Her featter'd ruins by thy faints with pity are furvey'd:

They grieve to fee her lofty fpires in dust and rubbish laid.

15, 16 The name and glory of the Lord all heathen kings shall fear;
When he shall Sion build again, and in full state appear.

17, 18 When he regards the poor's request, nor flights their earnest pray'r;
Our sons for this recorded grace,

shall his just praise declare.

19 For God from his abode on high, his gracious beams difplay'd; The Lord, from heav'n, his lofty throne, hath all the earth furvey'd.

20 He

20 He listen'd to the captives moans, he heard their mournful cry, And freed by his resistless pow'r, the wretches doom'd to die.

21 That they in Sion, where he dwells, might celebrate his fame,
And through the holy city fing

loud praises to his name.

22 When all the tribes affembling there, their folemn vows address,

And neighb'ring lands with glad confent the Lord their God confess.

23 But e'er my race is run, my strength through his sierce wrath decays; He has, when all my wishes bloom'd, cut short my hopeful days.

24 Lord, end not thou my life, faid I,
When half is fearcely past:

Thy years from worldly changes free to endless ages last.

25 The strong foundations of the earth of old by thee were laid;

Thy hands, the beautious arch of heav'n with wond'rous skill have made:

26, 27 Whilst thou for ever shalt endue, they foon shall pass away;

And like a garment often worn, shall tarnish and decay.

Like that, when thou ordain's their change, to thy command they bend;
But thou continu's fill the same, nor have thy years an end.

28 Thou

28 Thou to the children of thy faints, fhall lafting quiet give; Whose happy race securely fix'd, shall in thy presence live.

P S. A L M CIII.

Y foul, inspir'd with facred love,
God's holy name for ever bless:
Of all his favors mindful prove,
And still thy grateful thanks express.
3, 4 'Tis he that all my fins forgives,
And after sickness makes me found;
From danger he my life retrieves,
By him with grace and mercy crown'd.

5,6 He with good things my mouth supplies, My vigor, eagle-like, renews:
He, when the guiltless suffer receis,
His foc with just revenge pursues.
7 God made of old his righteous ways
To Moses and our fathers known;
His works to his eternal praise,
Were to the sons of Jacob shown.

The Lord abounds with tender love,
And unexampled acts of grace;
His waken'd wrath does flowly move,
His willing morey flows apace.
9, 10 God will not always harfhly chide,
But with his anger quickly part;
And loves his punishments to guide,
More by his love than our defert.

As high as heav'n its arch extends Above this little fpot of clay; So much his boundless love transcends The small respects that we can pay.

12, 13 As

12, 13 As far as 'tis from east to west, So for has he our fins remov'd, Who with a father's tender breast Has such as fear'd him always lov'd.

14, 15 For God, who all our frame furveys, Confiders that we are but clay:
How fresh soe'er we seem, our days
Like grass or flower's must fade away:
16,17 Whilst they are nipt with sudden blass,
Nor can we find their former place;
God's faithful mercy ever lasts,
To those that fear him, and their race.

18 This shall attend on such as still Proceed in his appointed way;
And who not only know his will,
But to it just obedience pay.
16, 20 The Lord, the universal king,
In heav'n has fix'd his lofty throne:
To him, ye angles, praises sing,
In whose great strength his pow'r is shown.

Ye that his just commands obey,
And hear and do his facred will;
21 Ye hosts of his this tribute pay,
Who still what he ordains sulfil.
22 Let ev'ry creature jointly bless
The mighty Lord: and thou, my heart,
With grateful joy thy thanks express,
And in this confort bear thy part.

P S A L M CIV.

B LESS God, my foul; thou, Lord, alone Possessest empire without bounds, With honor thou art crown'd, thy throne Eternal majesty surrounds.

2 With

2 With light thou dost thyself enrobe, And glory for a garment take: Heavens curtains stretch beyond the globe, Thy canopy of state to make.

3 God builds on liquid air and forms His palace chambers in the skies; The clouds his chariots are, and storms The swift-wing'd steeds with which he slies. 4 As bright as slame, as swift as wind, His ministers heav'n's palace fill, 'To have their sundry tasks assign'd: All proud to serve their sov'reigns will.

5, 6 Earth on her centre fix'd he fet, Her face with waters overspread; Nor proudest mountains dar'd as yet, To lift above the waves their head. 7 But when thy awful face appear'd, Th' infulting waves dispers'd; they sled, When once thy thunder's voice they heard, And by their haste confess'd their dread.

8 Thence up by fecret tracks they creep, And gushing from the mountain's side, Thro' vallies travel to the deep, Appointed to receive their tide. 9 There hast thou is 'd the ocean's bounds The threating surges to repel; That they no more o'erpass their bounds, Nor to a second deluge swell.

PART II.

The fea recovers her loft hills; And flarting springs from ev'ry lawn, Surprize the vales with plenteous rills. The fields tame beafts are thither led, Weary with labour, faint with drought; And affes on wild mountains bred, Have fense to find these currents out.

12There shady trees from scorching beams, Yield shelter to the feather'd throng; They drink, and to the bounteous streams Return the tribute of their song.
13His rains from heav'n parch'd hills recruit That soon transmit the liquid store; 'Till earth is burthen'd with her fruit, And nature's lap can hold no more.

14 Grafs, for our cattle to devour, He makes the growth of ev'ry field; Herbs for man's use, of various pow'r, That either food or physick yield. 15 With cluster'd grapes he crowns the vine, To chear man's heart opprest with cares, Gives oil that makes his face to shine; And corn, that wasted strength repairs.

PART III.

16 The trees of God, without the care Or art of man, with fap are fed; The mountain cedar looks as fair, As those in royal garden's bred.

17 Safe in the losty cedar's arms
The wand'rers of the air may rest;
The hospitable pine from harms
Protects the stork, her pious guest.

18 Wild goats the craggy rock ascend, Its tow'ring heights their fortress make, Whose cells in labyrinths extend, Where feebler creatures refuge take.

2 2 10 The

The moon's inconftant aspect shows Th' appointed seasons of the year; Th' instructed sun his duty knows, His hours to rise and disappear.

20 Darkness he makes the earth to shroud, When forrest beasts securely stray; Young lions roar their wants aloud To Providence that sends them prey.
22 They range all night, on slaughter bent, 'Till summon'd by the rising morn, To skulk in dens, with one consent, The conscious ravagers return.

The husbandman securely goes,
Commencing with the sun his toil,
With him returns to his repose.
24 How various. Lord, thy works are found,
For which thy wisdom we adore!
The earth is with thy treasure crown'd,
'Till nature's hand can grasp no more.

P. A. R. T. IV.

25 But still, the vast unfathom'd main Of wonders a new scene supplies, Whose depths inhabitants contain, Of ev'ry form and ev'ry fize.
26 Full-freighted ships from ev'ry port, There cut their unmolested way; Leviathan, whom there to sport Thou mad'st, his compass there to play.

27 These various troops of sea and land, In sense of common want agree: All wait on thy dispensing hand, And have their daily alms from thee.

28 They

28 They gather what thy stores disperse, Without their trouble to provide; Thou op'st thy hand, the universe, The craving world is all supply'd.

29 Thou for a moment hid'st thy face,
The num'rous ranks of creatures mourn;
Thou tak'st their breath, all nature's race
Forthwith to mother-earth return.
30 Again thou send'st thy spirit forth,
T' inspire the mass with vital feed;
Nature's restor'd, and parent-earth
Smiles on her new-created breed.

31 Thus through fucceffive ages flands
Firm fix'd thy providential care;
Pleas'd with the work of thy own hands,
Thou doft the wastes of time repair.
32 One look of thine, one wrathful look,
Earth's panting breast with terror fills;
One touch from thee, with clouds of smoak
In darkness shrouds the proudest hills.

33 In praising God, while he prolongs
My breath, I will that breath employ;
34 And join devotion to my fongs
Sincere, as in him is my joy.
35 While finners from earth's face are hurl'd,
My foul, praise thou his holy name,
'Till with my fong, the list'ning world
Join consort, and his praise proclaim.

P S A L M CV.

Render thanks and bless the Lord, invoke his facred name;
Acquaint the nations with his deeds, his matchless deeds proclaim.

2 Sing

2 Sing to his praise, in lofty hymns his wond'rous works rehearse; Make them the theme of your discourse, and subject of your verse.

3 Rejoice in his almighty name, alone to be ador'd;

And let their hearts o'erflow with joy, that humbly feek the Lord.

4 Seek ye the Lord, his faving strength devoutly still implore;

And where he's ever present, seek his face for evermore.

5 The wonders that his hands have wrought, keep thankfully in mind;

The righteous statutes of his mouth, and laws to us affign'd.

6 Know ye his fervant Abr'am's feed, and Jacob's chosen race,

7 He's still our God, his judgments still throughout the earth take place.

8 His cov'nant he hath kept in mind for num'rous ages past,

Which yet for thousand ages more, in equal force shall last.

9 First sign'd to Abr'am, next by oath to Isaac made secure:

10 To Jacob and his heirs a law for ever to endure:

That Canaan's land should be their lot, when yet but few they were:

12 But few in number, and those few all friendless strangers there.

13 Im

13 In pilgrimage, from realm to realm, fecurely they remov'd;

14 Whilst proudest monarchs for their sake, feverely he reprov'd:

"These mine anointed are, said he, let none my servants wrong,

"Nor treat the poorest prophet ill
"that does to me belong."

16 A dearth at last, by his command, did through the land prevail:

Till corn, the chief support of life, fustaining corn did fail.

17 But his indulgent providence had pious Joseph sent, Sold into Egypt, but their death

who fold him to prevent.

18 His feet with heavy chains were c

18 His feet with heavy chains were crush'd, with calumny his fame:

19 'Till God's appointed time and word to his deliv'rance came.

20 The king his fov'reign order fent, and refcu'd him with speed;
Whom private malice had confin'd, the people's ruler freed.

21 His court, revenues, realms, were all

fubjected to his will;

22 His greatest princes to controul, and teach his statesmen skill.

P A R T II.

23 To Egypt then, invited guefts, half-famish'd Isr'el came;
And Jacob held, by royal grant,

the fertile foil of Ham.

24 Th' Almighty there with fuch increase his people multiply'd,

'Till with their proud oppressors they in strength and number vie'd;

25 Their vast increase th' Egyptian hearts, with jealous anger fir'd,

'Till they his fervants to destroy by treach'rous arts conspir'd.

26 His servant Moses then he sent, his chosen Aaron too:

- 27 Impower'd with figns and miracles to prove their mission true.
- 28 He call'd for darkness, darkness came, nature his summons knew;

29 Each stream and lake transform'd to the wand'ring fishes slew. [blood,

30 In putrid floods throughout the land, the pest of frogs was bred:

From noisome fens sent up to croak at Pharoah's board and bed.

31 He gave the fign, and fwarms of flies came down in cloudy hofts;

Whilft earth's enliven'd dust below, bred lice through all their coasts.

32 He fent them batt'ring hail for rain, and fire for cooling dew.

33 He smote their vines and forest plants, and garden's pride o'erthrew.

34 He fpake the word, and locusts came, and caterpillars join'd;

They prey'd upon the poor remains the storm had left behind.

35 From

35 From trees to herbage they descend, no verdant thing they spare; But like the naked fallow field, leave all the pastures bare.

36 From fields to villages and towns, commission'd vengeance slew, One fatal stroke their eldest hopes

and strength of Egypt slew.

37 He brought his fervants forth, enrich'd with Egypt's borrow'd wealth; And, what transcends all treasures else, enrich'd with vig'rous health.

38 Egypt rejoyc'd, in hopes to find her plagues with them remov'd; Taught dearly now to fear-worse ills, by those already prov'd.

39 Their shrouding canopy by day a journeying cloud was foread;

A fiery pillar all the night their defart marches led.

40 They long'd for flesh; with ev'ning He furnish'd ev'ry tent : [quails From heav'n's own granary, each morn,

the bread of angels sent.

41 He smotethe rock; whose flinty breast pour'd forth a gushing tide,

Whose flowing stream, where'er they march'd the defart's drought supply'd.

42 For still he did on Abr'am's faith and antient league reflect:

43 He brought his people forth with joy, with triumph his elect.

PSALIM CV, CVI.

44 Quite rooting out their heathen foes from Canaan's fertile foil, To them in cheap possession gave the fruit of others toil:

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45 That they his flatutes might observe. his facred laws obey. For benefits fo vaft, let us our fongs of praise repay. PSALM CVI.

Render thanks to God above. The fountain of eternal love; Whose mercy firm through ages past Has stood, and shall forever last. 2 Who can his mighty deeds express, Not only vast, but numberless? What mortal eloquence can raife. His tribute of immortal praise?

3 Happy are they, and only they. Who from thy judgments never stray: Who know what's right; not only fo. But always practice what they know. 4 Extend to me that favor Lord, Thou to thy chosen dost afford: When thou return'st to set them free, Let thy falvation vifit me.

5 O may I worthy prove to fee Thy faints in full prosperity; That I the joyful choir may join, And count thy people's triumph mine. 6 Butah! can we expect fuch grace, Of parents vile, the viler race; Who their misdeeds have acted o'er, And with new crimes increas'd the score?

7 Ingrateful

7 Ingrateful! they no longer thought On all his works in Egypt wrought; The red fea they no fooner view'd; But they their base distrust renew'd. 8 Yet he, to vindicate his name, Once more to their deliv'rance came, To make his sov'reign pow'r be known, That he is God, and he alone.

To right and left, at his command, The parting deep disclos'd her sand; Where sirm and dry the passage lay, As through some parch'd and desart way, to Thus rescu'd from their soes they were, Who closely press'd upon their rear, II Whose rage pursu'd'em to those waves, That prov'd the rash pursuers graves.

12 The watry mountains fudden fall O'erwhelm'd proud Pharoah, hoft and all. This proof did ftupid Isr'el move To own God's truth, and praise his love.

PART II.

13 But soon these wonders they forgot, And for his council waited not; 14 But lusting in the wilderness, Did him with fresh temptations press. 15 Strong food at their request he sent, But made their sin their punishment. 16 Yet still his saints they did oppose, The priest and prophet whom he chose.

17 But earth, the quarrel to decide, Her vengeful jaws extended wide, Rash Dathan to her centre drew, With proud Abiram's factious crew.

R

194 I S A L M CVI

18 The rest of those who did conspire To kindle wild sedition's fire, With all their impious train became A prey to heav'n's devouring slame.

19 NearHoreb's mount a calf they made, And to the molten image pray'd; 20 Adoring what their hands did frame, 'They chang'd their glory to their shame. 21 Their God and saviour they forgot, And all his works in Egypt wrought; 22 His signs in Ham's astonish'd coast, And where proudPharaoh's troops were lost.

23Thus urg'd, his vengeful hand he rear'd, But Moses in the breach appear'd; 'The faint did for the rebels pray, And turn'd heav'n's kindled wrath away. 24, 25 Yet they his pleasant land despis'd, Nor his repeated promise priz'd, Nor did th' almighty's voice obey; But when God said, go up, would stay.

26,27 This feal'd their doom, without redrefs To perish in the wilderness; Or else to be by heathen hands
O'erthrown and scatter'd thro' the lands.

PART III.

28 Yet unreclaim'd this stubborn race Baal Peor's worship did embrace; Became his impious guests, and fed On facrifices to the dead.
29 Thus they persisted to provoke God's vengeance to the final stroke. 'Tis come:—the deadly pest is come To execute their gen'ral doom.

30 But

P S A L IVI CVI.

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30 But Phinehas fir'd with holy rage, (Th' almighty's vengeance to affuage) Did, by two bold offenders fall, Th' atonement make that ranfom'd all. 31 As him a heav'nly zeal had mov'd, So heav'n the zealous act approv'd; To him confirming, and his race, The priefthood he fo well did grace.

32 At Meribah God's wrath they mov'd, Who Moses for their sakes reprov'd; 33 Whose patient soul they did provoke, Till rashly the meek prophet spoke. 34 Nor when posses'd of Canaan's land, Did they perform their Lord's command, Nor his commission'd sword employ 'The guilty nations to destroy.

35 Nor only spar'd the Pagan crew, But mingling learnt their vices too; 36 And worship to those idols paid, Which them to fatal snares betray'd. 37, 38 To devil's they did sacrifice Their children with relentless eyes; Approach'd their altars thro' a flood Of their own sons and daughters blood.

No cheaper victims would appeale Canaan's remorfeless deities; No blood her idols reconcile, But that which did the land defile. P A R T IV.

39 Nor did these savage cruelties
The harden'd reprobates suffice;
For after their hearts lusts they went,
And daily did new crimes invent.

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40 But fins of fuch infernal hue God's wrath against his people drew; 'Till he, their once indulgent Lord, His own inheritance abhor'd.

41 He them defenceless did expose
'To their insulting heathen foes;
And made them on the triumphs wait,
Of those who bore them greatest hate.
42 Nor thus his indignation ceas'd;
Their list of tyrants he increas'd,
'Till they, who God's mild sway declin'd,
Were made the vassals of mankind.

43 Yet, when diffres'd they did repent, His anger did as oft relent:
But freed, they did his wrath provoke, Renew'd their fins, and he their yoke.
44 Nor yet implacable he prov'd, Nor heard their wretched cries unmov'd;
45 But did to mind his promise bring, And mercy's inexhausted spring.

49 Compassion too he did impart, Ey'n to their foes obdurate heart, And pity for their suff'rings bred In those who them to bondage led. 47 Still save us, Lord, and Isr'el's bands Together bring from heathen lands; So to thy name our thanks we'll raise, And ever triumph in thy praise.

48 Let Ifr'el's God be ever bles'd,
His name eternally confes'd:
Let all his faints with full accord
Sing loud Amens.—Praise ye the Lord.

P S A L M

PSALM CVII.

Who doth your duly putron proves
And let your never-ceasing praise
Attend on his eternal love.

2, 3 Let those give thanks, whom he from
Of proud oppressing foes released; [bands,

And brought them back from distant lands,

From northand fouth, and west and east.

4,5 Through lonely defart ways they went Nor could a peopled city find:

Fill quite with thirst and hunger spent, Their fainting soul within them pin'd.

6 Then soon to God's indulgent ear Did they their mournful cry address; Who graciously vouchsas'd to hear, And freed them from their deep distress.

9 From crooked paths he led them forth, And in the certain way did guide. To wealthy towns of great refort, Where all their wants were well fupply'd. 3 O then that all the earth, with me, Would God for this his goodness praise! And for the mighty works which he Throughout the wond'ring world displays?

o For he from heav'n the fad effate.
Of longing fouls with pity views.
To hungry fouls that pant for meat,
His goodness daily food renews.

PARK H

In death's uncomfortable shade; And with unweildy fetters bound, By pressing cares more heavy made.

R 2

11, 12 Because

11, 12 Because God's council they defy'd And lightly priz'd his holy word, With these afflictions they were try'd: They fell and none could help afford.

Did they their mournful cry address; Who graciously vouchfaf'd to hear, And freed them from their deep distress. 14 From dismal dungeons, dark as night, And shades as black as death's abode, He brought them forth to chearful light, And welcome liberty bestow'd.

Would God for this his goodness praise!
And for the mighty works which he
Throughout the wond'ring world displays;
16 For he with his almighty hand,
The gates of brass in pieces broke:
Nor could the massy bars withstand,
Or temper'd freel resist his stroke.

PART HI.

17 Remorfeless wretches, void of sense, With bold transgressions God defy; And for their multiply'd offence, Oppress'd with fore diseases lie: 13 Their soul, a prey to pain and fear, Abhors to taste the choicest meats; And they by faint degrees draw near To death's inhospitable gates.

Then strait to God's indulgent ear, Do they their mournful cry address; Who graciously vouchfafes to hear, And frees them from their deep distress.

20 He

20 He all their fad distempers heals, His word both health and safety gives; And when all human succour fails, From near destruction them retrieves.

21 O then that all the earth, with me, Would God for this his goodness praise! And for the mighty works which he Throughout the wond'ring world displays; 22 With off'rings let his altar flame, Whilst they their grateful thanks express, And with loud joy his holy name For all his acts of wonder bless!

PART IV.

23,24 They that in ships, with courage bold, O'er swelling waves their trade pursue, Do God's amazing works behold, And in the deep his wonders view.
25 No sooner his command is past, But forth the dreadful tempest slies, Which sweeps the seas with rapid haste, And makes the stormy billows raise.

26 Sometimes the ships toss'd up to heav'n, On tops of mountain waves appear; Then down the steep abys are driv'n, Whilst ev'ry soul dissolves with fear.

27 They reel and stagger to and fro, Like men with sumes of wine oppress'd; Nor do the skilful seamen know Which way to steer, what course is best.

28 Then straight to God's indulgent ear They do their mournful cry address; Who graciously vouchsafes to hear, And frees them from their deep distress.

29, 30 He

t is Ar is ar call.

29, 30 He does the raging from appelle, And makes the billows call and full; With joy they see their fury sease, And their intended course, fulfil.

31 O then that all the earth, with me, Would God for this his goodness praile! And for the mighty works which he Throughout the wond'ring world displays! 32 Let them, where all the tribes refort, Advance to heav'n his glorious name, And in the elders sov'reign court With one consent his praise proclaim!

## PART V.

33,34A fruitful land, where streams abound, God's just revenge, if people sin, Will turn to dry and barren ground To punish those that dwell therein. 35,36 The parch'd and defart heath he makes To slow with streams and springing wells, Which for his lot the hungry takes, And in strong cities safely dwells.

37,38He fows the field, the vineyard plants, Which gratefully his toil repay; in Nor can, whilit God his bleffing grants, His fruitful feed or stock decay.
30But when his fins heav'n's wrath provoke His health and substance fade away; He feels th' oppreffors galling yoke, And is of grief the wretched prey.

40 Theprince that flights what God commands Expos'd to foorn, must quit the throne; And over wild and defart lands, Where no path offers, stray alone.

41 Whilft

41 Whilst God, from all afflicting cares, Sets up the humble man on high; And makes in time his num'rous heirs With his increasing flocks to vie.

42,43 'Then finners shall have nought to say, The just a decent joy shall show; The wise the strange events shall weigh, And thence God's goodness fully know.

## PSALM CVIII.

GOD, my heart is fully bent, to magnify thy name;
My tongue with chearful fongs of praife fhall celebrate thy fame.

2 Awake, my lute; nor thou, my harp

thy warbling notes delay;

Whilst I with early hymns of joy prevent the dawning day.

3 To all the list'ning tribes, O Lord, thy wonders I will tell, And to those nations sing thy praise

that round about us dwell;

4 Because thy mercy's boundless height the highest heav'n transcends,

And far beyond th' aspiring clouds, thy faithful truth extends.

5 Be thou, O God, exalted high above the starry frame,

And let the world, with one confent, confess thy glorious name.

6 That all thy chosen people thee

their faviour may declare; Let thy right hand protect me still, and answer thou my pray'r.

7 Since

7 Since God himfelf has faid the word, whose promise cannot fail,
With joy I Sichem will divide,
and measure Succoth's vale;

8 Gilead is mine, Manasseh too, and Ephraim owns my cause: Their strength my regal pow'r supports,

Their strength my regal pow'r supports, and Judah gives my laws.

 9 Moab I'll make my fervile drudge, on vanquish'd Edom tread;
 And through the proud Palestine lands, my conqu'ring banners spread.
 10 By whose support and aid shall I

their well-fenc'd city gain? Who will my troops fecurely lead thro? Edom's guarded plain?

11 Lord, wilt not thou affift our arms, which late thou didft forfake?
And wilt not thou, of these our hosts, once more the guidance take?

12 O to thy fervants in diffress, thy speedy succour send; For vain it is on suman aid for safety to depend.

13 Then valiant acts shall we perform, if thou thy pow'r disclose; For God it is, and God alone, that treads down all our focs

#### PSALM CIX.

GOD, whose former mercies make my constant praise thy due, Hold not thy peace, but my sad state with wonted favor view. 2 For finful men with lying lips, deceitful speeches frame, And with their study'd slanders feek, to wound my spotless fame.

3 Their restless hatred prompts them still malicious lies to spread;

And all against my life combine, by causeless fury led.

4 Those whom with tend'rest love I us'd, my chief opposers are;
Whilst I, of other friends berest,

refort to thee by pray'r.

5 Since mischief, for the good I did, their strange reward does prove; And hatred's the return they make for undissembled love:

6 Their guilty leader shall be made to some ill man a flave:

And when he's try'd, his mortal foe for his accuser have.

7 His guilt, when fentence is pronounc'd, fhall meet a dreadful fate,

Whilft his rejected pray'r but ferves his crimes to aggravate.

8 He, fnach'd by fome untimely fate, fhan't live out half his days:

Another by divine decree, fhall on his office feize.

9, 10 His feed shall orphans be, his wife a widow plung'd in grief:

His vagrant children beg their bread, where none can give relief.

11 His

11 His ill got riches shall be made to usurers a prey; The fruit of all his toll shall be by strangers born away.

12 None shall be found that to his wants their mercy will extend,

Or to his helpless orphan seed the least affistance lend.

13 A swift destruction soon shall seize on his unhappy race;

And the next age his hated name shall utterly deface.

14 The vengeance of his father's fins, upon his head shall fall; God on his mother's crimes shall think,

and punish him for all.

15 All these in horrid order rank'd, before the Lord shall stand, 'Till his fierce anger quite cuts off their mem'ry from the land.

PART II.

16 Because he never mercy shew'd, but still the poor oppress'd; And fought to flay the helpless man, with heavy woes distress'd.

17 Therefore the curse he lov'd to vent, shall his own portion prove;

And bleffing, which he still abhor'd, shall far from him remove.

18 Since he in curfing took fuch pride, like water it shall spread

Thro' all his veins, and stick like oil with which his bones are fed.

19 This,

This, like a poifon'd robe, shall still his constant cov'ring be;
Or an envenom'd belt, from which he never shall be free.

20 Thus shall the Lord reward all those, that ill to me design;
That with malicious said reports against my life combine.

21 But for thy glorious name, O God, do thou deliver me;

And for thy gracious mercy's fake, preserve and set me free:

22 For I, to utmost straits reduc'd, am void of all relief;
My heart is wounded with distress, and quite pierc'd thro' with grief.
23 I, like an ev'ning shade, decline, which vanishes apace:
Like locales up and down I'm tos'd.

Like locusts up and down I'm tos'd, and have no certain place.

24, 25 My knees with fasting are grown my body lank and lean; [weak All that behold me shake their heads, and treat me with disdain.

26, 27 But for thy mercies fake, O Lord, do thou my foes withfrand; That all may fee 'tis thy own act, the work of thy right-hand.

28 Then let them curfe, so thou but bless; let shame the portion be
Of all that my destruction feek,
while I rejoice in thee.

200. I b II II iii cix, cx,

29 My foe shall with disgrace be cloath'd, and spite of all his pride,
His own confusion, like a cloak,
the guilty wretch shall hide.

30 But I to God, in grateful thanks, my chearful voice will raife; And where the great affembly meets,

fet forth his noble praise.

31 For him the poor shall always find their fure and constant friend; And he shall from unrighteous dooms

their guiltless fouls defend.

P S A L M CX.

HE Lord unto my Lord thus fpake,
"'Till I thy foes thyfootftool make,
"Sit thou in ftate, at my right-hand:

2 "Supreme in Sion thou shalt be, "And all thy proud oppressors see

" And all thy proud oppressors see "Subjected to thy just command.

3" Thee, in thy pow'r's triumphant day, "The willing nations shall obey;

"And when thy rifing beams they view, "Shall all (redeem'd from error's night)

"Appear as numberless and bright
"As crystal drops of morning dew."

4 The Lord hath fworn, nor fworn in vain, That like Melchifedech's, thy reign And priefthood shall no period know:

5 No proud competitor to fit

At thy right-hand will he permit; But in his wrath crown'd heads o'erthrow.

6 The fentene'd heathen he shall slay, And fill with carcasses his way,

Till

'Till he hath struck earth's tyrants dead:
7 But in the high-way brooks shall first,
Like a poor pilgrim slake his thirst,
And then in triumph raise his head.

P S A L M CXI.

Raife ye the Lord; our God to praise
My foul her utmost pow'rs shall raise,
With private friends, and in the throng
Of saints, his praise shall be my fong.
His works, for greatness the renown'd,
His wond'rous works with case are found
By those who seek for them aright,
And in the pious search delight.

3 His works are all of matchless same, And universal glory claim; His truth confirm'd thro' ages past, Shall to eternal ages last. 4 By precept he has us enjoin'd, To keep his wond'rous works in mind; And to posterity record, That good and gracious is our Lord.

5 His bounty, like a flowing tide, Has all his fervant's wants fupply'd; And he will ever keep in mind, His cov'nant with our father's fign'd, 6 At once aftonish'd and e'erjoy'd, They saw his matchless pow'r employ'd; Whereby the heathen were suppress'd, And we their heritage possess'd.

7 Just are the dealings of his hands, Immutable are his commands, 8 By truth and equity sustain'd, And for eternal rules ordain'd, 9 He fet his faints from bondage free, And then establish'd his decree, For ever to remain the same; Holy and rev'rend is his name.

Nut with the fear of God begin; Immortal praise and heavinly skill Have they who know and do his will.

## PSALM CXII.

HALLELUJAH.

1 HAT man is bleft who ftands in awe
Of God, and loves his facred law:
2 His feed on earth shall be renown'd.
And with succeffive honours crown'd.
3 His house, the feat of wealth, shall be
An inexhausted treasury;
His justice, free from all decay.
Shall blefsings to his heirs convey.

4 The foul that's fill'd with virtue's light, Shines brightest in affliction's night:
To pity the distress'd inclin'd,
As well as just to all mankind.
5 His lib'ral favours he extends,
To some he gives, to others lends:
Yet what his charity impairs,
He saves by prudence in affairs.

6 Befet with threatning dangers round; Unmov'd shall he maintain his ground; The sweet remembrance of the just Shall slourish when he sleeps in dust.
7 Ill tidings never can surprize His heart that fix'd on God relies:
8 On safety's rock he sits, and sees The shipwreck of his enemies.
9 His

r' 5 At L. Br CXII, CXIII.

9 His hands, while they his alms bestow'd His glory's future harvest sow'd, Whence he shall reap wealth, same, renown,. A temp'ral and eternal crown.
10 The wicked shall his triumph see, And gnash their teeth in agony; While their unrighteous hopes decay, And vanish with themselves away.

## PSALM CXIII.

The triumphs of his name record.
The triumphs of his name record.
His facred name for ever blefs.
Where-e'er the circling fun displays.
His rising beams or setting rays,
Due praise to his great name address.

4 God thro' the world extends his fway; The regions of eternal day,

But shadows of his glory are.
5. To him, whose Majesty excels,
Who made the heav'n in which he dwells,,
Let no created pow'r compare.

6 Though 'tis beneath his state to view In highest heav'n what angels do,
Yet he to earth vouchsafes his care:
He takes the needy from his cell,
Advancing him in courts to dwell,
Companion to the greatest there.

7 When childless families despair, He sends the blessing of an heir, To rescue their expiring name: Makes her that barren was to bear, And joyfully her fruit to rear: O then extol his matchless fame!

S 2 P S A L M27

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# PSALM CXIV:

HEN Ifr'el by th' almighty led,
(Enrich'd with their oppreffors spoil)
From Egypt march'd, and Jacob's feed.
From bondage in a foreign soil;
2 Jehovah, for his residence,
Chose out imperial Judah's tent,
His mansson royal and from thence
Thro' Isr'el's camp his orders sent.

3 The distant sea with terror saw,
And from th' almighty's presence sied;
Old Jordan's streams surpriz'd with awe,
Retreated to their sountain's head.
4 The taller mountains skipp'd like rams,
When danger near the fold they hear;
The hills skipp'd after them like lambs
Affrighted by their leader's fear.

5 O fea, what made-your tide withdraw, And naked leave your oozy bed? Why Jordan against nature's law, Recoild'st thou to thy fountain's head; 6 Why mountains did ye skip like rams, When danger does approach the fold? Why after you the hills like lambs, When they their leader's flight behold?

7 Earth tremble on: well may'ft thou fear Thy Lord and maker's face to fee: When Jacob's awful God draws near, 'Tis time for earth and feas to flee.

8 To flee from God, who nature's law Confirms and cancels at his will? Who fprings from flinty rocks can draw, And thirsty vales with water fill.

P S A L M

PSALMCXV. I ORD, not to us, we claim no here, but to thy facred name (13) Give glory, for thy morey's fake? more

2 Why should the heathen cry, where 3 now the God whom we adore? The 180 Sun 190

3 Convince them that in heav'n thou art, and uncontroul'd thy pow'r.

4 Their Gods but gold and filver are, the works of mortal hands;

With speechless mouth, and fightless eyes, the molten idol stands.

6 The pageant has both ears and nofe, but neither hears nor smells;

7 Its hands and feet nor feel, nor move; nor life within it dwells.

8 Such senseless stocks they are, that we can nothing like them find;

But those who on their help rely, and them for Gods defign'd.

9 O Isr'el, make the Lord your trust, who is your help and fhield;

10 Priests, Levities, trust in him alone, who only help can yield.

11 Let all, who truly fear the Lord, on him their fear rely;

Who them in danger can defend, and all their wants supply

12, 13 Of us he oft has mindful been, and Isr'el's house will bless;

Priests, Levites, Proselytes, ev'n all who his great name confess.

14 On you, and on your heirs he will increase of bleffings bring:

15 Thrice happy you, who fav'rites are

of this almighty king.

16 Heav'ns higheft orb of glory, he his empire's feat defin'd;

And gave this lower globe of earth

And gave this lower globe of earth a portion to mankind.

17 They who in death and filence fleep to him no praise afford:

18 But we will bless for evermore

our ever-living Lord.

P S A L M CXVI.

Y Soul, with grateful thot's of love intirely is possest,

Because the Lord vouchsaf'd to hear

the voice of my request.

2 Since he has now his ear inclin'd,
I never will despair;
But trill in all the traits of life

But still in all the straits of life to him address my pray'r.

3 With deadly forrows compass'd round, with pains of hell oppress'd; When troubles seiz'd my aking heart,

and anguish rack'd my breast:

4 On God's almighty name I call'd, and thus to him I pray'd;

" Lord I befreech thee, fave my foul with forrows quite difmay'd:

5, 6 How just and merciful is God! how gracious is the Lord!

Who faves the harmless, and to me does timely help afford.

7 Then.

7 Then free from pensive cares, my foul resume thy wonted rest;
For God has wond'rously to thee his bounteous love exprest.

8 When death alarm'd me, he remov's my danger and my fears:

My feet from falling he fecur'd, and dry'd my eyes from tears.

9 Therefore my life's remaining years, which God to me shall lend,

Will I in praises to his name, and in his service spend.

10, 11 In God I trusted, and of him in greatest straits did boast; (For in my flight all hopes of aid from faithless men were lost:)

12, 13 Then what return to him shall I for all his goodness make?

I'll praise his name, and with glad zeal the cup of blessing take.

14, 15 I'll pay my vows amongst his faints, whose blood (howe'er despis'd By wicked men) in God's account

is always highly priz'd.

16 By various ties, O Lord, must I

to thy dominion bow, Thy humble handmaid's fon before, thy ranfom'd captive now.

17, 18 To thee I'll off'rings bring of praise; and whilst I bless thy name,
The just performance of my vows to all thy saints proclaim.

19 They

19 They in Jerusalem shall meet, and in thy house shall join,
To bless thy name with one consent, and mix their songs with mine.

P S A L M CXVII.

1 Ith chearful notes let all the earth to heav'n their voices raise:
Let all, inspir'd with godly mirth,
sing solemn hymns of praise.
2 God's tender mercy knows no bound,
his truth shall ne'er decay;
Then let the willing nations round,

Then let the willing nations round, their grateful tribute pay.

P S A L M CXVIII.

Praise the Lord, for he is good,
his mercies ne'er decay:
That his kind favors ever last,
let thankful 1622 for

let thankful Isr'el say.

3, 4 Their fense of his eternal-love, let Aaron's house express;
And that it never fails, let all that fear the Lord, confess.

5 To God I made my humble moan, with troubles quite oppress;

And he releas'd me from my straits, and granted my request.

6 Since therefore God does on my fide fo graciously appear,

Why should the vain attempts of men possess my soul with fear?

7 Since God with those that aid my cause vouchsafes my part to take, To all my foes, I need not doubt,

a just return to make.

8, 9 For

 For better 'tis to trust in God, and have the Lord our friend,
 Than on the greatest human pow'r for safety to depend.

10, 11 Tho' many nations closely leagu'd did oft befet me round:

Yet by his boundless pow'r sustain'd, I did their strength confound.

12They swarm'd like bees, and yet their rage, was but a short-liv'd blaze;

For whilst on God I still rely'd, I vanquish'd them with ease.

in hopes to make me fall:
The Lord vouchfaf'd to take my part, and fav'd me from them all.

14 The honor of my strange escape to him alone belongs;

He is my faviour and my strength, he only claims my fongs.

15 Joy fills the dwelling of the just, whom God has sav'd from harm; For wond'rous things are brought to pass by his almighty arm.

He by his own resistless pow'r, has endless honor won;

The faving strength of his right hand, amazing works has done.

17 God will not fuffer me to fall, but fill prolongs my days; That by declaring all his works I may advance his praise.

18 When

18 When God had forely me chaftiz'd, till quite of hopes bereav'd, His mercy from the gates of death my fainting life repriev'd.

19 Then open wide the temple gates to which the just repair,
That I may enter in and praise

my great deliv'rer there.

20, 21. Within those gates of God's abode to which the righteous press,
Since thou hast heard, and set me safe,

thy holy name I'll blefs.

22, 23 That which the builders once refus'd is now the corner stone.

This is the wond'rous work of God, the work of God alone.

24, 25 This day is God's; let all the land exalt their chearful voice:

Lord, we befeech thee, fave us now, and make us still rejoice.

26 Him that approaches in God's name, Let all th' affembly blefs;

"We that belong to God's own house have wish'd you good success."

27 God is the Lord, through whom we all both light and comfort find;

Fast to the altar's horns with cords the chosen victim bind.

28 Thou art my Lord, O God, and still I'll praise thy holy name;

Because fou only art my God, I'll cel frate thy fame.

29 0

29 O then with me give thanks to God, who still does gracious prove;

And let the tribute of our praise be endless as his love.

# P S A L M CXIX. A L E P H.

OW blefs dare they who always keep the pure and perfect way! Who never from the facred paths

of God's commandments stray!

2 Thrice blefs'd! who to his righteous laws have still obedient been!

And have with fervent humble zeal his favor fought to win!

3 Such men their utmost caution use to shun each wicked deed; But in the path which he directs with constant care proceed.

4 Thou strictly hast enjoin'd us, Lord, to learn thy facred will;

And all our diligence employ thy statutes to fulfil.

5 O then that thy most holy will might o'er my ways preside!

And I the course of all my life by thy direction guide?

6 Then with affurance should I walk, from all confusion free;

Convinc'd with joy, that all my ways with thy commands agree.

7 My upright heart shall my glad mouth with chearful praises fill;

When by thy righteous judgments taught,
I shall have learnt thy will.

8 So

8 So to thy facred law shall I all due observance pay:

O then forfake me not my God, nor cast me quite away.

# BETH.

9 How shall the young preserve their ways, from all pollution free? By making still their course of life

with thy commands agree.

10 With hearty zeal for thee I feek, to thee for fuccour pray;

O fuffer not my careless steps from thy right paths to stray.

11 Safe in my heart, and closely hid, thy word, my treasure, lies;

To fuccour me with timely aid, when finful thoughts arife.

12 Secur'd by that, my grateful foul fhall ever bless thy name:

O teach me then by thy just laws my future life to frame.

13 My lips, unlock'd by pious zeal, to others have declar'd;

How well the judgments of thy mouth deferve our best regard.

14 Whilst in the way of thy commands more folid joy I found,

Than had I been with vast increase of envy'd riches crown'd.

15 Therefore thy just and upright laws shall always fill my mind,
And those sound rules which thou prescribit,

all due respect shall find.

16 To

16. To keep thy statutes undefac'd shall be my constant joy; The strict remembrance of thy word shall all my thoughts employ.

## GIMEL.

17 Be gracious to thy fervant, Lord, do thou my life defend,
That I according to thy word my time to come may fpend.

18 Enlighten both my eyes and mind.

18 Enlighten both my eyes and mind, that fo I may differn

The wondrous things which they behold, who thy just precepts learn.

19 Tho' like a stranger in the land, from place to place I stray,
Thy righteous judgments from my sight,

remove not thou away, 20 My fainting foul is almost pin'd, with earnest longings spent;

Whilst always on the eager search of thy just will intent.

21 Thy fharp rebuke shall crush the proud; whom still thy curse pursues;

Since they to walk in thy right ways prefumptuoufly refuse.

22 But far from me do thou O: Lord, contempt and shaine remove;

For I thy facred laws effects with undiffembled love.

23 Tho princes oft, in counfel met, arainst thy servant spake; Yet I thy statutes to observe,

my constant bus'ness make.

24 For thy commands have always been my comfort and delight;
By them I learn with prudent care, to guide my fteps aright.

## DALETH.

25 My foul oppress'd with deadly care, close to the dust does cleave; Revive me, Lord, and let me now thy promis'd aid receive.

26 To thee I ftill slectar'd my ways,and thou inclin'dft thine ear;O teach me then my future life

by thy just laws to steer.

27 If thou wilt make me know thy laws, and by thy guidance walk,

The wond'rousworks which thou hast done,

shall be my constant talk.

28 But, fee my foul within me finks, prefs'd down with weighty care; Do thou according to thy word, my wasted strength repair.

29 Far, far from me be all false ways, and lying arts remov'd!

But kindly grant I still may keep the path by thee approv'd.

30 Thy faithful ways, thou God of truth, my happy choice I've made; Thy judgments, as my rule of life before me always laid.

31 My care has been to make my life with thy commands agree; O then preferve thy fervant, Lord, from shame and ruin free.

32 So

32. So in the way of thy commands fhall I with pleafure run, And with a heart enlarg'd with joy, fuccessfully go on.

### HE

33 Instruct me in thy statutes, Lord, thy rightcons paths difplay; And I from them, through all my life,

will never go aftray.

34 It thou true wildom from above wilt graciously impart, To keep thy perfect laws I will devote my zealous heart.

35 Direct me in the facred ways to which thy precepts lead: Because my chief delight has been thy righteous paths to tread.

36 Do thou to thy most just commands incline my willing heart:

Let no defire of worldly wealth from thee my thoughts divert.

37 From those vain objects turn my eyes. which this false world displays; But give me lively pow'r and strength to keep thy righteous ways.

38 Confirm the promise which thou mad'le,

and give thy fervant ald,

Who to transgress thy facred laws is awfully afraid.

39 The foul difgrace I justly fear, in mercy Lord remove; For all the judgments thou ordain'it are full of grace and love.

40 Thous

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40 Thou know'ft how, after thy commands, my longing heart does pant;
O then make hafte to raife me up, and promis'd fuccour grant.

## VAU.

to cheer my drooping heart;
To me, according to thy word,
thy faving health impart.

42 So shall I, when my foes upbraid, this ready answer make;

"In God I trust, who never will
"his faithful promise break."

43 Then let not quite the word of truth be from my mouth remov'd; Since fill my ground of ftedfaft hope thy just decrees have prov'd.

44 So I to keep thy righteous laws, will all my study bend;

From age to age, my time to come in their observance spend.

45 E'er long I trust to walk at large, from all incumbrance free; Since I resolve to make my life with thy commands agree.

46 Thy laws shall be my constant talk; and princes shall attend, Whilst I the justice of thy ways

with confidence defend.

47 My longing heart and ravish'd foul shall both o'erslow with joy, When in thy lov'd commandments I my happy hours employ.

48 Then

48 Then will I to thy just decrees lift up my willing hands;
My care and bus'ness then shall be to study thy commands.

## ZAIN.

thy favor, Lord, extend;
Make good to me the word, on which
thy fervants hopes depend,

50 That only comfort in diffress did all my griefs controul;

Thy word when troubles hem'd me round reviv'd my fainting foul.

51 Infulting foes did proudly mock, and all my hope deride;

Yet, from thy law, not all their scoffs could make me turn aside.

52 Thy judgments then, of antient date, I quickly call'd to mind,

Till ravish'd with such thoughts, my soul did speedy comfort find.

53 Sometimes I ftand amaz'd, like one with deadly horror ftruck,
To think how all my finful foes have thy just laws forfook.

54 But I thy fratutes and decrees my chearful anthems made;

Whilst thro' strange lands and defarts wild, I like a pilgrim stray'd.

55 Thy name, that chear'd my heart by day, has fill'd my thoughts by night, I then refolv'd by thy just laws,

to guide my heps aright.

56 That

56 That peace of mind, which has my foul in deep diffres suffair'd,

By strict obedience to thy will

I happily obtain'd.

## CHETH.

57 O Lord, my God, my portion thou and fure possession art;
Thy words I stedsastly resolve to treasure in my heart.

58 With all the strength of warm desires. I did thy grace implore;

Disclose, according to thy word, thy mercies boundless store.

59 With due reflection and ftrict care on all my ways I thought; And fo, reclaim'd to thy just paths, my wand'ring steps I brought.

to I lost no time, but made great haste, resolv'd without delay,

To watch that I might never more from thy commandments stray.

61 Tho' num'rous troops of finful men to rob me have combin'd; Yet I thy pure and righteous laws

Yet I thy pure and righteous laws have ever kept in mind.

62 In dead of night I will arife to fing thy folemn praise;

Convine'd how much I always ought to love thy righteous ways.

63 To fuch as fear thy holy name, myfelf I closely join:
To all who their obedient wills

to thy command refign.

6. O'er all the earth thy mercy, Lord, abundantly is fhed;
O make me then exactly learn, thy facred paths to tread.

TETH.

63 With me thy fervant, thou hast deale most graciously, O Lord, Repeated benefits bestow'd,

according to thy word.

66 Teach me the facred skill by which right judgment is attain'd, Who in belief of thy commands have stedsastly remain'd.

67 Before affliction ftop'd my course, my footsteps went astray; But I have since been disciplin'd, thy precepts to obey.

68 Thou art, O Lord, supremely good, and all thou dost is so;

On me, thy statutes to discern, thy saving skill bestow.

69 The proud have forg'd malicious lies, my fpotless fame to stain; But my fix'd heart, without referve, thy precepts shall retain;

70While pamper'd they with prosp'rous ills in sensual pleasures live,

My foul can relish no delight, but what thy precepts give.

71 'Tis good for me that I have felt affliction's chaft'ning rod, That I might duly learn and keep the statutes of my God. 72 The law that from thy mouth proceeds of more effect I hold,
Than untouch'd mines, than thousand mines of filver and of gold.

J O D ..

73 To me who an the workmanship of thy almighty hands,

The heav'nly understandings give to learn thy just commands.

74 My preservation to thy saints

Grong comfort will afford, To fee fuccess attend my hopes, who trusted in thy word.

75 That right thy judgments are, I now by fure experience see;
And that in faithfulness, O Lord,
Thou hast afflicted me.
76 O let thy tender mercy now afford me needful aid

According to thy promife, Lord, to me thy fervant made.

77 To me thy faving grace reftore, that I again may live;
Whose foul can relish no delight, but what thy precepts give.
78 Defeat the proud, who unprovok'd, to ruin me have sought,
Who only on thy facred laws employ my harmless thought.

79 Let those that fear thy name espouse my cause, and those alone Who have by strict and pious search thy sacred precepts known.

So In

80 In thy bleft ftatetes let my heart continue always found,
That guilt and shame, the sinner's lot, may never me confound.

## CAPH.

81 My foul with long expectance faints to fee-thy faving grace:

Yet still on thy unerring word my confidence I place.

82 My very eyes confume and fail with waiting for thy word;

O! when wilt thou thy kind relief and promis'd aid afford.

83 'My skin likeshiver'd parchmentshows, that long in smoak is set; Yet no affliction me can force

thy statutes to forget.

84 How many days must I endure of forrow and distress?

When wilt thou judgment execute on them who me oppress?

85 The proud have digg'd a pit for me, who have no other foes,
But fuch as are averse to thee,
and thy just laws oppose.

86 With right and truth's cternal laws all thy commands agree;
Men perfecute me without cause,

thou, Lord, my helper be.

87 With close defigns against my life they had almost prevail'd.But in obedience to thy will my duty never fail'd:

88 Thy wonted kindness, Lord, restore, my drooping heart to chear; 'That by thy righteous statutes, I my life's whole course may steer.

LAMED.

89 For ever, and for ever, Lord, unchang'd thou dost remain;
Thy word establish'd in the heav'ns, does all their orbs sustain.
90 Thro' circling ages, Lord, thy truth

immoveable shall stand,

As doth the earth, which thou uphold'st by thy almighty hand.

91 All things the courfe by thee ordain'd, ev'n to this day fulfil;

They are thy faithful fubjects all, and fervants of thy will.

92 Unless thy facred law had been my comfort and delight,

I must have fainted, and expir'd in dark affliction's night.

93 Thy precepts therefore from my tho's fhall never Lord, depart;For thou by them hast to new life restor'd my dying heart.

94 As I am thine, entirely thine, protect me, Lord, from harm;

Who have thy precepts fought to know, and carefully perform.

95 The wicked have their ambush laid my guiltless life to take; But in the midst of danger I thy word my study make.

96 I've

96 I've feen an end, of what we call perfection here below:

But thy commandments, like thyself, no change or period know.

MEM.

97 The love that to thy laws I bear, no language can display;

They with fresh wonders entertain my ravish'd thoughts all day.

98 Thro' thy commands I wifer grow than all my fubtile foes;

For thy fure word doth me direct, and all my ways dispose.

99 From me my former teachers now may abler counfel take;
Because thy sacred precepts I my constant study make.
100 In understanding I excel

the fages of our days;
Because by thy unerring rules
I order all my ways.

101 My feet with care I have refrain'd from ev'ry finful way,
That to thy facred word I might entire obedience pay.

102 I have not from thy judgments stray?

by vain desires misled;

For Lord, thou hast instructed me thy righteous paths to tread.

103 How sweet areall thy words to me O what divine repast!

How much more grateful to my foul, han honey to my taste.

104 Taught

104 Taught by thy facred precepts, with heav'nly skill am blest,
Thro' which the treach'rous ways of sin I utterly detest.

NUN.

the way of truth to show:

A watch-light to point out the path,

in which I ought to go.

106 I fwear (and from my folemn oath
I'll never ffart afide)

That in thy righteous i

That in thy righteous judgments I will itedfaftly abide.

107 Since I with griefs am fo oppress, that I can bear no more;
According to thy word, do thou my fainting soul restore.
108 Let still my facrifice of praise with thee acceptance find;
And in thy righteous judgments, Lord, instruct my willing mind.

109 Tho' ghastly dangers me surround, my soul they cannot awe,
Nor with continual terrors keep from thinking on thy law.
110 My wicked and investrate foes for me their snares have laid;
Yet I have kept the upright path, nor from thy precepts stray'd.

my heritage and choice;
For they when other comforts fail,
my drooping heart rejoice.

212 My heart with early zeal began thy statutes to obey;

And 'till my course of life is done shall keep thy upright way.

### SAMECH.

113 Deceitful thoughts and practices
I utterly deteft;

But to thy law affection bear too great to be express'd.

114 My hiding place, my refuge-tower, and shield art thou O Lord;

I firmly anchor all my hopes on thy unerring word.

115 Hence ye that trade in wickedness, approach not my abode;
For firmly I resolve to keep the precepts of my God.

116 According to thy gracious word, from danger fet me free;

Nor make me of those hopes asham'd, that I repose on thec.

117 Uphold me, fo shall I be safe, and rescu'd from distress;
To thy decrees continually my just respect address.

1.18 The wicked thou hast trod to earth, who from thy statutes stray'd;
Their vile deceit the just reward

of their own falshood made.

thou dost like dross remove; therefore, with such justice charm'd, thy testimonics love.

120 Ye

120 Yet with that love they make me dread left I should so offend, When on transgressors I behold

thy judgments thus descend.

## AIN.

121 Judgment and justice I have lov'd; O therefore, Lord, engage In'my défence, nor give me up to my oppressors rage.

122 Do thou be furety, Lord, for me, and fo shall this distress

Prove good for me; nor shall the proud my guiltless foul oppress.

123 My eyes, alas! begin to fail, in long expectance held; 'Till thy falvation they behold, and righteous word fulfill'd. 124 To me, thy fervant in distress,. thy wonted grace display,

And discipline my willing heart, thy statutes to obey.

125 On me, devoted to thy fear, thy facred skill bestow, That of thy testimonies I the full extent may know.

126 'Tis time, high time for thee, O Lord, thy vengeance to employ, When men with open violence

thy facred law destroy.

127 Yet their contempt of thy commands, but makes their value rife In my esteem, who purest gold compar'd with them despife.

12S Thy

in all respects divine:

They teach me to differ the right, and all falle ways decline.

129 The wonders which thy laws contain, no words can represent;

Therefore to learn and practife them,

my zealous heart is bent.
130 The very entrance to thy word

cælestial light displays,
And knowledge of true happiness
to simplest minds conveys.

131 With eager hopes I waiting ftood, and fainted with defire, That of thy wife commands I might

the facred skill acquire.

132 With favor, Lord, look down on mewho thy relief implore;
As thou art wont to vifit those

As thou art wont to visit thoi that thy blest name adore.

133 Directed by thy heav'nly word, let all my footsteps be; Nor wickedness of any kind, dominion have o'er me. 134 Release, entirely set me free

from perfecuting hands, That, unmolefted, I may learn and practife thy commands.

150 217

135 On me, devoted to thy fear, Lord, make thy face to shine: Thy statutes both to know and keep, my heart with zeal incline.

U-2 136 My

136 My eyes to weeping fountains turn, whence bring rivers flow, To fee mankind against thy laws and as a in bold defiance go. 3v 2 1 1 1

TSADDA

137 Thou art the righteous Judge, in whom wrong'd innocence may trust; And, like thwelf, thy judgments, Lord, in all respects are just. 138 Most just and true those statutes were, which thou didit first decree;

And all with faithfulness perform'd, fucceeding times shall see.

139 With zeal my flesh consumes away, my foul with anguish frets, To see my foes contemn at once thy promifes and threats. 140 Yet each neglected word of thine

(howe'er by them despis'd) ls pure, and for eternal truth by me, thy fervant, priz'd.

141 Brought, for thy fake, to low citate, contempt from all I find;

Yet no affronts or wrongs can drive thy precepts from my mind.

142 Thy righteousness shall then endure, when time itself is past;

Thy law is truth itself, that truth which thall forever laft.

143 Tho' trouble, anguish, doubts and to compass me unite, [dread Pefet with danger, still I make thy precepts my delight.

144-Eternal

144 Eternal and unerring rules
thy testimonies give:

Teach me the wisdom that will make my foul for ever live.

### KOPH.

145 With my whole heart to God I call'd, Lord, hear my earnest cry;

And I thy statutes to perform, will all my care apply.

136 Again more fervently I pray'd, O fave me that I may

Thy testimonies throughly know, and stedsfastly obey.

147 My earlier pray'r the drawning day prevented, while I cry'd

To him on whose engaging word my hope alone rely'd.

my hope alone rely'd. 143 With zeal have I awak'd before the midnight watch was fet,

That I of thy mysterious word might perfect knowledge get.

149 Lord, hear my fupplicating voice, and wonted favour shew;

O quicken me, and so approve thy judgments ever true.

150 My perfecuting foes advance, and hourly neater draw;

What treatment can I hope from them who violate thy law?

151 Tho' they draw nigh, my comfort is thou, Lord, art yet more near; Thou, whose commands are righteous all,

thy promifes fincere.

152 Con-

152 Concerning thy divine decrees, any, foul has known of old That they were true, and shall their truth to endless ages hold.

RESCH

153 Confider my affliction, Lord, and me from bondage draw; Think on thy fervant in diffres, we who ne'er forgets thy law.

154 Plead thou my cause; to that and me

thy timely aid afford;

With beams of mercy quicken me according to thy word.

155 From harden'd finners thou remov'ft falvation far away:

"Tis just thou should'st withdraw from them,

who from thy statutes stray.

156 Since great thy tender mercies are to all who thee adore;

According to thy judgments, Lord, my fainting hopes restore.

157 A num'rous host of spiteful foes against my life combine; But all too few to force my foul thy statutes to decline.

158 Those bold transgressors I beheld, and was with grief oppress'd,

To fee with what audacious pride thy cov'nant they transgress'd.

159 Yet while they flight, confider, Lord, how I thy precepts love;
O therefore quicken me with beams of mercy from above.

160 As

160 As from the birth of time thy truth has held through ages part,

So shall thy righteous judgments, firm,

to endless ages last.

SCHIN.

161 Tho' mighty tyrants, without cause, conspire my blood to shed,

Thy facred word has pow'r alone to fill my heart with dread.

162 And yet that word my joyful breaft with heav'nly rapture warms,

Nor conquest, nor the spoils of war, have such transporting charms.

163 Perfidious practices and lies
I utterly deteft;

But to thy laws affection bear, too vast to be exprest.

164 Sev'n times a day with grateful voice, thy praifes I refound,

Because I find thy Judgments all with truth and justice crown'd.

165 Secure, fubstantial peace have they who truly love thy law;

No fmiling mischief them can tempt, nor frowning danger awe.

166 For thy falvation I have hop'd, and tho' fo long delay'd,

With chearful zeal and strictest care all thy commands obey'd.

167 Thy testimonies I have kept, and constantly obey'd; Because the love I bore to them, thy service easy made.

168 From

168 From first observance of thy laws
I never yet withdrew;
Convinced that my most secret ways
are open to thy view.

TAU.

attend, O gracious Lord; Infpire my heart with heav'nly skill, according to thy word.

170 Let my repeated pray'r at last before thy throne appear; According to thy plighted word for my relief draw near.

171 Then shall my grateful lips return the tribute of their praise, When thou thy counsels hast reveal'd, and taught me thy just ways.

172 My tongue the praifes of thy word fhall thankfully refound, Because thy promises are all with truth and justice crown'd.

173 Let thy almighty arm appear, and bring me timely aid; For I the laws thou hast ordain'd, my heart's free choice have made.

174 My foul has waited long to fee thy faving grace reftor'd; Nor comfort knew, but what thy laws, thy heav'nly laws afford.

175 Prolong my life, that I may fing my great reftorer's praife, Whose justice from the depths of woe, my fainting soul shall raise.

176 Like

176 Like some lost sheep I've stray'd, 'till I dispair my way to find:
Thou therefore, Lord, thy servant seek,

who keeps thy laws in mind.

PSALM CXX.

IN deep distress I oft have cry'd To God, who never yet deny'd To rescue me oppress'd with wrongs: 2 Once more, O Lord, deliv'rance fend, From lying lips my foul defend, And from the rage of fland'ring tongues.

3 What little profit can accrue, And yet what heavy wrath is due. O thou perfidious tongue, to thee? A Thy sting upon thyself shall turn; Of lasting flames that fiercely burn, The constant fuel thou shalt be.

But O! how wretched is my doom, Who am a fojourner become In barren Mesech's desart soil; With Kedar's wicked tents inclos'd, To lawless favages expos'd,

Who live on nought but theft and spoil. 6 My hapless dwelling is with those

Who peace and amity oppose,

And pleasure take in others harms: Sweet peace is all I court and feek; But when to them of peace I speak, They strait cry out, To arms, to arms.

P S A L M CXXI.

O Sion's hill I lift my eyes, from thence expecting aid; 2 From Sion's hill and Sion's God.

who heav'n and earth has made.

3 Then thou, my foul, in fafety rest; thy guardian will not fleep:

4 His watchful care that Isr'el guards.

will Ifr'el's monarch keep.

5 Shelter'd beneath th' almighty's wings, thou shalt securely rest,

6 Where neither fun nor moon shall thee

by day or night molest.

7 From common accidents of life his care shall guard thee still; From evils undefign'd, and foes

that lie in wait to kill.

8 At home, abroad, in peace, in war, thy God shall thee defend;

Conduct thee thro' life's pilgrimage, fafe to thy journey's end.

PSALM CXXII. 'Twas a joyful found to hear our tribes devoutly fay, Up Isr'el to the temple haste, and keep your festial day.

2 At Salem's courts we must appear,

with our affembled pow'rs;

3 In strong and beautious order rang'd, like her united tow'rs;

4 'Tis thither by divine command, the tribes of God repair,

Before his ark to celebrate his name with praise and pray'r.

5 Tribunal's stand erected there, where equity takes place:

There stand the courts and palaces of royal David's race.

6 O pray we then for Salem's peace, for they shall prosp rous be, (Thou holy city of our God!') who bear true love to thee.

7 May peace within thy facred walls a constant guest be found,

With plenty and prosperity thy palaces be crown'd.

8 For my dear brethren's fake, and friends no less than brethren dear,

I'll pray-may peace in Salem's tow'rs

a constant guest appear.

8 But most of all, I'll seek thy good, and ever wish thee well, For Sion and the temple's fake, where God vouchfafes to dwell.

PSALM CXXIII.

N thee, who dwell'stabove the skies, For mercy wait my longing eyes; As fervants watch their mafters hands, And maids their mistresses commands. 3, 4 O then have mercy on us, Lord, Thy gracious aid to us afford: To us whom cruel foes oppress, Grown rich and proud by our diffress.

PSALM CXXIV. AD not the Lord (may Isr'el fay) been pleas'd to interpose; 2 Had he not then espous'd our cause, when men against us rose;

3, 4, 5 Their wrath had fwallow'd usalive and rag'd without controul; Their spite and pride's united floods

had quite o'erwhelm'd our foul.

6 But

6 But prais'd be our eternal Lord, who rescu'd us that day, Nor to their savage jaws gave up

our threat'ned lives a prey.

7 Our foul is like a bird efcap'd from out the fowler's net;

The fnare is broke, their hopes are crofs'd, and we'at freedom fet.

Secure in his almighty name, our confidence remains,Who as he made both heav'n and earth,

of both fole monarch reigns.

P S A L M CXXV.

HO place on Sion's God their trust, like Sion's rock shall stand;

Like her immoveably be fix'd

by his almighty hand.

2 Look how the hills on ev'ry fide Jerusalem inclose,

So ftands the Lord around his faints to gaurd them from their foes.

3 The wicked may afflict the just, but ne'er too long oppress, Nor force him by dispair to seek base means for his redress.

A Be good, O righteous God, to those, who righteous deeds affect:

The heart that innocence retains, let innocence protect.

5 All those who walk in crooked paths, the Lord shall soon destroy; Cut off th' unjust, but crown the saints

with lasting peace and joy.

PSALM

PSALM CXXVI.

HEN Sion's God her fons recall'd from long captivity, It feem'd at first a plasing dream

of what we wish'd to see;

2 But foon in unaccustom'd mirth. we did our voice employ,

And fung our great Creator's praise in thankful hymns of joy.

Our heathen foes repining stood, yet were compell'd to own,

That great and wond'rous was the work our God for us had done.

3 'Twas great say they, 'twas wond'rous much more should we confess; [great, The Lord has done great things, whereof

we reap the glad fuccess.

4 To us bring back the remnant, Lord, of Ifr'el's captive bands,

More welcome than refreshing show'rs to parch'd and thirsty lands.

5 That we, whose work commenc'd in tears, may see our labours thrive, 'Till finish'd with fuccess, to make our drooping hearts revive.

6 Tho' he despond that sows his grain, yet doubtless-he shall come

To bind his full ear'd sheaves, and bring the joyful harvest home.

PSALM CXXVII.

TE build with fruitless cost, unless the Lord the pile fustain; Unless the Lord the city keep, the watchman wakes in vain :

2 In vain we rife before the day, and late to rest repair: Allow no respite to our toil, and eat the bread of care.

Supplies of life, with eafe to them, he on his faints bestows; He crowns their labour with fuccess.

their nights with found repose.

3 Children, those comforts of our life, are prefents from the Lord; He gives a num'rous race of heirs, as piety's reward.

As arrows in a giant's hand when marching forth to war, Ev'n fo the fons of fprightly youth, their parent's safeguard are.

5 Happy the man, whose quivers fill'd with these prevailing arms;

He needs not fear to meet his foe, at law, or war's alarms.

PSALM CXXVIII. HE Man is bleft who fears the Lord, nor only worship pays, But keeps his steps confin'd with care

to his appointed ways.

2 He shall upon the sweet returns of his own labour feed;

Without dependance live, and fee his wishes all succeed.

3 His wife, like a fair fertile vine, her lovely fruit shall bring; His children, like young olive plants, about his table fpring.

4, 5 Who

4, 5 Who fears the Lord, shall prosper thus; him Sion's God shall bless; And grant him all his days to see Jerusalem's success.

6 He shall live on, 'till heirs from him descend with vast increase:

Much bless'd in his own prosp'rous state, and more in Isr'el's peace.

## PSALM CXXIX.

ROM my youth up, may Isr'el fay, they oft have me assail'd,

2 Reduc'd me oft to heavy straits, but never quite prevail'd.

3 They oft have plow'd my patient back with furrows deep and long:

4 But our just God has broke their chains, and rescu'd us from wrong.

5 Defeat, confusion, shameful rout be still the doom of those, Their righteous doom who Sion hate, and Sion's God oppose.

6 Like corn upon our houses tops, untimely let them fade,

Which too much heat, and want of root, has blasted in the blade:

7 Which in his arms no reaper takes, but unregarded leaves; Nor binder thinks it worth his pains

to fold it into sheaves.

No traveller that passes by, vouchsafes a minute's stop,

To give it one kind look, or crave heav'ns bleffing on the crop.

W 2 PSALM

# PSALM CXXX.

BOM lowest depths of woe, to God I fend my cry;

2 Lord hear my supplicating voice, and graciously reply.

3 Should'st thou severely judge, who can the trial bear?

4 But thou forgiv'st, lest we despond, and quite renounce thy fear.

5 My foul with patience waits for thee the living Lord;

My hopes are on thy promise built, thy never-failing word.

6 My longing eyes look out for the enlivining ray,

More duly than the morning watch to fpy the dawning day.

7 Let Isr'el trust in God; no bounds his mercy knows;

The plenteous fource and spring from whence eternal succour flows.

8 Whole friendly streams to us supplies in want convey;

A healing fpring, a fpring to cleanfe, and wash our guilt away.

P S A L M CXXXI.

Lord, I am not proud of heart,
nor cast a scornful eye;
Nor my aspiring thoughts employ

in things for me too high.

With infant innocence, thou know's
I have myself demean'd;

Compos'd to quiet, like a babe that from the breast is wean'd.

3 Like

2 Like me let Isr'el hope in God, his aid alone implore; Both now and ever trust in him, who lives forever more.

PSALM CXXXII.

ET David, Lord, a constant place in thy remembrance find; Let all the forrows he endur'd,

be ever in thy mind.

2 Remember what a folemn oath to thee, his Lord, he fwore; How to the mighty God he vow'd, whom Jacob's fons adore;

3, 4 I will not go into my house, nor to my bed ascend; No soft repose shall close my eyes, nor sleep my eye-lids bend;

5 'Till for the Lord's defign'd abode
I mark'd the destin'd ground;
'Till I a decent place of rest

for Jacob's God have found.

6 Th' appointed place with shouts of joy, at Euphrata we found,

And made the woods and neighb'ring fields

And made the woods and neighb'ring fields our glad applause resound.

O with due rev'rence let us then to his abode repair;

And, prostrate at his footstool fall'n, pour out our humble pray'r.

8 Arise, O Lord, and now possess thy constant place of rest;
Be that, not only with thy ark, but with thy presence blest.

9, 10 Cloath

o 10 Cloath thou thy priefts with rightcoufmake thou thy faints rejoice; [nefs, And for thy fervant David's fake, hear thy annointed's voice.

11 God sware to David in his truth (nor shall his oath be vain)

One of thy offspring after thee upon thy throne shall reign:

12 And if thy feed my cov nant keep, and to my laws fubmit:

Their children too upon thy throne for evermore shall sit.

23, 24 For Sion does in God's esteem all other feats excel;

His place of everlatting reft, where he defires to dwell.

15, 16 Her store, says he, I will increase her poor with plenty bless;

Her faints shall shout for joy, her priests my faving health confess.

17 There David's pow'r shall long remain in his successive line,

And my anointed fervant there shall with fresh lustre shine.

18 The faces of his vanquish'd foes confusion shall o'erspread;

Whilst with confirm'd success, his crown shall flourish on his head.

P S A L M CXXXIII.

Now great their advantage be! how great their pleasure prove!
Who live like brethren, and consent in offices of love!

2 True

2 True love is like that precious oil which pour'd on Aaron's head, Ran down his beard, and o'er his robes

its costly moisture shed.

3 'Tis like refreshing dew, which does on Hermon's top distill; Or like the early drops, that fall

on Sion's fruitful hill.

4 For God to all, whose friendly hearts with mutual love abound,

Has firmly promis'd length of days with conftant bleffings crown'd.

P S A L M CXXXIV.

LESS God, ye fervants that attend upon his folemn state,
That in his temple, night by night,
with humble rev'rence wait:

2, 3 Within his house lift up your hands, and bless his holy name;

From Sion blefs thy Ifr'el, Lord, who heav'n and earth didft frame.

P S A L M CXXXV.

Praise the Lord with one consent, and magnify his name;

Let all the fervants of the Lord his worthy praise proclaim.

2 Praise him all ye that in his house, attend with constant care;

With those that to his outmost courts with humble zeal repair.

3 For this our truest int'rest is, glad hymns of praise to sing;
And with loud songs to bless his name,
a most delightful thing.

4 For

4 For God his own peculiar choice the fons of Jacob makes;
And Ifr'el's offspring for his own most valu'd treasure takes.

5 That God is great, we often have by glad experience found;

And feen how he with wond'rous pow'r

above all Gods is crown'd.

6 For he with unrefifted strength performs his fov'reign will;

In heav'n and earth, and watry ftores that earth's deep caverns fill.

7 He raises vapours from the ground, which pois'd in liquid air,

Fall down at last in show'rs thro' which his dreadful lightnings glare:

8 He from his store-house brings the winds; and he with vengeful hand,

The first-born slew of man and beast, thro' Egypt's mourning land.

9 He dreadful figns and wonders fhew'd thro' fubborn Egypt's coafts, Nor Pharaoh could his plagues efcape,

nor all his num'rous hofts.

10, 11 'Twas he that various nations fmote, and mighty kings suppress'd;

Sion and Og, and all besides, who Canaan's land posses'd.

12, 13 Their land upon his chosen race he firmly did entail; For which his fame shall always last, his praise shall never fail.

14 For

14 For God shall foon his people's cause with pitying eyes furvey; Repent him of his wrath and turn his kindled rage away.

15 Those idols, whose false worship spread o'er all the heathen lands, Are made of filver and of gold,

the work of human hands. 16,17 They move not their fictitious tongues nor fee with polish'd eyes;

Their counterfeited ears are deaf, no breath their mouth fupplies.

18 As fenfeless as themselves are they, that all their skill apply To make them, or in dang'rous times on them for aid rely.

19 Their just returns of thanks to God,

let grateful Isr'el pay :

Nor let the priests of Aaron's race to bless the Lord delay.

20 Their sense of his unbounded love let Levi's house express; And let all those that fear the Lord, his name forever blefs.

21 Let all with thanks his wond'rous works in Sion's courts proclaim;

Let them in Salem, where he dwells exalt his holy name.

PSALM CXXXVI. O God the mighty Lord, Your joyful thanks repeat : To him due praise afford, as good as he is great.

For God does prove Our constant friend, His boundless love shall never end.

2, 3, To him, whose wond'rous pow'r all other Gods obey,
Whom earthly kings adore,
this grateful homage pay:
For God, &c.

4, 5' By his almighty hand amazing works are wrought; The heav'ns by his command were to perfection brought. For God, &c.

6 He fpread the ocean round about the fpacious land; And made the rifing ground above the waters ftand. For God, &c.

7, 8, 9 Thro' heav'n he did difplay his num'rous hofts of light;
The fun to rule by day,
the moon and ftars by night.
For God, &c.

10, 11, 12 He ftruck the first-born dead of Egypt's stubborn land;
And thence his people led with his resistless hand.
For God, &c.

13, 14 By him the raging fea,
as if in pieces rent,
Disclos'd a middle way,
through which his people went.
For God, &c.

15 Where

15 Where foon he overthrew proud Pharaoh and his hoft, Who daring to purfue, were in the billows loft.

For God, &c.

16, 17, 18 Thro' defarts vast and wild, he led the chosen seed;

And famous princes foil'd, and made great monarchs bleed.

For God, &c.

19, 20 Sihon, whose potent hand great Ammon's secrete sway'd;
And Og, whose stern command rich Bashan's land obey'd,
For God, &c.

21, 22 And of his wond'rous grace their lands, whom he destroy'd, He gave to Isr'el's race, to be by them enjoy'd.

For God, &c.

23, 24 He in our depth of woes, on us with favor thought,
And from our cruel foes
in peace and fafety brought.
For God, &c.

25, 26 He does the food supply, on which all creatures live: To God who reigns on high eternal praises give.

For God will prove Our constant friend, His boundless love Shall never end.

#### PSALM CXXXVII.

WHEN we, our weary'd limbs to rest, Sat down by proudEnphrates stream; We wept, with doleful thoughts opprest, And Sion was our mournful theme. 2 Our harps, that when with joy we fung, Were wont their tuneful parts to bear, With-filent strings neglected hung On willow-trees that wither'd there.

3 Mean while our foes, who all confpir'd To triumph in our flavish wrongs, Music and mirth of us requir'd, " Come fing us one of Sion's fongs." 4 How shall we tune our voice to sing? Or touch our harps with skilful hands? Shall hymns of joy to God our king Be fung by flaves in foreign lands?

5 O'Salem, our once happy feat ! When I of thee forgetful prove, Let then my trembling hand forget The speaking string with art to move of If I to mention thee to bear, Eternal filence seize my tongue; Or if I fing one chearful air, 'Till thy deliv'rance is my fong!

7 Remember, Lord, how Edom's race, In thy own city's fatal day, Cry'd out, "Her flately walls deface, "And with the ground digite level lay." 8 Proud Babal's daughter, doom'd to be Of grief and woe the wretched prey, Bless'd is the man who shall to thee The wrongs thou laid'st on us, repay.

o Thrice

e 1 2 4

9 Thrice bleft, who with just rage possest, And deaf to all the parents moans, Shall fnach thy infants from the breast, And dash their heads against the stones.

PSALM CXXXVIII.

Ith my whole heart, my God and king, thy praife I will proclaim; Before the Gods with joy I'll fing, and blefs thy holy name.

2 I'll worship at thy facred seat; and with thy love inspired,

The praises of thy truth repeat, o'er all thy works admir'd.

3 Thou graciously inclin's thine ear, when I to thee did cry;

And when my foul was press'd with fear, didst inward strength supply.

4 Therefore shall ev'ry earthly prince thy name with praise pursue,

Whom these admir'd events convince that all my works are true.

5 They all thy wond'rous ways, O Lord, with chearful fongs shall blefs;

And all thy glorious acts record, thy awful pow'r confeis.

6 For God, altho' enthron'd on high, does thence the poor respect;

The proud far off, his scornful eye beholds with just neglect.

7 Tho' I with troubles am oppress'd, he shall my foes disarm Relieve my foul when most distress'd, and keep me safe from harm.

3 The

8 The Lord, whose mercies ever last, shall fix my happy state;
And mindful of his favours past, shall his own work compleat.

P S M L M CXXXIX.

1, HOU, Lord, by strictest search hast
2 my rising up and lying down; known
My secret thoughts are known to thee,
Known long before conceiv'd by me.
3 Thine eye my bed and path surveys,
My publick haunts and private ways;
4 Thouknow'st what 'tis my lips would vent,
My yet unutter'd words intent.

5 Surrounded by thy pow'r I stand,
On ev'ry side I find thy hand.
6 O skill, for human reach too high!
Too dazling bright for mortal eye!
7 O could I so perfidious be,
To think of once deserting thee!
Where, Lord, could I thy influence shun?
Or whither from thy presence run?

8 If up to heav'n I take my flight;
'Tis there thou dwell'st enthron'd in light;
Or fink to hell's infernal plains,
'Tis there almighty vengeance reigns.
9 If I the morning's wings could gain,
And sly beyond the western main,
10 Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
And there arrest thy fugitive.

II Or should I try to shun thy sight Beneath the sable wings of night; One glance from thee, one piercing ray Would kindle darkness into day.

12 The

No fereen from thy all-fearching eyes:
Thro' midnight shades thou find'st the way,
As in the blazing noon of day.

13 Thou know'st the texture of my heart, My reins and ev'ry vital part; Each single thread in nature's loom, By thee was cover'd in the womb.

14 I'll praise thee from whose hands I came, A work of such a curious frame; The wonders thou in me hast shone, My soul with grateful joy must own.

Thine eyes my substance did survey, While yet a lifeless mass it lay, In secret how exactly wrought, E'er from its dark inclosure brought.
Thou didst the shapeless embrio see, Its parts were registred by thee:
Thou saw'st the daily growth they took, Form'd by the model of thy book.

17 Let me acknowledge too, O God, That fince this maze of life I trod, Thy thoughts of love to me furmount. The pow'r of numbers to recount.

18 Far fooner could I reckon o'or. The fands upon the ocean's fhore: Eerch morn revising what I've done, I find th' account but new begun.

Depart from me ye men of blood,

Note tongues heav'ns majesty profane,

And take th' almighty's name in vain,

X 2 21 Lord.

21 Lord, hate not I their impious crew, Who the with enmity purfue?
And does not grief my heart opprefs, When reprobates thy law transgress?

22. Who practife enmity to thee, Shall utmost hatred have from me; Such men I utterly detest, As if they were my foes profest.
23,24Search, try, O God, my tho'ts & heart, If mischief lurks in any part; Correct me where I go astray, And guide me in thy perfect way.

PSALM CXL.

Referve me, Lord, from crafty foes
of treacherous intent;

2 And from the fons of violence, on open mischief bent.

3 Their fland'ring tongue the ferpent's sting in sharpness does exceed:

Between their lips the gaul of afps and adders venom breed.

4 Preserve me, Lord, from wicked hands nor leave my foul forlorn,

A prey to fons of violence, who have my ruin fworn.

5 The proud for me have laid their snare and spread their wily net;

With traps and gins where'er I move, I find my steps beset.

6 But thus environ'd with diffres, thou art my God I said; Lord, hear my supplicating voice, that calls to thee for aid. 7 O Lord, the God whose faving strength kind succour did convey, And cover'd my advent'rous head

in battle's doubtful day;

8 Permit not their unjust designs to answer their desire; Lest they encourag'd by success,

to bolder crimes aspire.

9 Let first their cheifs the sad effects of their injustice mourn; The blast of their envenom'd breath, upon themselves return.

10 Let them who kindled first the flame, its facrifice become;

The pit they digg'd for me, be made their own untimely tomb.

II Tho' flander's breath may raise a storm,

it quickly will decay;

Their rage does but the torrent fwell, that bears themselves away.

12 God will affert the poor man's cause, and speedy succour give;
The just shall celebrate his praise, and in his presence live.

P S A L M CXLI.

O thee O Lord, my cries afcen I,
O hafte to my relief;

And with accustom'd pity hear the accents of my grief.

Instead of Off'rings, let my pray'r .
 like morning incense rise :
 My listed hands supply the place

of evining facrifice.

3 From

3 From hasty language curb my tongue, and let a constant guard

Still keep the portal of my lips, with wary filence barr'd.

4 From wicked mens defigns and deeds my heart and hands reftrain; Nor let me in the booty share of their unrighteous gain.

5 Let upright men reprove my faults, and I shall think them kind;
Like balm that heels a wounded head,
I their reproof shall find;
And in return, my fervent pray'r
I shall for them address,
When they are tempted and reduc'd,
like me, to fore distress.

6 When skulking in Engedi's rock, I to their chiefs appeal, If one reproachful word I spoke,

when I had pow'r to kill.

7 Yet us they perfecute to death, our featter'd ruins lie, As thick as from the hewer's ax

As thick as from the hewer's ax the fever'd splinters fly.

8 But, Lord, to thee I still direct my supplicating eyes,

O leave not destitute my foul, whose trust on thee relies.

9 Do shou preferve me from the fnares that wicked hands have laid;

Let them in their own nets be caught, while my escape is made.

P S A L M CXLII.

1 TO God with mournful voice, line
in deep diffress I pray'd;
my wrongs before him laid.
3 Thou didff my steps direct,
when my griev'd soul despair'd:
Tor when I thought to walk secure,
they had their traps prepar'd.
4 I look'd but found no friend

to own me in diftress;
All refuge fail'd, no man vouchsaf'd
his pity or redress.
5 'To God at last I pray'd,
thou, Lord, my refuge art,
My portion in the land of life.

My portion in the land of life, 'till life itself depart.

6 Reduc'd to greatest straits, to thee I make my moan; O save me from oppressive soes,

for me too pow'rful grown.

That I may praise thy name,
my foul from prison bring;

Whilst of thy kind regard to me, against affembled faints shall sing.

P'S A L M CXLIII.

ORD hear my pray'r, and to my cry
Thy wonted audience lend;
In thy accustom'd faith and truth
a gracious answer fend.

2 Nor at thy ftrict tribunal bring thy fervant to be try'd 300

For in thy fight no living man can e'er be justify'd.

3 The spiteful foe pursues my life, whose comforts all are fled; He drives me into caves as dark

as mansions of the dead.

4 My spirit therefore is o'erwhelm'd, and sinks within my breast; My mournful heart grows desolate,

with heavy woes opprest.

5 I call to mind the days of old, and wonders thou haft wrought:

My former dargers and escapes employ my musing thought.

6 To thee my hands in humble pray'r,

I fervently stretch out;

My foul for thy refreshment thirsts, like land oppress d with drought.

7 Hear me with speed; my spirit fails; thy face no longer hide,

Lest I become forlorn, like them that in the grave reside.

8 Thy kindness early let me hear, whose trust on thee depends;

Teach me the way where I should go: my foul to thee ascends.

9 Do thou, O Lord, from all my foes preferve, and fet me free;

A fafe retreat against their rage, my foul implores from thee.

Thou art my God, thy righteous will instruct me to obey;

Let thy good spirit lead and keep my foul in thy right way. 11 O for the fake of thy great name revive my drooping heart:
For thy truth's fake to me diffres'd, thy promis'd aid impart.
12 In pity to my fust'rings, Lord, reduce my foes to shame;
Slay them that perfecute a foul devoted to thy name.

# PSALM CXLIV.

OR ever bleft be God the Lord,
Who does his needful aid impart,
At once both firength, and skill afford
To wield my arms with warlike art.
2 His goodness is my fort and tow'r,
My strong deliv'rance and my shield:
In him I trust, whose matchless pow'r
Makes to my sway sierce nations yield.

3Lord, what's in man, that thou should'st love Such tender care of him to take? What in his offspring could thee move. Such great account of him to make? 4 The life of man does quickly fade, His thoughts but empty are and vain; His days are like a flying shade, Of whose short stay no signs remain.

5 In folemn state, O God descend, Whilst Heav'n it's lofty head inclines; The smooking hills asunder rend, Of thy approach the awful signs.
6 Discharge thy dreadful light'ning round, And make thy scatter'd foes retreat; Them with thy pointed arrows wound, And their destruction soon compleat.

7, 8 Do

7, 8 Do thou, O Lord, from heav'n engage Thy boundless pow'r my foes to quell, And snatch me from the stormy rage Of threat'ning waves that proudly swell. Fight thou against my foreign foes, Who utter speeches false and vain; Who tho' in solemn leagues they close, Their sworn engagements ne'er maintain.

o So I to thee, O king of kings, In joyful hymns my voice shall raise, And instruments of various strings Shall help me thus to sing thy praise. 10 "God does to kings his aid afford, "To them his sure salvation sends; "'Tis he that from the murd'ring sword, "His servant David still defends."

Who utter speeches false and vain;
Who tho' in solemn leagues they close,
Their sworn engagements ne'er maintain.
12 Then our young sons like trees shall grow
Well planted in some fruitful place;
Our daughters shall like pillars show,
Design'd some royal court to grace.

13 Our garners fill'd with various store, Shall us and ours with plenty feed, Our sheep increasing more and more, Shall thousands and ten thousands breed. 14 Strong shall our lab'ring oxen grow, Nor in their constant labour faint; Whilst we no war nor slav'ry know, And in our streets hear no complaint. Whose various bleffings thus abound: Who God's true worship still embrace, And are with his protection crown'd.

P S A L M CXLV.

1, HEE I'll extol, my God and king,
thy endless praise proclaim;
This tribute daily I will bring,

and ever bless thy name.

3 Thou, Lord, beyond compare art great and highly to be prais'd;
Thy majesty, with boundless height,

above our knowledge rais'd.

4 Renown'd for mighty acts, thy fame to future times extends; From age to age thy glorious name

fuccessively descends.

5, 6 Whilft I thy glory and renown, and wond'rous works express,
The world with me thy might shall own and thy great pow'r confess.

7 The praise that to thy love belongs, they shall with joy proclaim;
Thy truth of all their grateful songs

shall be the constant theme.

8 The Lord is good; fresh acts of grace

his pity still supplies;

His anger moves with flowest pace, his willing mercy flies.

9, 10 Thy love thro' earth extends its fame to all thy works exprest;

These shewthy praise, whilst thy great name is by thy servants blest.

Y

They, with the glorious profpect fird, fhall of thy kingdom speak;

And thy great pow'r, by all admir'd, their lofty subject make.

12 God's glorious works of antient date, shall thus to all be known;

And thus his kingdom's royal state, with public splendor shown.

13 His stedfast throne, from changes free, shall stand for ever fast;

His boundless sway no end shall see, but time itself out-last.

PART II.

14, 15 The Lord does them support that fall, and makes the prostrate rise;

For his kind aid all creatures call, who timely food fupplies.

16 Whate'er their various wants require, with open hands he gives;

And so fulfills the just defire of ev'ry thing that lives.

17, 18 How holy is the Lord! how just! how righteous all his ways!

How nigh to him, who with firm trust for his affistance prays!

19 He grants the full defires of those who him with fear adore;

And will their troubles foon compose, when they his aid implore.

20 The Lord preserves all those with care whom grateful love employs:
But sinners, who his vengeance dare,

with furious rage destroys.

21 My

21 My time to come, in praises spent, shall still advance his same,
And all mankind with one consent

for ever bless his name.

PSALM CXLVI.

Praise the Lord and thou my foul, for ever bless his name:
His wond'rous love, while life shall last, my constant praise shall claim.

3 On kings, the greatest sons of men,

let none for aid rely :

They cannot fave in dang'rous times, nor timely help apply.

4 Depriv'd of breath, to dust they turn, and there neglected lye,

And all their thoughts and vain defigns

together with them die.

5 Then happy he, who Jacob's God for his protection takes; Who still, with well plac'd hope, the Lord

his constant refuge makes.

6 The Lord, who made both heav'n and earth and all that they contain,

Will never quit his feedfast truth, nor make his promise vain.

7 The poor opprest, from all their wrongs are eas'd by his decree;

He gives the hungry needful food, and fets the prif'ners free.

8 By him the blind receive their fight, the weak and fall'n he rears:
With kind regard and tender love, he for the righteous cares.

9 The

9 The strangers he preserves from harm, the orphan kindly treats, Defends the widow, and the wiles of wicked men defeats.

10 The God, that does in Sion dwell, is our eternal king:
From age to age his reign endures,

let all his praises fing.

P S A L M CXLVII.

Praise the Lord with hymns of joy, and celebrate his fame!

For pleasant, good, and comely 'tis to praise his holy name.

2. His holy city God will build, tho' level'd with the ground: Bring back his people, tho' difpers'd thro' all the pations round.

3, 4 He kindly heals the broken hearts, and all their wounds does close; He tells the numbers of the stars, their feveral names he knows.

5, 6 Great is the Lord, and great his pow'r, his wisdom has no bound;
The meek he raises, and throws down

the wicked to the ground.

7 To God, the Lord, a hymn of praife with grateful voices fing;
To fongs of triumph tune the harp, and strike each warbling string.

8 He covers heavy with clouds, and thence

refreshing rain bestows:

Thro' him, on mountain tops, the grass with wond'rous plenty grows.

9 He,

9 He, favage beafts that loofely range, with timely food supplies;
He feeds the ravens tender brood, and stops their hungry cries.

10 He values not the warlike steed, but does his strength distain;
The nimble foot that swiftly runs, no prize from him can gain.

11 But he, to him that fears his name, his tender love extends;
To him that on his boundless grace with stedfast hope depends.
12, 13 Let Sion and Jerusalem to God their praise address;
Who fenc'd their gates with massy bars, and does their children bless.

14, 15 Thro'all their borders he gives peace with finest wheat they're fed;
He speaks the word, and what he wills is done as foon as said.

16 Large slakes of snow, like sleecy wool, descend at his command;
And hoary frost, like ashes spread, is scatter'd o'er the land.

17 When join'd to the fe he does his hail in little morfels break,
Who can against his pieceing cold fecure defences make?

18 He fends his word, which melts the ice a he makes his wind to blow,
And soon the streams, congeal'd before, in plenteous currents flow.

19 By him his statutes and decrees to Jacob's sons were shown; And still to Isr'el's chosen feed his righteous laws are known.
20 No other nation this can boast, nor did he e'er afford.
To heathen lands his oracles, and knowledge of his word.

Hallelujah.

# PSALM CXLVIII.

1, 2 E boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's fame:
His praise your song employ
Above the starry frame:
Your voices raise,
Ye cherubim
And seraphim,
To sing his praise.

3, 4 Thou moon that rul'st the night, and sun that guid'st the day,
Ye glitt'ring stars of light,
To him your homage pay:
His praise declare,
Ye heav'ns above,
And clouds that move
In liquid

5, 6 Let them adore the Lord,
And praise his holy name,
By whose almighty word
They all from nothing came:
And all shall last,
From changes free:
His firm decree
Stands ever fast.

7, 8 Let

7, 8 Let earth her tribute pay;
Praise him ye dreadful whales,
And fish that through the sea
Glide swift with glitt'ring scales:
Fire, hail, and snow,

And mifty air,
And winds that where
He bids them blow.

9, to By hills and mountains (all In grateful confort join'd) By cedars stately tall, And trees for fruit design'd:

By ev'ry beaft, And creeping thing, And fowl of wing His name be bleft.

II, 12 Let all of royal birth,
With those of humbler frame,
And judges of the earth,
His matchless praise proclaim.
In this design
Let youths with maids,
And hoary heads
With children join.

13 United zeal be shown,
His wond'rous fame to raise,
Whose glorious name alone
Deserves our endless praise.
Earth's utmost ends
His pow'r obey:
His glorious sway
The sky transcends.

14 His chosen faints to grace,
He fets them up on high,
And favours Isr'el's race,
Who still to him are nigh.
O therefore raise
Your grateful voice,
And still rejoice
The Lord to praise.

P S A L M CXLIX.

Praife ye the Lord,
prepare your glad voice,
His praife in the great
affembly to fing.
In our great Creator
let Ifr'el rejoice,
And children of Sion
be glad in their king.

3, 4 Let them his great name extol in the dance;
With timbrel and harp his praifes express,
Who always takes pleasure his faints to advance,
And with his falvation the humble to bless.

5, 6 With glory adorn'd,
his people shall sing
To God, who their beds
with safety does shield;
Their mouths fill'd with praises
of him their great king;
Whilst a two-edged sword
their right hand shall weild.

7, 8 Just

7, 8 Just vengeance to take
for injuries past;
To punish those lands
for ruin design'd;
With chains, as their captives,
to tie their kings fast,
With fetters of iron
their nobles to bind.

9 Thus shall they make good,
when them they destroy,
The dreadful decree
which God does proclaim:
Such honour and triumph
his faints shall enjoy,
O therefore for ever
exalt his great name!
PSALMCI.

O Praise the Lord in that blest place, From whence his goodness largely flows Praise him in heav'n, where he his face Unveil'd in perfect glory shows.

2 Praise him for all the mighty acts, Which he on our behalf has done; His kindness this return exacts, With which our praise should equal run.

And gentle pfalt'ry's filver found.

4 Let virgin troops foft timbrels bring,
And fome with graceful motion dance;
Let inftruments of various strings,
With organs join'd, his praise advance.

5 Let them who joyful hymns compose, To cymbals set their songs of praise; Cymbals of common use, and those That loudly sound on solemn days.
6 Let all that vital breath enjoy, The breath he does to them afford, In just returns of praise employ:
Let ev'ry creature praise the Lord.

# THE END.

# GLORIA PATRI, &c.

Common Measure.

O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, the God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now, and shall be ever more.

As Pfalm 25.
O God the Father, Son, and spirit glory be;
As 'twas and is, and shall be so to all eternity.

As the tooth Pfalm.
O Father, Son, and Holy Ghoft,
The God whom earth and heav'n adore,
Be glory as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

As Pfalm 37, and last part of the 113th Pfalm Tune.

The God whom heav'n's triumphant And fuff'ring faints on eaath adore, [hoft,

Be glory as in ages past,
And now it is, and so shall last,
When time itself must be no more.

As Pfalm 148.

All worship be address'd,

As heretofore

It was, is now,

And shall be so

For evermore.

As Pfalm 149.

P Y angels in heav'n
of ev'ry degree,
And faints upon earth,
All praife be addrefs'd
To God in three perfons,
One God ever blefs'd;
And it has been, now is,
And always fhall be.

To be fung to any double Tune in the common Measure.

To God, our benefactor, bring The tribute of your praise; Too small for an almighty king, But all that we can raise.

Glory to thee, blefs'd three in one, The God whom we adore; As was, and is, and shall be done, When time shall be no more. The PSALMIST's Prayer for the CHURCH.

Common Measure.

ORD, bless thy people, who to thee do all their safety owe;

Feed thou thy flock, and raise them up, when they are fallen low.

Another.

Elight to bless thy people, Lord, defend and succour them;
Do good to Sion, build the walls of thy Jerusalem.

As the rooth Pfalm.

HY people whom thou lov'st, delight.

To bless, defend and succour them;

Do good to Sion, Lord, and build.

The walls of thy Jerusalem.

Another.

H! may thy church, thy turtle dove,
Mournful, yet chaste, thy pity move:
To birds of prey expose her not,
Tho' poor, too dear to be forgot.

As Pfalm XXV.

ET Sion favour find,
of thy good will affur'd;
And thy own city flourish long,
by lofty walls fecur'd.

# APPENDIX,

CONTAINING

A Number of

# HYMNS,

Taken chiefly from

Dr. WATTS's

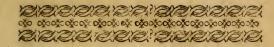
SCRIPTURAL COLLECTION

And they fung a newSong, &c. Rev. V. 9.

### BOSTON:

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#### HYMN I.

Rev. V. 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 12.

BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb amidst his Father's throne: Prepare new honors for his name, and fongs before unknown.

2 Let elders worship at his feet,

the church adore around, With vials full of odours fweet, with harps of fweetest found.

3 Those are the offer'd pray'rs of faints, and these the hymns they raise:

Iesus is kind to our complaints,

he loves to hear our praise.

A Now to the lamb that once was flain, be endless blessings paid:
Salvation, glory, joy remain

Salvation, glory, joy remain for ever on thy head.

5 Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood hast set the pris'ners free, Hast made us kings and priests to God,

and we shall reign with thee.

6 The world's of nature and of grace are put beneath thy pow'r;

Then shorten these delaying days, and bring the promis'd hour.

HYMN

#### HYMN II.

Ifa. LV. 1, 2, &c.

ET ev'ry mortal ear attend,
and ev'ry heart rejoice,
The trumpet of the gospel founds
with an inviting voice.

2 Ho! all ye hungry starving soule,

that feed upon the wind,

And vainly strive with earthly toys to fill an empty mind:

3 Eternal wisdom has prepar'd a foul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites

the rich provision taste.

4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams, and pine away and die;

Here you may quench your raging thirst with springs that never dry;

5 Rivers of love and mercy here in a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
like floods of milk and wine.

6 Ye perishing and naked poor, who work with mighty pain, To weave a garment of your own, that will not hide your sin;

7 Come naked and adorn your fouls with robes prepar'd by God, Wrought by the labours of his Son, and dy'd in his own blood.

8 Dear Lord! the treasures of thy love are everlatting mines,

Deep as our helpless miseries are, and boundless as our sins.

9 The

6 The happy gates of gospel-grace frand open night and day;
Lord, we are come to feek supplies, and drive our wants away.

#### HYMN III.

Ifai. XXVI, 1—5.

OW honorable is the place where we adoring ftand,

Sion, the glory of the earth,
and beauty of the land!

2 Bulwarks of mighty grace defend the city where we dwell;

The walls of strong falvation made, defy th' assaults of hell.

3 Lift up the everlasting gates, the doors wide open sling; Enter ye nations that obey

the fratutes of our king.

4 Here shall you taste unmingled joys, and live in perfect peace;

You that have known Jehovah's name, and ventur'd on his grace.

5 Trust in the Lord, for ever trust, and banish all your fears;
Strength in the Lord, Jehovah dwells, eternal as the years.

#### HYMNIV.

Ifa.LV. 1, 2. Zech.XIII. 1.Mic.VII. 19&c.

I N vain we lavish out our lives
to gather empty wind,
The choicest blessings earth can yield
will starve a hungry mind.

2 Come

2 Come, and the Lord shall feed our souls with more substantial meat:
With such as saints in glory love,

with fuch as angels eat.

3 Our God will every want supply, and fill our hearts with peace; He gives by cov'nant and by oath

the riches of his grace.

4 Come, and he'll cleanfe our fpotted fouls and wash away our stains
In the dear fountain that his Son pour'd from his dying veins.

5 Our guilt shall vanish all away, tho' black as hell before; Our fins shall fink beneath the sea, and shall be found no more.

6 And left pollution should o'respread our inward powr's again, His spirit shall bedew our souls

like purifying rain.

7 Our heart, that flinty flubborn thing, that terrors cannot move,
That fears no threat nings of his wrath, fhall be diffelv'd by love.

8 Or he can take the flint away, that would not be refin'd,

And from the treasures of his grace bestow a softer mind.

9 There shall his facred spirit dwell, and deep engrave his law, And ev'ry motion of our souls to swift obedience draw.

10 Thus will he pour falvation down, and we shall render praise; We the dear people of his love, and he our God of grace.

#### HYMNV.

Isa. LII. 7, 8, 9, 10. Matt. XIII. 16, 174

Who beauteous are their feet who ftand on Sion's hill,
Who bring falvation on their tongues, and words of peace reveal!

2 How charming is their voice! how fweet the tidings are!

"Sion behold thy faviour king,
"he reigns and triumphs here.

3 How happy are our ears, that hear this joyful found,
Which kings and prophets waited for, and fought but never found!
4 How bleffed are our eyes, that fee this heav'nly light;
Prophets and kings defir'd it long, but dy'd without the fight!

5 The watchmen join their voice, and tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth with songs, and defarts learn the joy.
6 The Lord makes bare his arm thro' all the earth abroad;
Let ev'ry nation now behold their Saviour and their God.

HYMN

#### HYMN VI.

Pet. I. 3, 4, 5.

LEST be the everlasting God,
the Father of our Lord;
Be his abounding mercy prais'd,
his majesty ador'd.

2 When from the dead he rais'd his Son, and call'd him to the fky,
He gave our fouls a lively hope

that they should never die.

3 What the our inbred fins require our flesh to see the dust, Yet as the Lord our Saviour rose, so all his followers must.

4 There's an inheritance divine referv'd against that day,
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd, and cannot waste away.

5 Saints by the pow'r of God are kept, 'till the falvation come; We walk by faith as strangers here, 'till Christ shall call us home.

#### HYMN VII.

Ifa. XXVI. 8,——20.

I N thine own ways, O God of love,
We wait the vifits of thy grace;
Our foul's defire is to thy name,
And the remembrance of thy face.
2 My thoughts are fearching, Lord, for thee
Amongst the shades of lonesome night:
My carnest pray'rs ascend the skies
Before the dawn restores the light.

3 Look

3 Look how rebellious men, deride
The tender patience of my God;
But they shall see thy listed hand,
And feel the scourges of thy rod.
4 Hark! the eternal rends the sky,
A mighty voice before him goes,
A voice of musick to his friends,
But threat'ning thunder to his foes.

5 Come, children, to your Fathers arms Hide in the chambers of my grace, 'Till the fierce ftorms be overblown, And my revenging fury cease.

### HYMN VIII.

Ifa. XL. 27, 28, 29, 30.

Hence do our mournful tho'ts arise?

and where's our courage fled?

Has restless sin and raging hell

struck all our comforts dead?

2 Have we forgot th' almighty name that form'd the earth and fea? And can an all-creating arm grow weary or decay.

3 Treasures of everlasting might In our Jehovah dwell; He gives the conquest to the weak, and treads their focs to hell.

A Mere mortal pow'r skall fade and die, and youthful vigour cease, But we that wait upon the Lord shall feel our strength increase. The faints shall mount on eagle's wings and taste the promis'd bliss,
 Till their unwearied feet arrive where perfect pleasure is.

#### HY MN IX.

Isa. XLIX. 13, 14, &c.

1 OW shall my inward joy arise, and burst into a song;
Almighty love inspires my heart,
and pleasure tunes my tongue.
2 God on his thirsty Sion-hill some mercy drops has thrown,
And solemn oaths have bound his love to show'r salvation down.

3 Why do we then indulge our fears, fuspicions and complaints;

Is he a God, and shall his grace grow weary of his faints?

4 Can a kind woman e'er forget the infant of her womb, Among a thousand tender thoughts her suckling have no room?

5"Yet, faith the Lord, should nature change, and mothers monsters prove,

"Sion still dwells upon the heart,
"of everlasting love.

6 "Deep on the palms of both my hands
"I have engrav'd her name;

"My hands shall raise her ruin'd walls and build her broken frame."

#### HYMN X.

## Rev. VII, 13, &c.

These glorious minds how bright they shine whence all their white array? How come they to the happy seats

of everlasting day?

2 From tort'ring pains to endless joys on fiery wheels they rode,

And strangely wash'd their raiment white in Jesus' dying blood.

3 Now they approach a fpotless God, and bow before his throne, Their warbling harps and facred fongs adore the holy One.

4 The unveil'd glories of his face amongst his faints reside,

While the rich treasure of his grace, fees all their wants supply'd.

5 Tormenting thirst shall leave their souls and hunger flee as fast;

The fruit of life's immortal tree shall be their sweet repast.

6 The Lamb shall lead his heav'nly slock where living fountains rife,

And love divine shall wipe away the forrows of their eyes.

#### HYMN XI.

Rev. XV. 3, &c.

WE fing the glories of thy love,
we found thy dreadful name;
The christian church unites the fongs
of Moses and the Lamb. 2 Great

2 Great God, how wond'rous are thy works of vengeance and of grace!

Thou king of faints, almighty Lord, how just and true thy ways!

3 Who dares refuse to fear thy name, or worship at thy throne? Thy judgments speak thine holiness thro' all the nations known.

#### HYMN XII.

Joh. XVI. 16. LukeXXII. 19. Joh. XIV. 3.

I ESUS is gone above the skies,
Where our weak senses reach him not,
And carnal objects court our eyes
To thurst our Saviour from our thought.
2 He knows what wand'ring hearts we have,
Apt to forget his lovely face,
And to refresh our minds he gave
These kind memorials of his grace.

3 The Lord of life this table fpread With his own flesh and dying blood; We on the rich provision feed, And taste the wine, and bless our God. 4 Let sinful sweets be all forgot, And earth grow less in our esteem; Christ and his love fill ev'ry thought, And faith and hope be fix'd on him.

5 While he is absent from our fight, 'Tis to prepare our fouls a place, That we may dwell in heav'nly light, And live for ever near his face.

6 Our eyes look upwards to the hills Whence our returning Lord shall come; We wait thy chariots awful wheels To fetch our longing spirits home.

#### HYMN XIII.

Luke XIV. 17, 22, 23.

While everlasting love displays
the choicest of her stores!

2 Here ev'ry bowel of our God with foft compafion rolls,

Here peace and pardon bought with blood, is food for dying fouls.

3 While all our hearts, and all our fongs, join to admire the feaft,

Each of us cry with thankful tongues, "Lord, why was I a guest?

4 "Why was I made to hear thy voice, and enter while there's room;

"When thousands make a wretched choice, and rather starve than come!

5 'Twas the fame love that fpread the feaft that fweetly forc'd us in,
Else we had still refus'd to taste.

and perish'd in our sin.

6 Pity the nations, O our God, conftrain the earth to come; Send thy victorious word abroad, and bring the strangers home.

7 We long to fee thy churches full, that all the chofen race,May with one voice, and heart, and foul, fing thy redeeming grace.

HYMN XIV.
Solomon's Song I. 7.
HOU whom my foul admires above
All earthly joys and earthly love,
Tell me dear fhepherd, let me know
Where doth thy fweetest pasture grow?

Where doth thy fweetest pasture grow 2 Where is the shadow of that rock, That, from the sun defends thy slock? Fain would I feed among thy sheep, Among them rest, among them sleep.

3. Why should thy bride appear like one That turns aside to paths unknown? My constant feet would never rove, Would never feek another love.

4. The footsteps of thy flock I fee; Thy sweetest pastures here they be; A wond'rous feast thy love prepares, Bought with thy wounds, & groans & tears.

5 His dearest flesh he makes my food, And bids me daink his richest blood: Here to these hills my foul will come, 'Till my beloved lead me home.

HYMN XV.

Solomon's Song II. 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13.

HE voice of my beloved founds

Over the rocks and rifing grounds;

O'er hills of guilt, and feas of grief,

He leaps, he flies to my relief.

2 Now

2 Now thro' the veil of flesh I see With eyes of love he looks at me; Now in the gospel's clearest glass He shows the beauties of his face.

3 Gently he draws my heart along, Both with his beauties and his tongue:

" Rife," faith my Lord, "make hafte away,

" No mortal joys are worth thy stay.

4 "The Jewish wintry state is gone,

"The mits are fled, the spring comes on,

" The facred turtle-dove we hear

"Proclaim the new the joyful year.
"Th' immortal vine of heav'nly root,
Bloffoms and buds, and gives her fruit."
Lo, we are come to tafte the wine:
Our fouls rejoice and blefs the vine.
6 And when we hear our Jefus fay,
"Rife up my love, make hafte away"!
Our hearts would fain out-fly the wind,
And leave all earthly loves behind.

#### HYMN XVI.

Solomon's Song III. 2, 11.

Aughters of Sion, come, behold
The crown of honor and of gold,
Which the glad church with joys unknown
Plac'd on the head of Solomon.

Jefus, thou everlafting king,
Accept the tribute which we bring:
Accept the well-deferv'd renown,
And wear our praifes as thy crown.

3 Let every act of worship be Like our espousals, Lord, to thee; Like the dear hour when from above We first receiv'd thy pledge of love. 4 The gladness of that happy day, Our hearts would wish it long to stay; Nor let our faith forsake its hold, Nor comfort sink, nor love grow cold.

5 Still may each minute as it flies, Increase thy praite, improve our joys, Till we are rais'd to fing thy name At the great supper of the lamb. 6 O that the months would roll away, And bring that coronation-day! The king of grace shall fill the throne With all his Father's glories on.

## HYMN XVII.

## Ifa. LVII. 15, 16.

"HUS faith the high and lofty One,
"I fit upon my holy throne:
"My name is God, I dwell on high;

" Dwell in my own eternity .

2 "But I descend to worlds below, "On earth I have a mansion too;

"The humble spirit and contrite

"Is an abode of my delight.

3 "The humble foul my words revive, "I bid the mourning finner live;

" Heal all the broken hearts I find,

"And ease the sorrows of the mind.
"When I contend against their sin,

"I make them know how vile they've been;
But should my wrath for ever smoke,

"Their fouls would fink beneath my stroke.

5 0

5 O may thy pard'ning grace be nigh, Left we should faint, despair and die! Thus shall our better thoughts approve The methods of thy chast'ning love.

#### HYMN XVIII.

Matt. V. 3——12.

1 LEST are the humble fouls that fee Their emptiness and poverty;
Treatures of grace to them are giv'n,
And crowns of joy laid up in heav'n.
2 Blest are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart;
The blood of Christ divinely slows
A healing balm for all their woes.

3 Bleft are the meek, who ftand afar From rage and paffion, noise and war; God will secure their happy state, And plead their cause against the great.
4 Bleft are the souls that thirst for grace, Hunger and long for rightcourses; They shall be well supply'd and sed With living streams and living bread.

5 Bleft are the men whose bowels move And melt with sympathy and love; From Christ the Lord they shall obtain Like sympathy and love again: 6 Blest are the pure, whose hearts are clean. From the defiling pow'rs of sin; With endless pleasure they shall see A God of spotless purity.

7 Bleft are the men of peaceful life, Who quench the coals of growing strife; B 2 They shall be call'd the heirs of bliss, The sons of God, the God of peace.

8 Blest are the suff'rers who partake Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake; Their souls shall triumph in the Lord, Glory and joy are their reward.

#### H Y M N XIX. 2 Tim. I. 12.

or to defend his cause,
Maintain the honor of his word,
the glory of his cross.

2 Jefus, my God! I know his name, his name is all my truft; Nor will he put my foul to shame,

nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne his promife ftands, and he can well fecure
What I've committed to his hands,

till the decifive hour.

4 'Then will he own my worthless name before his Father's face, And in the new Jerusalem appoint my soul a place.

# $H \Upsilon N N XX.$

2 Cor. 1, 5———8.

Here is a house not made with hands, eternal and on high,

And here my spirit waiting stands

till God shall bid it fly.

2 Shortly this prison of my clay must be dissolved and fall;
Then, O my soul, with joy obey thy heavinly Father's call.

3 'Tis

3 'Tis he by his almighty grace that forms thee fit for heav'n, And as an earnest of the place has his own spirit giv'n.

4 We walk by faith of joys to come, faith lives upon his word; But while the body is our home

we're absent from the Lord.

5 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace but we had rather fee; We would be absent from the flesh and present, Lord with thee.

#### HYMM XXI.

Mat. XXI. 37.—40.

Hus faith the first, the great command,
"Let all thy inward pow'rs unite "To love thy Maker, and thy God,

" With utmost vigour and delight.

2 " Then shall thy neighbour next in place

" Share thine affections and esteem, " And let thy kindness to thyself

" Measure and rule thy love to him."

3 This is the fenfe that Mofes spoke, This did the prophets preach and prove; For want of this the law is broke, And the whole law's fulfill'd by love. 4 But O! how base our passions are! How cold our charity and zeal ! Lord, fill our fouls with heav'nly fire. Or we shall ne'er perform thy will.

#### HYMN XXII.

Matt. XI. 28,—30.

OME hither all you weary fouls,

"ye heavy laden finners come,

"I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to my heavinly home.

2 " They shall find rest that learn of me;

"I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
"But pathon rages like the sea,

" And pride is restless as the wind.

3" Blefs'd is the man whose shoulders take

"My yoke, and bear it with delight;

" My yoke is easy to his neck,

" My grace shall make the burden light."

4 Jefus, we come, at thy command, ... With faith and hope, and humble zeal, Refign our fpirits to thy hand, To mould and guide us at thy will.

#### HYMN XXIII.

## Luke I. 68, &c.

whose mercy at our need
Has visited his people's grief,
and them from bondage freed:

And rais'd in faithful David's house
solution which of old

falvation which of old, E'er fince the world itself began, his prophets had foretold.

3 To fave us from our spiteful foes, and keep his oath in mind, Which he to Abr'am heretofore, and to our fathers sign'd.

4 That

That we from fear and danger freed, his temple may frequent;

And all our days, as in his fight, in holy life be spent.

5 And thou, O child, fhalt then be call'd God's prophet to declare His message, and before his face

his passage to prepare.

6 To give them light who now in shades

of night and death abide:
And in the way that leads to peace
our footsteps safely guide.

#### HYMN XXIV.

Luke I. 46, &c.

Y foul and spirit fill'd with joy,
my God and Saviour praise;
Whose goodness did from poor estate
his humble hand maid raise.

2 Me bleft of God, the God of pow'r, all ages shall confess,

Whose name is holy, and whose love his faints shall ever bless.

3 The proud, and all their vain defigns, he quickly did confound:

He cast the mighty from their feat, the meek and humble crown'd.

4 The hungry with good things are fill'd the rich with hunger pin'd:
He fent his ferwant Ifr'el help.

He fent his fervant Isr'el help, and call'd his love to mind;

Which to our fathers heretofore,
 by oath he did ensure;
 To Abr'am and his chosen seed,
 for ever to endure.

HYMN

## HYMN XXV.

## Luke II. 29.

ORD let thy fervant now depart into thy promis'd rest, Since my expecting eyes have been with thy salvation blest:

2 Which, 'till this time, thy favour'd faints,

and prophets, only knew,

Long fince prepar'd, but now fet forth in all the people's view.

3 A light to fhew the heathen world the way to faving grace: But O! the light and glory both of Ifr'el's chosen race.

## HYMN XXVI.

## Luke II. 8,—15.

Hile shepherds watch their flocks by all seated on the ground, [night The angel of the Lord came down,

and glory shone around.
2 "Fear not, said he, (for mighty dread

" had feiz'd their troubled mind:)
" Glad tidings of great joy I bring
" to you and all mankind.

3 "To you in David's town, this day is born of David's line

The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;

4 The

4" The heav'nly babe you there shall find "to human view display'd,

"All meanly wrapt in fwathing bands, "and in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith appear'd a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus

addrest their joyful song;

6 " All glory be to God on high; " and to the earth be peace;

"Good-will henceforth from heav'n to men,
begin and never cease."

### HYMN XXVII.

1 Cor. 5. 7. Rom. 6, 9, &c.

S INCE Christ our passover is slain a facrifice for all;

Let all with thankful hearts agree to keep the festival:

2 Not with the leaven, as of old, of fin and malice fed;

But with unfeign'd fincerity, and truth's unleaven'd bread.

3 Christ being rais'd by pow'r divine, and rescu'd from the grave, Shall die no more, death shall on him no more dominion have;

4 For that he dy'd, 'twas for our fins he once vouchfaf'd to die,

But that he lives, he lives to God, for all eternity.

5 So count yourselves as dead to sin, but graciously restor'd, And made henceforth alive to God, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

#### HYMN XXVIII.

GOD, we praise thee, and confess, that thou thee only Lord,
And everlasting Father art
by all the earth ador'd.

2 To thee all angels cry aloud, to thee the pow'rs on high, Both cherubim and feraphim, continually do cry;

3 O holy, holy, holy Lord, whom heav'nly hofts obey; The world is with thy glory fill'd of thy majestic sway.

4 Th' apostles glorious company, and prophets crown'd with light, With all the martyrs noble host,

thy constant praise recite.

5 The holy church throughout the world, O Lord, confesses thee, That thou, eternal Father art of boundless majesty:

6 Thy honour'd true and only Son, and Holy Ghoft the fpring

Of never-ceasing joy; O Christ of glory thou art king.

7 The Father's everlasting Son, thou from on high didst come.

To fave mankind, and didft not then difdain the virgin's womb,

8 And having overcome the fting of death, thou open'ft wide The gates of heav'n to all, who firm in thy belief abide.

#### PART II.

o Crown'd with the Father's glory thou at God's right hand do'st sit; Whence thou shalt come to be our Judge, to sentence or acquit.

no O therefore fave thy fervants, Lord, whose souls so dearly cost;
Nor let the purchase of thy blood,

thy precious blood, be lost.

11 We magnify thee day by day; and ever worthip thee, Vouchfafe to keep us, Lord, this day from fin and danger free.

to us thy grace extend,

According as for mercy we on thee alone depend.

13 In thee I have repos'd my trust, and ever shall do so; Preferve me then from ruin here, and from eternal woe.

#### HY MN XXIX.

Rev. IV. 11. and V. 9. &c.

HOU God, all glory, honour, pow'r art worthy to receive:

Since all things by thy pow'r were made,

and by thy bounty live.

2. And worthy is the Lamb all pow'r, honour and wealth to gain, Glory and Itrength, who for our fins a facrifice was flain.

3 All worthy thou, who hast redeem'd, and ranfom'd us to God,

Fom ev'ry nation, ev'ry coast, by thy most precious blood,

4 Bleffing and honour, glory, pow'r, by all in earth and heav'n, To him that fits upon the throne,

and to the Lamb be giv'n.

## HYMN XXX.

## Rev. XIX. 5, &c.

LL ye who faithful fervants are of our almighty king, Both nigh and low, and small and great

his praise devoutly fing. 2 Let us rejoice, and render thanks

to his most holy name;

Rejoice, rejoice, for now is come the marriage of the Lamb.

3 His bride herfelf has ready made, how pure and white her dress ! Which is the faints integrity and spotless holiness.

4 O therefore bleft is ev'ry one, who to the marriage feast,

And holy supper of the Lamb is call'd a welcome guest.

#### HYMN XXXI.

Matt. VI. 9, &c.

UR Father who in heaven art, all hallowed be thy name; Thy kingdom come; thy will be done, throughout this earthly frame.

2 As cheerfully as 'tis by those who dwell with thee on high; Lord, let thy bounty day by day our daily food supply;

3 As we forgive our enemies, thy pardon, Lord, we crave; Into temptation lead us not, but us from evil fave.

4 For kingdom, pow'r and glory, all belong, O Lord, to thee;
Thine from eternity they were, and thine shall ever be.

#### H Y M N XXXII.

t Cor. XV. 2, 21. Colof. III. 1.

Hrift from the dead is rais'd and made the first-fruits of the tomb;

For, as by man came death, by man did resurrection come.

2 For, as in Adam all mankind did guilt and death derive; So, by the righteoufness of Christ, shall all be made alive.

3 If then ye rifen are with Christ, feek only how to get

The things that are above, where Christ at God's right hand is fet.

HYMN

#### HYMN XXXIII.

Another Version of Luke II. 8, &c. " Hepherds, rejoice, lift up your eyes,

and fend your fears away:

" News from the region of the skies, " Salvation's born to day.

2 " Jefus, the God whom angels fear, " comes down to dwell with you:

"To-day he makes his entrance here, " but not as monarchs do.

3 " No gold nor purple fwadling bands,

" nor royal fhining things;

" A manger for his cradle stands, " and holds the king of kings.

"Go, shepherds, where the infants lies,

" and fee his humble throne;

" With tears of joy in all your eyes, " go shepherds, kiss the son."

5 Thus Gabriel fang, and strait around the heavenly armies throng,

They tune their harps to lofty found, and thus conclude the fong:

6 " Glory to God that reigns above, let peace furround the earth;

" Mortals shall know their Maker's love. " at their Redeemer's birth."

7 Lord! and shall angels have their fongs, and men no tunes to raise?

O may we lose these useless tongues when they forget to praise!

& Glory to God that reigns above, that pitied us forlorn,

We join to fing our Maker's love, for there's a Saviour born. HYMN HYMN XXXIV. Ecclef. XII. 1. &c.

Hildren, to your Creator, God, your early honours pay, While vanity and youthful blood would tempt your thoughts aftray.

2 The memory of his mighty name, demands your first regard ! Nor dare indulge a meaner flame,

till you have lov'd the Lord.

3 Be wife, and make his favour fure before the mournful days,

When youth and mirth are known no more, and life and firength decays.

4 No more the bleffings of a feast shall relish on the tongue,

The heavy ear forgets the tafte and pleafure of a fong.

5 Old age with all her difmal train, invades your golden years

With fighs, and groans, and raging pain, and death that never spares.

6 What will you do when light departs,

and leaves your withering eyes, Without one beam to chear your hearts, from the superior skies?

7 How will you meet God's frowning brow or stand before his feat.

While nature's old supporters bow, nor bear their tott'ring weight ?

8 Can you expect your feeble arms shall make a strong defence,

When death, with terrible alarms, fummons the pris'ner hence?

o The

The filver bands of nature burst, and let the building fall;
The flesh goes down to mix with duit,

its vile original.

10 Laden with guilt (a heavy load)
uncleans'd and unforgiv'n,
The foul returns t' an angry God,
to be shut out from heav'n.

### HYMN XXXV.

Job. I. 21.

AKED as from the earth we came, and crept to life at first,.
We to the earth return again, and mingle with our dust.

2 The dear delights we here enjoy, and fondly call our own,

Are but short favours borrow'd now, to be repay'd anon.

3 'Tis God that lifts our comforts high, or finks them in the grave,
He gives, (and bleffed re his name)
he takes but what he gave.

4 Peace, all our angry passions then, let each rebellious sigh,

Be filent at his fovereign will, and every murmer die.

If fmiling mercy crown our lives, it's praifes shall be spread,
 And we'll adore the justice too
 That strikes our comforts dead.

#### HYMN' XXXVI.

Rom. VIII. 33. &c.

HO shall the Lord's elect condemn?

'Tis God that justifies their souls,
And mercy like a mighty stream,
O'er all their fins divinely rolls.

Who shall adjudge the faints to hell?

'Tis Christ that suffer'd in their stead,
And the salvation to sulfil,
Behold him rising from the dead.

3 He lives! he lives! and fits above For ever interceeding there; Who shall divide us from his love, Or what shall tempt us to despair? 4 Shall persecution, or distress, Famine, or sword, or nakedness? He that hath lov'd us, bears us thro', And makes us more than conqu'rors too.

5 Faith hath an over-coming power,
It triumphs in the dying hour;
Christ is our life, our joy, our hope,
Nor can we fink with such a prop.
6 Not all that men on earth can do,
Nor pow'rs on high, nor pow'rs below,
Shall cause his mercy to remove,
Or wean our hearts from Christ our love.

H Y M N XXXVII.

Pfal. 49. 6, 9, Eccl. 8. Job. 3. 14, 15.

N vain the wealthy mortals toil,

And heap their fhining dust in vain,

Look down and scorn the humble poor,

And boast their lofty hills of gain.

2 Their

2 Their golden cordials cannot eafe Their pained hearts or aking heads, Nor fright nor bribe approaching death From glittering roofs and downy beds.

3 The ling'ring, the unwilling foul.
The difmal fummons must obey,
And bid a long, a sad farewell
To the pale tump of lifeless clay.
4 Thence they are huddled to the grave,
Where kings and slaves have equal thrones,
Their bones without distinction lie
Amongst the heap of meaner bones.

HYM N XXXVIII.

Rev. V. 6, 7, 8, 9.

LL mortal vanities be gone,

Nor tempt my eyes nor tire my ears,

Behold amidst th' eternal throne

A vision of the Lamb appears.

2 Glory his fleecy robe adorns,

Mark'd with the bloody death he bore;

Sev'n are his eyes, and sev'n his horns,

3 Lo! he receives a fealed book
From him that fits upon the throne;
Jefus, my Lord, prevails to look
On dark decrees, and things unknown.
4 All the affembling faints around
Fall worshipping before the Lamb,
And in new fongs of gospel-sound
Address their honors to his name.

To fpeak his wisdom and his pow'r.

5 The joy, the shout, the harmony, Flies o'er the everlasting hills.

"Worthy

"Worthy art thou alone" (they cry)
"To read the book, to loose the seals."
6 Our voices join the heav'nly strain,
And with transporting pleasure sing,
Worthy the Lamb, that once was slain,
To be our teacher, and our king.

7 His words of prophecy reveal
Eternal counfels, deep defigns;
His grace and vengeance shall fulfil
The peaceful and the dreadful lines.
8 Thou hast redeem'd our souls from hell
With thine invaluable blood;
And wretches that did once rebel
Are now made fav'rites of their God.

9 Worthy for ever is the Lord, That dy'd for treason not his own, By ev'ry tongue to be ador'd, And dwell upon his Father's throne.

### HYMN XXXIX.

2 Tim. IV. 6, 7, 8, 18.

EATH may diffolve my body now, and bear my fpirit home;
Why do my minutes move fo flow, nor my falvation come?

2 With heav'nly weapons I have fought the battles of the Lord,

Finish'd my course, and kept the faith, and wait the sure reward.

3 God has laid up in heav'n for me a crown which cannot fade;

The righteous judge at that great day shall place it on my head.

4 Nor

4 Nor hath the king of grace decreed this prize for me alone;

But all that love, and long to fee th' appearance of his Son.

5 Jefus, the Lord, shall guard me safe from ev'ry ill defign;

And to his heav'nly kingdom keep this feeble foul of mine.

6 God is my everlasting aid. and hell shall rage in vain; To him be highest glory paid, and endless praise, Amen.

## HYMN XL.

Ifa. LXIII. 1, 2, 3, &c. THAT mighty man, or mighty God, comes travelling in state, Along the Idomean road

away from Bozrah's gate!

2 The glory of his robes proclaim 'tis some victorious king :

"Tis I, the just, th' almighty One " that your falvation bring."

3 Why, mighty Lord, thy faints enquire, why thine apparel's red?

And all thy vesture stain'd like those who in the wine-press tread?

4 " I by myself have trod the press, " and crush'd by foes alone,

" My wrath has struck the rebels dead, " my fury stamp'd them down.

5 " 'lis Edom's blood that dies my robes " with joyful fearlet stains, " The "The triumph that my raiment wears forung from their bleeding veins.

6 "Thus shall the nations be destroy'd

" that dare infult my faints,

"I have an arm t' avenge their wrongs, an ear for their complaints.

#### HYMN XLI.

## Nahum I. 1, 2, 3, &c.

A DORE and tremble, for our God is a confuming fire,

His jealous eyes his wrath inflame, and raise his vengeance higher.

2 Almighty vengeance how it burns?
how bright his fury glows!
Vast magazines of plagues and storms

lie treasur'd for his foes.

3 Those heaps of wrath by slow degrees are forc'd into a slame,

But kindled, oh! how fierce they blaze! and rend all nature's frame.

4 At his approach the mountains flee, and feek a watry grave;

The frighted sea makes haste away, and shrinks up ev'ry wave.

5 Thro' the wide air the weighty rocks, are swift as hail-stones hurl'd:

Who dares engage his fiery rage, that fhakes the folid world!

6 Yet, mighty God, thy fov'reign grace, fits regent on the throne,

The refuge of thy chosen race when wrath comes rushing down.

7 Thy

7 Thy hand shall on rebellious kings a fiery tempest pour, While we beneath thy shelt'ring wings thy just revenge adore.

#### HYMN XLII.

Ifa. XL. 28, 29, 30, 31.

WAKE our fouls (away our fears)
Let ev'ry trembling tho't be gone
Awake, and run the heav'nly race,
And put a chearful courage on.
True 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint,
But they forget the mighty God
That feeds the strength of ev'ry faint.

3 The mighty God whose matchless pow'r Is ever new and ever young,
And firm enduers while endless years
'Their everlasting circles run.
4 From thee the overslowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air, We'll mount aloft to thine abode, On wings of love our fouls shall fly, Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

#### HYMN XLIII.

Jud. XXIV. 25.

1 O God the only wife
our Saviour, and our king,
Let all the faints below the fkies
their humble praifes bring.

2 'Tis his almighty love, his counsel and his care, Preserves us safe from sin and death, and ev'ry hurtful snare.

3 He will present our fouls unblemish'd and compleat, Before the glory of his face, with joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen feed shall meet around the throne, Shall bless the conduct of his grace, and make his wonders known.

5 To our Redeemer God wisdom and pow'r belongs, Immortal crowns of majesty, and everlasting songs.

#### HYMN XLIV.

Rev. XI. 7.

ET mortal tongues attempt to fing
The wars of heav'n when Michael stood
Chief general of the eternal king,
And fought the battles of our God.
2 Against the dragon and his host
The armies of the Lord prevail;
In vain they rage, in vain they boast,
Their courage sinks, their weapons fail,

3 Down to the earth was fatan thrown,
Down to the earth his legions fell;
Then was the trump of triumph blown,
And shook the dreadful deeps of hell.
4 Now is the hour of darkness past,
Christ has assumed his reigning pow'r;

D Behold

Behold the great accuser cast Down from the skies, to rise no more.

Twas by thy blood, immortal Lamb. Thine armies trod the tempter down; 'Twas by thy word and pow'rful name They gain'd the battle and renown. 6 Rejoice ye heav'ns ; let ev'ry ftar Shine with new glories round the fky; Saints while you fing the heav'nly war, Raise your deliv'vers name on high.

HY MN XLV.

Rev. I. 5, 6, 7.

NOW to the Lord, that makes us know
The wonders of his dying love, Be humble honors paid below, And strains of nobler praise above. 2 'Twas he that cleans'd our foulest fins. And wash'd us in his richest blood : Tis he that makes us priefts and kings, And brings us rebels near to God.

3 To Jesus our atoning priest, To Jefus our superior king, Be everlasting power confest, And ev'ry tongue his glory fing. 4 Behold on flying clouds he comes, And ev'ry eye shall see him move; Tho' with our fins we peirc'd him once, Then he displays his pard'ning love.

5 The unbelieving world shall wail While we rejoice to see the day; Come Lord: nor let thy promise fail, Nor let thy chariots long delay.

HYMN

#### · HYMN XLVI.

Rev. V. 1, 12, 13.

OME let us join our chearful fongs with angels round the throne;

Ten thousand thousands are their tongues, but all their joys are one.

2 " Worthy the Lamb that dy'd," they cry.

" to be exalted thus;"

Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply, for he was flain for us.

3 Jefus is worthy to receive honor and power divine;

And bleffings more than we can give;

be, Lord forever thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the fky, and air, and earth, and feas, Conspire to lift thy glories high, and speak thine endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one, to bless the facred name
Of him that fits upon the throne, and to adore the Lamb.

#### HY M N XLVII.

I John iii, &c. Gal. iv. 6:

RHOLD what wond'rous grace
the Father has bestow'd,
On sinners of a mortal race,
to call them sons of God!

'Tis no surprizing thing,
that we should be unknown;

The Jewish world knew not their king, God's everlasting Son:

Nor doth it yet appear how great we must be made;

But

But when we fee our Saviour here, we shall be like our head.

A hope so much divine
may trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin
as Christ the Lord is pure.

5 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy spirit, like a dove,
to rest upon my heart.

6 We would no longer lie like flaves beneath the throne: My faith shall abba Father cry, and thou the kindred own.

HYMN XLVIII.

Sol. Song VIII. 5, 6, 7, 13, 14.

WHO is this fair One in diffrefs,
That travels from the wildernefs,
And prefs'd with forrows and with fins,
On her beloved Lord she leans.
This is the spouse of Christ our God,
Bought with the treasures of his blood

3 "O let my name engraven stand, "Both on thy heart and on thy hand: Seal me upon thine arm, and wear

And her request, and her complaint,

Is but the voice of ev'ry faint.

"That pledge of love for ever there.

4" Stronger than death thy love is known, "Which floods of wrath could never drown; "And hell and earth in vain combine

"To quench a fire so much divine.

5 "But I am jealous of my heart,
"Lest it should once from thee depart;
"Then

Then let thy name be well impress'd,

" As a fair fignet on my breaft.

6 "Till thou hast brought me to thy home. "Where fears and doubts can never come.

Thy count'nance let me often fee,

" And often thou thalt hear from me.

7 " Come, my beloved hafte away Cut short the hours of thy delay,

" Fly like a youthful hart or roe
"Over the hills where spices grow."

HYMN XLIX.

Job IV. 17,—21.

SHALL the vile race of flesh and blood
Contend with their Creator, God?
Shall mortal worms presume to be
More holy, wise, or just than he?
2 Behold he puts his trust in none
Of all the Spirits round his throne;
Their natures when compar'd with his,
Are neither holy, just, nor wife.

3 But how much meaner things are they. Who fpring from dust, and dwell in clay !! Touch'd by the finger of thy wrath, We faint and vanish like the moth.

4 From night to day, from day to night, We die by thousands in thy fight;
Bury'd in dust whole nations lie. Like a forgotten vanity.

5 Almighty pow'r, to thee we bow; How frail are we! how glorious thou! No more the fons of earth shall dare With an eternal God compare.

D 2

HYMN

HYMN L.
Ecclef. IX. 4, 5, 6, 10.

IFE is the time to ferve the Lord,
The time t'enfure the great reward,
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest finner may return.

2 Life is the hour that God has giv'n, To 'scape from hell, and fly to heav'n; The day of grace, and mortals may Secure the bleffings of the day.

3 The living know that they must die, But all the dead forgotten lie; Their mem'ry and their sense is gone, Alike unknowing and unknown.

4 Their hatred and their love is lost, Their envy buried in the dust; They have no share in all that's done Beneath the circuit of the sun.

5 Then what my thoughts defign to do, My hands, with all your might purfue, Since no device, nor work is found, Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground. 6 There are no acts of pardon pass'd In the cold grave to which we haste; But darkness, death, and long despair, Reign in eternal filence there.

HYMN LI.

Rom. III. 19,—22.

IV AIN are the hopes the fons of men on their own works have built;
Their heart by nature all unclean, and all their actions guilt.

2 Let Jew and Gentile ftop their mouths without a murm'ring word,

And

And the whole race of Adam stand guilty before the Lord.

3 In vain we ask God's righteous law to justify us now,
Since to convince and to condemn

is all the law can do.

4 Jesus, how glorious is thy grace, when in thy name we trust!
Our faith receives a righteousness that makes the sinner just.

#### HYMN LII.

John III. 16, 17, 18.

1 OT to condemn the fons of men
Did Christ the Son of God appears:
No weapons in his hands are seen,
No slaming sword, nor thunder there.
2 Such was the pity of our God,
He lov'd the race of man so well,
He fent his Son to bear our load
Of sins, and save our souls from hell.

3 Sinners, believe the Saviour's word, Trust in his mighty name, and live; A thousand joys his lips afford, His hands a thousand blessings give.
4 But vengeance and damnation lies On rebels who refuse the grace; Who God's eternal Son despise, The hottest hell shall be their place.

#### HYMN LIH.

1 Cor. II. 9, 10. Rev. XXI. 27.

OR eye hath feen, nor ear hasheard, nor fense nor reason known,

What

What joys the Father has prepar'd for those that love his Son.

2 But the good spirit of the Lord reveals a heaven to come;

The beams of glory in his word allure and guide us home.

Pure are the joys above the sky, and all the region peace;
No wanton lips nor envious eye can see or taste the bliss.

4 Those holy gates for ever bar, pollution, fin, and shame:

None shall obtain admittance there But foll'wers of the Lamb.

5 He keeps the Father's book of life ; there all their names are found; The hypocrite in vain shall strive to tread the heav'nly ground.

#### HYMN LIV.

Rom. VI. 1, 2, 6.

S HALL we go on to fin, because thy grace abounds, Or crucify the Lord again and open all his wounds?

2 Forbid it mighty God nor let it e'er be said,

That we whose fins are crucify'd should raise them from the dead.

3 We will be flaves no more, fince Christ has made us free, Has nail'd our tyrants to his cross, and bought our liberty.

HYMM

# HYMM LV.

Phil. III. 7, 8, 9.

O more, my God, I boast no more Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before
To trust the merits of thy Son.
Now for the love I bare his name,
What was my gain I count my loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross.

3 Yes, and I must and will esteem.
All things but loss for Jesus' sake:
O may my soul be found in him,
And of his righteousness partake!
4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne;
But faith can answer thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

I was alive without the law, and thought my fins were dead.

2 My hopes of heav'n were firm and bright but fince the precept came With a convincing pow'r and light,

I find how vile I am.

3 My guilt appear'd but fmall before, 'till terrible I faw

How perfect, holy, just, and pure was thine eternal law.

4 Then felt my foul the heavy load, my fins reviv'd again,

I had provok'd a dreadful God and all my hopes were flain.

5 Tm

46

5 I'm like a helpless captive fold, under the power of sin; I cannot do the good I would

nor keep my conscience clean.

6 My God, I cry with ev'ry breath for some kind pow'r to save.

To break the yoke of fin and death and thus redeem the flave.

# HYMN LVII.

Joh. I. 17. Heb. III. 3, &c. X. 28.

HE law by Moses came, but peace, and truth, and love, Were brought by Christ (a nobler name) descending from above.

2 Amidst the house of God their diff'rent works were done;

Moses a faithful servant stood, but Christ a faithful Son.

3 Then to his new commands, be ftrict obedience-paid; O'er all his Father's house he stands the sovereign and the head.

4 The man that durft despise the law that Moses brought! Behold! how terribly he dies for his presumptuous fault.

5 But forer vengeance falls on that rebellious race, Who hate to hear when Jefus calls, and dare refift his grace.

HYMN LVIII.

Heb. IV. 15,16, & V. 7. Matt. XII 20.

ITH joy we meditate the grace of our high-priest above;

-1-

His heart is made of tenderness, his bowels melt with love.

2 Touch'd with a fympathy within he knows our feeble frame,

He knows what fore temptations mean, for he has felt the fame.

3 But spotless innocent and pure the great Redeemer stood,

While Satan's fiery darts he bore, and did refift to blood.

4 He in the days of feeble flesh pour'd out his cries and tears, And in his measure feels afresh

what every member bears.

5 He'll never quench the fmoaking flax but raise it to a flame;

The bruifed reed he never breaks, nor fcorns the meanest name.

6 Then let our humble faith address his mercy and his pow'r,

We shall obtain deliviring grace in the distressing hour.

# HYMN LIX.

Titus II. 10-13.

the holy gospel we profess,
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.
Thus shall we best proclaim abroad.
The honors of our Saviour God;
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the pow'r of sin.

3 Our

3 Our flesh and sense must be deny'd; Passion and envy, lust and pride; While justice, temp'rance, truth and love Our inward piety approve.
4 Religion bears our spirits up While we expect that blessed hope, The bright appearance of the Lord And faith stands leaning on his word.

H Y M N LX.
1 Cor. XIII. 1, 2, 3.

AD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews
A nd nobler speech than angels use,
It ove be absent, I am found
Like tinkling brass and empty sound.
2 Were I inspir'd to preach and tell
All that is done in heav'n and hell,
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.

3 Should I distribute all my store
To feed the bowels of the poor,
Or give my body to the slame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name:
4 If love to God and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain:
Nor tongues, nor gifts nor siery zeal,
The work of love can e'er fulfil.

H Y M N LXI. 2 Tim. 1, 9, 10.

OW to the pow'r of God supreme
Be everlasting honours giv'n,
He saves from hell (we bless his name)
He calls our wand'ring feet to heav'n.
Not for our duties nor deserts,
But of his own abounding grace,

He works falvation in our hearts, And forms a people for his praise.

3 'I was his own purpose that began
'To rescue rebels doom'd to die;
He gave us grace in Christ his Son
Before he spread the starry sky.
4 Jesus the Lord appears at last,
And makes his Father's counsels known;
Declares the great transactions pass'd,
And brings immortal blessings down.

5 He dies; and in that dreadful night Did all the pow'rs of hell deftroy; Rifing he brought our heav'n to light, And took possession of the joy.

#### HYMN LXII.

Ifa. LIH. 1—5, 10—12.

WHO has believ'd thy word, or thy falvation known;
Reveal thine arm, almighty Lord, and glorify thy Son.

2 The Jews effecm'd him here too mean for their belief; Sorrow his chief acquaintance were, and his companion, grief.

3 They turn'd their eyes away, and treated him with fcorn; But 'twas their grief upon him lay, their forrows he has born.

4 'Twas for the stubborn Jews and Gentiles then unknown, The God of justice pleas'd to bruise his best-beloved Son.

E

TO H Y M N IXII, IXIII.

5 " But I'll prolong his days, " and make his kingdom frand,

" My pleasure (faith the God of grace)

" fhall prosper in his hand.

6 "His joyful foul shall see "the purchase of his pain,

"And by his knowledge justify the guilty fons of men.

7 " Ten thousand captive slaves " releas'd from death and sin,

"Shall quit their prisons and their graves,

" and own his pow'r divine.

8 "Heav'n shall advance my Son to joys that earth deny'd;

"Who faw the follies men had done and bore their fins and dy'd."

#### HYMN LXIII.

OW short and hasty is our life!

how vast our souls affairs!

Yet senseless mortals vainly strive

to lavish out their years.

2 Our days run thoughtlesly along, without a moment's stay,
Just like a story or a song,

ift like a ftory or a fong, we pass our lives away,

3 God from on high invites us home, but we march heedless on,

And ever hast'ning to the tomb, stoop downwards as we run.

4 How we deserve the deepest hell that slight the joys above!

What chains of vengcance should we feel that break such cords of love!

5 Draw

Draw us, O God, with fov'reign grace, and lift our thoughts on high, That we may end this mortal race and fee falvation nigh.

#### HY MN LXIV.

1 NOW to the Lord a noble fong! Awake my foul, awake my tongue; Hofanna to th' eternal name, And all his boundless love proclaim. 2 See where it shines in Jesus' face The brightest image of his grace; God in the person of his Son, Has all his mighty works out-done.

3 The spacious earth, and spreading flood Proclaim the wife, the pow'rful God, And thy rich glories from afar, Sparkle in ev'ry rolling star. 4 But in his looks a glory stands, The noblest labour of thine hands: The pleasing lustre of his eyes Out-shines the wonders of the skies.

5 Grace! 'tis a fweet, a charming theme; My thoughts rejoice at Jefus' name: Ye angels, dwell upon the found, Ye heav'ns reflect it to the ground. 6 O may I live to reach the place Where he unvails his lovely face, Where all his beauties you behold, And fing his name to harps of gold !

HYMN LXV. Phil. II. 6, &c.

Right king of glory, dreadful God! Our spirits bow before thy feat, To To thee we lift an humble thought, And worship at thine awful feet. 2 Thy pow'r hath form'd thy wisdom sways All nature with a sov'reign word; And the bright world of stars obeys The will of their superior Lord.

3 Mercy and truth unite in one,
And finiling fit at thy right-hand;
Eternal justice guards thy throne,
And vengeance waits thy dread command.
4 A thousand seraphs strong and bright
Stand round the glorious deity;
But who amongst the sons of light
Pretends comparison with thee?

Yet there is one of human frame, Jefus aray'd in flesh and blood,
'Chinks it no robbery to claim
A full equality with God.
6 Their glory shines with equal beams;
Their essence is for ever one,
'Tho' they are known by diff'rent names,
The Father-God and God the Son.
7 Then let the name of Christ our king
With equal honours be ador'd;
His praise let every angel sing,
And all the nations own the Lord.

HYMN LXVI.

Ark! from the tombs a doleful found;
my ears attend the cry,

Ye living men, come view the ground.

" where you must shortly lie.

2 " Princes, this clay must be your bed

" in spite of all your tow'rs;

" The

The tall, the wife, the rev'rend head must lie as low as ours.

3 Great God! is this our certain doom? and are we ftill fecure?
Still walking downwards to our tomb,

and yet prepare no more!

4 Grant us the pow'rs of quick'ning grace, to fit our fouls to fly,

Then, when we drop this dying flesh, we'll rife above the sky.

#### HYMN LXVII.

Zech. XII. 7.

HUS faith the Ruler of the fkies,

" awake my dreadful fword;
"Awake my wrath, and finite the man

" my fellow faith the Lord:

2 Vengeance receiv'd the dread command and armed down the flies, Jefus fubmits t' his Father's hand, and bows his head, and dies.

3 But oh! the wisdom and the grace that join with vengeance now ! He dies to save our guilty race,

He dies to fave our guilty race, and yet he rifes too.

4 A person so divine was he who yielded to be slain,
That he could give his soul away, and take his life again.

5 Live, glorious Lord, and reign on highlet ev'ry. nation fing,

And angels found with endless joy the Saviour and the king.

E. 2

HYMN

24 II I II IN IXVIII, IXIX

HYMN LXVIII.

1 NFINITE grief! amazing woe!
behold my bleeding Lord!
Hell and the Jews conspir'd his death,
and us'd the Roman sword.

2 Oh! the fharp pangs of finarting pain

my dear Redeemer bore,

When knotty whips, and ragged thorns his facred body tore!

3 But knotty whips, and ragged thorns in vain I do accuse,

In vain I blame the Roman bands, and the more spiteful Jews.

4 'Twere you, my fins, my cruel fins, his chief tormentors were!

Each of my crimes became a nail, and unbelief the spear.

5 'Twere you, that pull'd the vengeance down upon his guil: lefs head:

Break, break my heart, oh; burst mine eyes, and let my forrows bleed.

6 Strike, mighty grace, my flinty foul, 'till melting waters flow,

And deep repentance drown mine eyes, in undiffembled woe.

# H Υ M N LXIX. Heb. XII. 18, &c.

OT to the terrors of the Lord, the tempest, fire and smoke, Not to the thunder of that word which God on Sinai spoke;
But we are come to Sion's hill, the city of our God,

Where

Where milder words declare his will, and fpread his love abroad.

3 Behold the innumerable hoft of angels cloath'd in light; Behold the spirits of the just whose faith is turn'd to sight.

4 Behold the bleft affembly there, whose names are writ in heav'n;

And God the judge of all declares their vilest fins forgiv'n.

5 The faints on earth and all the dead but one communion make; All join in Christ their living head,

and of his grace partake.

6 In fuch fociety as this my weary foul would rest;

The man that dwells where Jesus is must be forever blest.

### HYMN LXX.

Ifa. L. 10, 11. Chap. XXVIII. 20.

"Where are the mourners (faith the Lord)
That wait and tremble at my word,

"That walk in darkness all the day?

" Come, make my name your trust and stay,

2" No works nor duties of your own "Can for the smallest sin atone;

"The robes that nature may provide "Will not your least pollutions hide.

3 "The foftest couch that nature knows

"Can give the conscience no repose:
"Look to my righteousness, and live;

" Comfort and peace are mine to give.

4 " Ye

4 "Ye fons of pride that kindle coals,
"With your own hands to warm your fouls,

" Walk in the light of your own fire,

" Enjoy the sparks that ye desire.

5 "This is your portion at my hands; Hell waits you with her iron bands,

"Ye shall lie down in forrow there,

" In death, in darkness, and despair."

#### HYMN LXXI.

Job XI. 7, &c. XXV. 5. XXVI. 11.

AN creatures to perfection find.
Th' eternal uncreated mind;
Or can the largest stretch of thought
Measure and search his nature out!
2 'Tis high as heav'n, 'tis deep as hell,
And what can mortals know or tell?
His glory spreads beyond the sky,
And all the shining worlds on high.

3 But man, vain man, would fain be wife, Born like a wild young colt he flies. Thro' all the follies of his mind, And swells, and souffs the empty wind. 4 God is a king of pow'r unknown, Firm are the orders of his throne; If he resolve, who dare oppose, Or ask him why, or what he does?

5 He wounds the heart and he makes whole;
He calms the tempest of the soul:
When he shuts up in long despair,
Who can remove the heavy bar?
6 He frowns, and darkness veils the moon,
The fainting sun goes down at noon:
The pillars of heav'n's starry roof
Tremble and start at his reproof.
7 He

7 He gave the vaulted heav'n its form, The crooked ferpent, and the worm; He breaks the billows with his breath, And fmites the fons of pride to death. 8 These are a portion of his ways; But who shall dare describe his face? Who can endure his light; or stand To hear the thunders of his hand?

#### HYMN LXXII.

1 Cor. XI. 23, &c.

1'T WAS on that dark, that doleful night, when pow'rs of earth and hell arose, Against the Son of God's delight, And friends betray'd him to his foes:

2 Before the mournful scene began, He took the bread, and bless'd, and brake: What love thro' all his actions ran!

What wond'rous words of grace he spake!

3 "This is my body broke for fin,
"Receive and eat the living food;"
Then took the cup, and bless'd the wine;
"Tis the new cov'nant in my blood.
4 "Do this, (he cry'd) till time shall end,
"In mem'ry of your dying friend;

"Meet at my table and record

"The love of your departed Lord."

5 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate, We shew thy death, we sing thy name, "Till Thou return and we shall eat The marriage supper of the Lamb.

# HYMN LXXIII.

Gal. VI. 14.

on which the prince of glory dy'd,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the death of Christ my God:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I facrifice them to his blood.

3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er fuch love and forrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
4 His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the tree!
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.
5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small:
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

# H Y M N LXXIV.

# Luke XIV. 16, &c.

The fruits of life o'erfpread the board,
The cup o'erflows with heav'nly love.
Thine ancient family the Jews,
Were first invited to the feast:
We humbly take what they refuse,
And Gentiles thy salvation taste.

3 We

3 We are the poor, the blind, the lame, And help was far, and death was nigh! But, at the gospel-call, we came, And ev'ry want receiv'd supply.

4 From the highway that leads to hell, From paths of darkness and despair, Lord, we are come with thee to dwell, Glad to enjoy thy presence here.

5 What shall we pay th' eternal Son, 'That left the heav'n of his abode, And to this wretched earth came down, To bring us wand'rers back to God! 6 It cost him death, to save our lives; 'To buy our souls, it cost his own; And all the unknown joys he gives, Were bought with agonies unknown.

7 Our everlasting love is due To him that ransom'd sinners lost; And pity'd rebels when he knew The vast expence his love would cost. HYMN LXXV.

LORY to God the Father's name, who from our finful race, Choic out his fav'rites to proclaim the honors of his grace.

2 Glory to God the Son be paid, who dwelt in humble clay, And to redeem us from the dead,

gave his own life away.

3 Glory to God the Spirit give, from whose almighty pow'r Our souls their heav'nly birth derive, and bless the happy hour.

4 Glory

4 Glory to God that reigns above, th' eternal Three and One, Who by the wonders of his love, has made his nature known.

# HYMN LXXVI.

To him that chose us first,
Before the world began;
To him that bore the curse,
To fave rebellious man;
To him that form'd
Our hearts anew,
Is endless praise
And glory due.

2 The Father's love shall run Thro' our immortal songs; We bring to God the Son Hosanna's on our tongues; Our lips address The Spirit's name With equal praise, And zeal the same.

3 Let ev'ry faint above,
And angel round the throne,
For ever blefs and love
The facred Three in One:
Thus heav'n shall raise
His honor's high,
When earth and time
Grow old and die.

Hof. III. 5. Luke XXIV. 44. Pf. 35. 12,14.

EHOLD the love, the gen'rous love that holy David shows: Hark, how his founding bowels move to his afflicted foes!

2 When they are fick, his foul complains, and feems to feel the fmart;

The spirit of the gospel reigns, and melts his pious heart.

? How did his flowing tears condole, as for a brother dead!

And fasting mortify'd his foul, While for their life he pray'd,

4 They groan'd, and curs'd him on their bad: yet still he pleads and mourns;

And double bleffings on his head the righteous God returns.

5 O glorious Type of heav'nly grace! thus Christ the Lord appears; While finners curfe the Saviour prays. and pities them with tears.

6 He the true David, Ifrael's king, bleft and belov'd of God:

To fave us rebels dead in fin pay'd his own dearest blood.

#### HYMN LXXVIII.

Luke. I. 32. X. 21. Pfa. XXI. 1, 8. AVID rejoic'd in God his strength, Rais'd to the throne by special grace, But Christ the Son appears at length, Fulfils the triumph and the praise.

How

2 How great is the Messiah's joy In the salvation of thy hand! Lord, thou hast rais'd his kingdom high, And giv'n the world to his command.

3 Thy goodness grants whate'er he will, Nor doth the least request with-hold; Bieslings of love prevent him still, And crowns of glory, not of gold.
4 Honour and majesty divine Around his sacred temple shine; Blest with the favour of thy face, And length of everlasting days.

5 Thine hand shall find out all his foes; And as a fi'ry oven glows With raging heat and living coals, So shall thy wrath devour their souls.

#### HYMN LXXIX.

Ifa. XLII. 1. Heb. I. 5. &c. Pf. 89. 1, &c.

OR ever shall my fong record

The truth and mercy of the Lord;

Mercy and truth for ever stand

Like neav'n establish'd by his hand.

2 Thus to his Son he sware, and said, With thee my cov'nant first is made;

"In thee shall dying sinners live;
Glory and grace are thine to give.

3 " Be thou my prophet, thou my priest;

Thy children shall be ever blest;
Thou art my chosen king: thy throne

".Shall stand eternal like my own.

There's none of all my fons above;

So much my image, or my love ? " Celestiai

" Celestial pow'rs thy subjects are;

"Then what can earth to thee compare?

5 "David, my fervant, whom I chose "To guard my flock, to crush my foes, "And rais'd him to the Jewish throne,

"Was but the shadow of my Son."
6 Now let the church rejoice, and sing Jesus her Saviour and her king;
Angels his heavenly wonders show,
And saints declare his works below.

#### HYMN LXXX.

Mat. XXI. 15, 16. Pfa. VIII. 1, 2.

A LMIGHTY Ruler of the skies, thro' the wide earth thy name is spread And thine eternal glory rise
O'er all the heav'ns thy hands have made.
2 To thee the voices of the young,
A monument of honour raise;
And babes with uninstructed tongue
Declares the wonders of thy praise.

3 Thy pow'r affists their tender age To bring proud rebels to the ground, To still the bold blasphemer's rage, And all their policies confound.
4 Children amidst thy temple throng To see their great Redeemer's face; The Son of David is their song, And young hosannas fill the place.

5 The frowning fcribes and angry priefts
In vain their impious cavils bring;
Revenge fits filent in their breafts,
While Jewish babes proclaim their king.
HYMN

#### HY M N LXXXI.

Heb. II. 5. &c. Pia. VIII. 3, &c.
Ord, what was man, when made at first,
Adam the offspring of the dust,
That thou should'st fit him and his race
But just below an angel's place?
That thou should'st raise his nature so,
And make him Lord of all below,
Make ev'ry beast and bird submit,
And lay the fishes at his feet?

3 But, O what brighter glories wait To crown the fecond Adam's state! What honours shall thy Son adorn, Who condescended to be born? 4 See him below his angels made; See him in dust amongst the dead, To save a ruin'd world from sin: But he shall reign with pow'r divine.

5 The world to come redeem'd from all The mis'ries that attend the fall, New-made, and glorious, shall submit At our exalted Saviour's feet.

# HYMN LXXXII.

Acts IV. 24. XIII. 33 Heb. I. 5.Pf. II. 1, &c.

AKER and fov'reign Lord
of heaven, and earth, and feas,
Thy providence confirms thy word,
and answers thy decrees.
the things so long forerold

by David are fulfill'd, When Jews and Gentiles join'd to flay Jefus thine holy child.

3 Why

3 Why did the Gentiles rage, and Jews with one accord Bend all their counfels to destroy th' anointed of the Lord?

4. Rulers and kings agree to form a vain design, Against the Lord their pow'rs unite, against his Christ they join.

5 The Lord derides their rage, and will support his throne; He that hath rais'd him from the dead, hath own'd him for his Son.

6 Now he's ascended high, and asks to rule the earth; The merit of his blood he pleads, and pleads his heav'nly birth.

7 He asks, and God bestows a large inheritance; Far as the world's remotest ends his kingdom shall advance.

8 The nations that rebel must feel his iron rod; He'll vindicate those honors well which he receiv'd from God.

9 Be wife, ye rulers, now, and worship at his throne;
With trembling joy, ye people how To God's exalted Son.
10 If once his wrath arise, ye perish on the place:
Then blessed is the soul that flies for refuge to his grace.

# HYMN LXXXIII.

Heb. I. 10. Pf. X. 2, 23, &c..

T is the Lord our Saviour's hand
Weakens our strength amidst the race,
Disease and death at his command
Arrest us, and cut short our days;
2 Spare us, Q Lord, aloud we pray,
Nor let our sun go down at noon:
Thy years are one eternal day;
And must thy children die so soon!

3 Yet in the midst of death and grief, This thought our forrow shall asswage; "Our Father and our Saviour live: "Christ is the same thro' every age." 4 'Twas he this earth's foundation laid; Heav'n is the building of his hand; This earth grows old, these heav'ns shall sade, And all be chang'd at his command.

The starry curtains of the sky Like garments shall be laid aside; But still thy throne stands firm and high; Thy church for ever must abide.

6 Before thy face thy church shall live, And on thy throne thy children reign; This dying world shall they survive, And the dead saints be rais'd again.

HYMN LXXXIV.
Heb. V. 6. Pf. XCVII. 6, 9.
THE Lord is come; the heav'ns proclaim
His birth; the nations learn his name,
An unknown ftar directs the road
Of eaftern fages to their God.

2 All

2 All ye bright armies of the skies, Go, worship where the Saviour lies: Angels and kings before him bow, Those gods on high and gods below. 3 Let idols totter to the ground, And their own worshippers confound; But Judah shout, but Zion sing, And earth confess her sov'reign king.

#### HYMN LXXXV.

Rom. XV. 3. Job XV. 25. II. 17. Cor. VI. 2. Pf. LXIX. 1, 14.

I"S AVE me, O God, the fwelling floods "break in upon my foul:

"I fink; and forrows o'er my head

" like mighty waters roll.

2 " I cry till all my voice be gone, " in tears I waste the day;

" My God, behold my longing eyes, and shorten thy delay.

3 "They hate my foul without a cause," and still their numbers grows,

"More than the hairs around my head,
"and mighty are my foes.

4 " Twas then I paid that dreadful debt

" that men could never pay;

"And gave those honors to thy law, "which sinners took away."

5 Thus in the great Messiah's name, the royal prophet mourns; Thus he awakes our hearts to grief, and gives us joy by turns.

6 " Now

6 "Now shall the faints rejoice and find

" falvation in thy name;

" For I have borne their heavy load " of forrow, pain and shame.

7 "Grief like a garment cloath'd me round,

"and fackcloth was my drefs,

"While I procur'd for naked fouls, "a robe of righteoufness.

8 " Amongst my brethren and the Jews

"I like a stranger stood,

- "And bore their vile reproach, to bring the Gentiles near to God.
- 9 "I came in finful mortals stead "to do my Father's will:

"Yet when I cleans'd my Father's house, they scandaliz'd my zeal.

o "My fasting and my holy groans were made the drunkard's fong;

But God from his celeftial throne heard my complaining tongue.

" He fav'd me from the dreadful deep, nor let my foul be drown'd;

"He rais'd and fix'd my finking feet on well-establish'd ground.

" 'Twas in a most accepted hour my pray'r arose on high,

"And for my fake my God shall hear "the dying sinner's cry."

H Y M N LXXXVI.

Mark XV. 23, 24. Pf. LXIX. 14, &c.

OW let our lips with holy fear and mournful pleafure fing

The

The fuff'rings of our great high-prieft, the forrows of our king.

2 He finks in floods of deep diftress; how high the waters rise!

While to his heav'nly Father's ear he fends perpetual cries.

3 " Hear me, O Lord, and fave thy Son, " nor hide thy shining face;

"Why should thy favourite look like one

"forfaken of thy grace?

"With rage they perfecute the man that groans beneath thy wound,

"While for a facrifice I pour "my life upon the ground.

5 " They tread my honor to the dust, " and laugh when I complain;

"Their sharp insulting slanders add

" fresh anguish to my pain.

6 " All my reproach is known to thee, the fcandal and the shame;

"Reproach has broke my bleeding heart, and lies defil'd my name,

7 " I look'd for pity, but in vain;

" my kindred are my grief;

"I ask my friends for comfort round,

" but meet with no relief.

8 "With vinegar they mock my thirst,

" they give me gaul for food;

"And sporting with my dying groans, "they triumph in my blood.

9 "Shine into my distressed soul, "let thy compassions save;

" And

"And tho' my flesh fink down to death, "redeem it from the grave.

" I shall arise to praise thy name, " shall reign in worlds unknown;

" And thy falvation, O my God, " shall feat me on thy throne.

HYMN LXXXVIII

Rom. XI. 11, 16. Heb. XII. 2. XIII. 13.
Pf. LXIX. 29, &c.

ATHER, I fing thy wond'rous grace,
I blefs my Saviour's name;
He bought falvation for the poor,

and bore the finner's shame.

2 His deep diffress has rais'd us high, his duty and his zea!

Fulfill'd the law which mortals broke, and finish'd all thy will.

3 His dying groans, his living fongs, fhall better please my God,
Than harps or trumpet's solemn found, than goats or bullocks blood.

This shall his humble followers fee, and fet their hearts at rest;

They by his death draw near to thee, and live forever bleft.

5 Let heav'n and all that dwell on high, to God their voices raife,

While lands and feas affift the fky, and join to' advance his praise.

6 Zion is thine, most holy God, thy Son shall bless her gates;

And glory purchas'd by his blood for thy own Ifr'el waits.

HYMN

HYMN LXXXVIII.

Heb. X. 4. &c. Pf. XL. 6, 9.

Hus saith the Lord, "your works is vain

" give your burnt off rings o'er,

"In dying goats and bullocks flain my foul deligths no more.

2 Then spake the Saviour, "lo I'm here, "my God, to do thy will;

"What-e'er thy facred books declare

"thy fervant shall fulfil.

3 "Thy law is ever in my fight, "I keep it in my heart:

" Mine eyes are open'd with delight to what thy lips impart.

4 "And fee, the bleft Redeemer comes, th' eternal Son appears,

And at th' appointed time assumes the body God prepares.

5 Much he reveal'd his Father's grace, and much his truth he shew'd; And preach'd the way of righteousness

where great affemblies stood.

6 His Father's honour toucht his heart,

he pity'd finners cries,

And to fulfil a Saviour's part, was made a facrifice.

2 No blood of beafts on altars fhed could wash the conscience clean;

But the rich facrifice he paid attones for all our fin.

8 Then was the great falvation fpread, and fatan's kingdom shook.

Thus by the woman's promis'd feed the ferpent's head was broke.

#### HYMN LXXXIX.

Acts II. 25, &c. XIII. 35. Pf. XVI. 8, &c.

Set the Lord before my face, "he bears my courage up;

"My heart and tongue their joys express,
"my flesh shall rest in hope.

2 " My spirit, Lord, thou wilt not leave,

", where fouls departed are,

" Nor quit my body to the grave to fee corruption there.

3 "Thou wilt reveal the path of life

"and raise me to thy throne:
"Thy courts immortal pleasure give,

"thy prefence joys unknown."

Thus in the name of Christ, the Lord, the holy David sung,

And Providence fulfils the word of his prophetic tongue.

5 Jefus, whom ev'ry faint adores, was crucify'd and flain; Behold, the tomb its prey reftores, behold, he lives again.

6 When shall my feet arise and stand

on heav'ns eternal hills?

There fits the Son at God's right-hand, and there the Father finiles.

H r M N XC. Luke XXIV. 51. 52. Acts I. 9. Pf. XLVII.

For a shout of sacred joy to God the sov'reign king!
Let ev'ry land their tongues employ, and hymns of triumph sing.

2 Jesus

2 Jesus, our God ascends on high; his heav'nly guards around Attend him rising through the sky, with trumpets joyful found.

3 While angels shout and praise their King, let mortals learn their strains; Let all the earth his honours sing;

o'er all the earth he reigns.

4 Rehearse his praise with awe prosound, let knowledge lead the song; Nor mock him with a solemn sound

upon a thoughtless tongue.

5 In Ifr'el ftood his ancient throne, he lov'd that chofen race; But now he calls the world his own, and heathens tafte his grace.

6 TheBritish kingdoms are theLord's, there Abr'am's God is known;

While pow'rs and princes, shields and swords fubmit before his throne.

#### HY MN XCI.

Eph. IV. 8. Heb. XII. 18, &c. Act. II. 33. Pfal. LXVIII. 17, 18.

ORD, when thou didst ascend on high Ten thousand angels fill'd the sky; Those heav'nly guards around thee wait, Like chariots that attend thy state.

2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear More glorious when the Lord was there; While he pronounc'd his dreadful law, And struck the chosen tribes with awe.

G 3 How

3 How bright the triumph none can tell, When the rebellious pow'rs of hell, That thousand fouls had captive made Were all in chains like captives led. 4 Rais'd by his Father to the throne, He fent his promis'd Spirit down, With gifts and grace for rebel men, That God might dwell on earth again.

# HYMN XCII.

Luk. IV. 22. Heb I. 8, 9. Chap. IV. 12.

1. Pet. II. 9. Joh. III. 34. Pfal. XLV.

Y Saviour and my King,
thy beauties are divine; Thy lips with bleflings overflow, and ev'ry grace is thine.

2 Now make thy glory known, gird on thy dreadful fword, And ride in majesty to spread

the conquests of thy word. 3 Strike thro' thy stuborn foes

or melt their hearts t' obey, While justice, meekness, grace, and truth,

attend thy glorious way.

4 Thy laws, O God, are right; thy throne shall ever stand; And thy victorious gospel proves a sceptre in thy hand.

5 Thy Father and thy God, hath without measure shed His Spirit like a joyful oil t' anoint thy facred head,

6 Behold, at thy right-hand the Gentile church is feen, Like a fair bride in rich attire; and princes guard the queen.

7 Fair bride, receive his love, forget thy father's house; Forsake thy gods, thy idol-gods, and pay thy Lord thy vows.

8 O let thy God and King thy fweetest thoughts employ;
Thy children shall his honour sing in palaces of joy.

# HYMN XCIII.

Mat. XXII. 9, 42. 1 Pet. II. 4, &c. Joh-XI. 13. Pf. CXVIII. 22, &c.

Yet God hath built his church thereon in spite of envious Jews.

2 The scribe and angry priest reject thine only Son; Yet on this rock shall Zion rest, as the chief corner-stone.

3 The work, O Lord, is thine, and wond'rous in our eyes: This day declares it all divine, this day did Jefus rife.

4 This is the glorious day that our Redeemer made; Let us rejoice and fing and pray, let all the church be glad.

5 Hosanna to the King of David's royal blood : Bless him, ye faints; he comes to bring falvation from your God.

6 We bless thine holy word, which all this grace displays;
And offer on thine altar, Lord, our facrifice of praise.

#### HYMN XCIV.

Ifa. XLV. 21. Rom. III. 21, 7. Pfal. LXXI.

MY Saviour, my almighty friend, when I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
the numbers of thy grace?

2 Thou art my everlasting trust, thy goodness I adore;

And fince I knew thy graces first I speak thy glories more.

3 My feet shall travel all the length of the celestial road, And march with courage in thy strength

to fee my Father-God.

4 When I am fill'd with fore diffress for some surprizing sin,

I'll plead thy perfect righteousness, and mention none but thine.

5 How will my lips rejoice to tell the vict'ries of my King! My foul redeem'd from fin and hell fhall thy falvation fing.

6 My tongue shall all the day proclaim my Saviour and my God,

His death has brought my foes to shame, and drown'd them in his blood.

2 Awake

7 Awake, awake, my tuneful pow'rs; with this delightful fong
I'll entertain the darkest hours,
nor think the season long.

# HYMN XCV.

I Cor. X. 9. Heb. III. 7, &c. Pfal. XCV.

OME, let our voices join to raise
A facred song of solemn praise:
God is a sov'reign king; rehearse
His honours in exalted verse.
Come, let our souls address the Lord,
Who fram'd our natures with his word the is our shepherd; we the sheep
His mercy chose, his pastures keep.

3 Come, let us hear his voice to-day, The counsels of his love obey, Nor let our hard'ned hearts renew, The fins and plagues that Isr'el knew. 4 Isr'el that saw his works of grace, Yet tempt their Maker to his face; A faithless unbelieving brood, That tir'd the patience of their God.

5 Thus faith the Lord, "How false they "Forget my pow'r; abusemy love; [prove! "Since they despise my rest, I swear, "Their feet shall never enter there."
6 Look back, my soul, with holy dread, And view those ancient rebels dead; Attend the offer'd grace to day, Nor lose the blessings by delay.

7 Seize the kind promife while it waits, And march to Zion's heav'nly gates; G 2 Believe Believe, and take the promis'd rest; Obey, and be forever blest.

#### HYMN XCVI.

Luke I. 32, 33. Joh. I. 49,51. Pf. LXXII. 8.

J ESUS shall reign where'er the sun Does his successive journeys run; His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 Behold the islands with their kings, And Europe her best tribute brings; From north to south the princes meet. To pay their homage at his feet.

- 3 There Persia glorious to behold, There India shines in eastern gold; And barb'rous nations at his word Submit, and bow, and own their Lord. 4 For him shall endless pray'r be made, And praises throng to crown his head; His name like sweet persume shall rise With ev'ry morning-sacrifice.
- 5 People and realms of ev'ry tongue Dwell on his love with sweetest song; And infant-voices shall proclaim Their early blessings on his name. 6 Blessings abound where'er he reigns, The pris'ner leaps to lose his chains; The weary find eternal rest, And all the sons of want are blest.
- 7 Where he displays his healing power, Death and the curse are known no more; In him the tribes of Adam boast More blessings than their father lost.

8 Let

8 Let ev'ry creature rife and bring, Peculiar honours to our King: Angels descend with songs again, And earth repeat the long amen.

# HYMN XCVII.

Mat. XVIII. 20. 1 Tim. III. 15. Pf. CXXXII. 5, &c.

of fleep nor flumber to his eyes good David would afford,
'Till he had found below the fkies a dwelling for the Lord.

2 The Lord in Zion plac'd his name, his ark was fettled there:

To Zion the whole nation came, To worship thrice a year.

3 But we have no fuch lengths to go, nor wander far abroad; Where'er thy faints affemble now

there is a house for God.

4 Arise, O King of grace arise, and enter to thy rest,

Lo! thy church waits with longing eyes thus to be own'd and bleft.

5 Enter with all thy glorious train, thy Spirit and thy word; All that the ark did once contain

All that the ark did once contain could no fuch grace afford.

6 Here, mighty God, accept our vows, here let thy praise be spread; Bless the provisions of thy house, and fill thy poor with bread.

7 Here let the Son of David reign, let God's anointed shine;

Justice

Justice and truth his courts maintain with love and pow'r divine.

8 Here let him hold a lafting throne, and as his kingdom grows,

Fresh honours shall adorn his crown

Fresh honours shall adorn his crown, and shame confound his foes.

# HYMN XCVIII.

Eph. V. 19, 20. 2 Thef. I. 7. Pf. XCVII. 5.

1 Praise him in evangelic strains:

Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,

And distast islands join their voice.

2 Deep are his counsels and unknown;

But grace and truth support his throne;

Tho gloomy clouds his way surround,

Justice is their eternal ground.

3 In robes of judgment, lo he comes, Shakes the wide earth, and cleaves the tombs; Before him burns devouring fire, The mountains melt, the feas retire.
4 His enemies with fore difmay, Fly from the fight, and shun the day; Then lift your heads, ye faints, on high, And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

HYMN XCIX.

Pf. IX. 10.

ING to the Lord, who loud proclaims
His various, and his faving names;
O may they not be heard alone,
But by our fure experience known!
The great Jehovah be ador'd,
Th' eternal, all-fufficient Lord,
He thro' the world most high confess'd,
By whom 'twas form'd, and is possess'd.

3 Awake

3 Awake our noblest pow'rs, to bless
The God of Abr'am, God of peace;
Now by a dearer title known,
Father and God of Christ his Son.
4 Thro' ev'ry age his gracious ear
Is open to his servants prayer;
Nor can one humble foul complain,
That he has sought his God in vain.

5 What unbelieving heart shall dare
In whispers to suggest a fear,
While still he owns his ancient name?
The same his pow'r his love the same!
6 To thee our souls in faith arise,
To thee we lift expecting eyes;
And boldly thro' the desart tread:
For God will guard, where God shall lead.

## HYMN C.

Pf. XXXV. 3.

I SALVATION! O melodious found to wretched dying men!

Salvation, that from God proceeds,

and leads to God again!
2 Refcu'd from hell's eternal gloom, from fiends and fires and chains:

Rais'd to a paradife of blifs, where love, with glory reigns!

3 But O! may a degen'rate foul, finful and weak as mine, Prefume to raife a trembling eye to bleffings fo divine?

4 The luftre of fo bright a fcene my feeble heart o'erbears; And unbelief almost perverts the promise into tears.

5 My

5 My Saviour-God, no voice but thine there dying hopes can raife;
5 Speak thy falvation to my foul, and turn its tears to praife.
6 My Saviour-God, this broken voice transported shall proclaim,
And call on all th' angelic harps

to found fo fweet a name.

H Y M N CI.

Pfalm XLV. 3, 4.

OUD to the Prince of heav'n

Your chearful voices raise;

To him your vows be giv'n,

And fill his courts with praise,

With conscious worth

All clad in arms,

All bright in charms,

He fallies forth.

2: Gird on thy conqu'ring fword, Afcend thy fhining car, And march, almighty Lord, To wage thy holy war, Before his wheels In glad furprize, Ye valleys rife, And fink ye hills.

3 Fair truth, and smiling love, And injur'd righteousness. In thy retinue move, And seek from thee redress:

Thou in their cause.

Shall prosp'rous ride,
And far and wide.

Dispense thy laws.

4 Before

4 Before thine awful face Millions of foes shall fall, The captives of thy grace, That grace, which conquers all.

The world shall know, Great King of kings, What wond'rous things Thine arm can do.

5 Here to my willing foul Bend thy triumphant ways; Here ev'ry foe controul, And all thy pow'r diiplay.

My heart, thy throne, Bleft Jefus fee, Bows low to thee, To thee alone.

HYMN CII.
Pfalm CVII. 31.

The fons of men with joy record the various wonders of the Lord; And let his pow'r and goodness found. Thro' all your tribes the world around. Let the high heav'ns your fongs invite, Those spacious fields of brilliant light; Where sun, and moon, and planets roll, And stars, that glow from pole to pole.

3 Sing, earth, in verdant robes array'd, Its herbs and flow'rs, its fruit and shade; Peopled with life of various forms, Fishes and fowls, and beasts, and worms. 4 View the broad sea's majestic plains, And think how wide its Maker reigns; That band remotest nations joins, And on each wave his goodness thines.

5 But,

5 But, O that brighter world above, Where lives and reigns incarnate love! God's only Son in flesh array'd, For man a bleeding victim made. 6 Thither, my foul with rapture foar: There in the land of praise adore: 'This theme demands an angels tongue, Demands a never-ending fong.

## H Y M N CIII. Pfalm CXIX. 9.

TNDULGENT God, with pitying eyes the fons of men furvey,

And fee how youthful finners fport

in a destructive way.

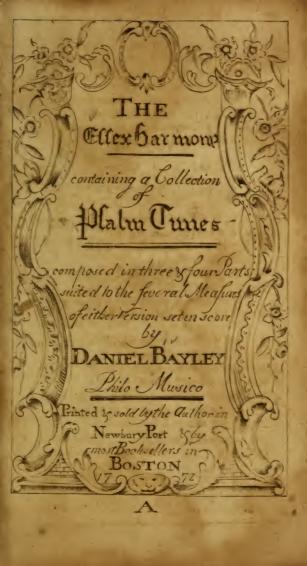
2 Ten thousand dangers lurk around to bear them to the tomb; Each in an hour may plunge them down, where hope can never come.

3 Reduce, O Lord, their wand'ring minds, amus'd with airy dreams,

That heav'rly wisdom may dispel their visionary schemes.

4 With holy caution may they walk, and be thy word their guide;
Till each the defart safely pass'd, on Zion's hill abide.

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